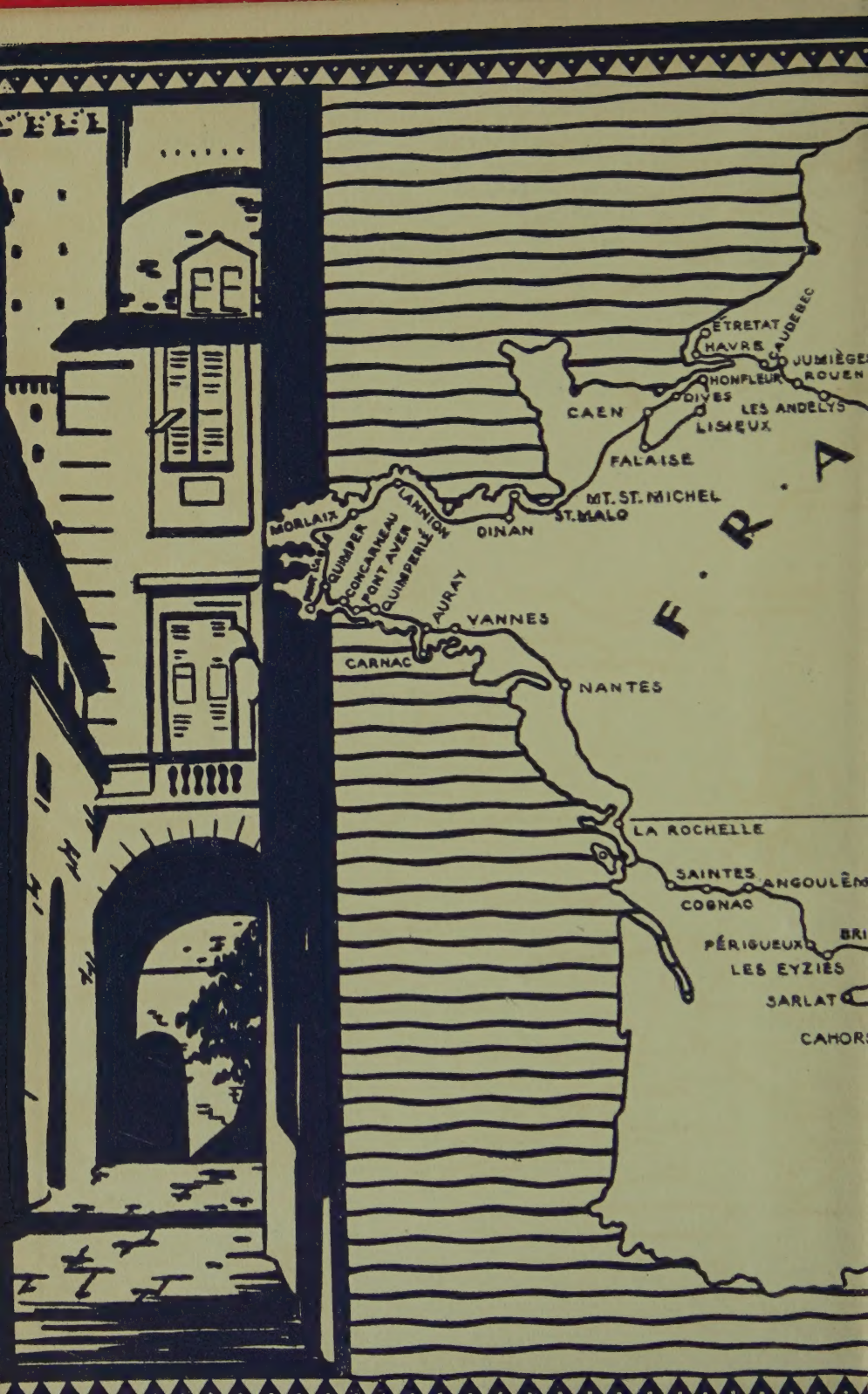
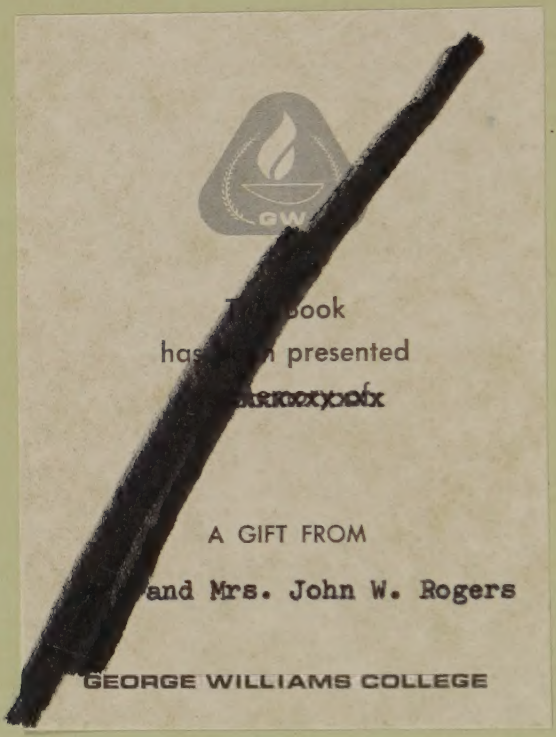
PICTURESQUE OLD FRANCE

BY HERBERT B. TURNER


ETRETAT
HAVRE
JUMIÈGES
HONFLEUR
ROUEN
DIVES
CAEN
LES ANDELYS
LISIEUX
FALAISE
MT. ST. MICHEL
ST. MALO
MORLAIX
LANNION
DINAN
QUIMPER
CONCARNEAU
PONT AVEN
QUIMPERLÉ
AURAY
VANNES
CARNAC
NANTES
LA ROCHELLE
SAINTES
ANGOULÊME
COGNAC
PÉRIGUEUX
LES EYZIES
SARLAT
CAHORS
FRA

John W. Rogers
Warwood
Glen Ellyn, Ill.
U.S.A.


This book
has been presented
A GIFT FROM
and Mrs. John W. Rogers
GEORGE WILLIAMS COLLEGE

PICTURESQUE OLD FRANCE

THE ENTRANCE TO ROCAMADOUR

Picturesque Old France

by

Herbert B. Turner

With Illustrations

Little, Brown, and Company
Publishers · Boston · 1929

THE MASTER'S COLLEGE
POWELL LIBRARY
SANTA CLARITA, CA 91321

Copyright, 1929,
BY LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY

All rights reserved

Published April, 1929

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

I dedicate this book to
my mother,
ADELAIDE C. TURNER

INTRODUCTION

I LOVE France. I love the out-of-the-way places of France — the medieval towns, the quaint villages, the picturesque spots, and all that goes to make up that friendly, smiling land of good cheer.

For years, at intervals, I have done what I could to catch the spirit of the land with my camera and have searched the country well for the pictorial. Most of us land in France — visit Rouen, Paris, perhaps a cathedral town or two, then go on to Switzerland or to the tourists' haunts on the Riviera. Happily, this is not such a matter of course to-day as in the past, for the automobile and the motor bus have tempted folk afield, and year by year they become more prone to linger at comfortable little wayside inns where the food is a delight, the wine good, and the accommodations satisfactory to those who are travelers — I draw a distinction between the traveler and the tourist.

The guidebooks of any country offer much data, much history, and are invaluable — but alas! they are of little help to one searching for those delightful spots that in after years we look back upon as being the best features of our wanderings. They usually mention them in a dry, matter-of-fact style — speak of the history — a church or so with statistical detail, and you are left to draw your own inference as

to their charms. It must be so, for guidebooks are written for all people of all tastes, so the data is there — bare facts, either in ordinary print or fine type; and I say to you study well the places spoken of in small type.

How, then, does one find these spots that charm and later haunt the memory? By much reading of travel books, through friends who have searched them out, through artists, and through one's own adventures. Naturally, one must be in the spirit to get joy out of the Old World places I delight in. The busy, rushing, clock-controlled people will not see or enjoy, like those who have the leisure and the peace of mind to drink deeply of form, color, and atmosphere, and to watch the play of shadows on ancient walls. These fortunate souls who linger along the wayside and see and feel do not carry a guidebook in hand and constantly refer to it. To them it would be an abomination. This book is written for those who delight to rove through the byways rather than over the main tourist path. It is for the wanderer afield by train, automobile or motor bus. The route, always picturesque, is diversified in interest, leading through Normandy and Burgundy to the mountainous sections of France, thence to the fantastic "rock towns" and restful fishing ports of the Mediterranean. Wandering through Roman and medieval centers it mounts to the Massif Central, the great plateau seldom visited by tourists, full of nature's marvels, studded with ancient towns, castles and cliff dwellings — a land

where prehistoric man has left many records. Descending, it makes its way through historic cities to the sea at La Rochelle — La Rochelle of medieval atmosphere with its lovely harbor abloom with richly colored sails — and so on to quaint Brittany. It is a route most carefully planned, after years of travel, in search of the picturesque in old France.

HERBERT B. TURNER

Cambridge, Mass.
1929

CONTENTS

Introduction vii

I *Le Havre and Delightful Wanderings* 3

II *Thirteen Normandy Towns* 23

III *Barbizon and Moret* 44

IV *Rambles in Burgundy* 57

V *On the Roof of France* 78

VI *St. Paul du Var* 93

VII *Fantastic Rock Villages* 111

VIII *Fishing Ports of the Mediterranean* 127

IX *In the Old Kingdom of Arles* 148

X *Peregrinations about Nîmes* 161

XI *On to the Massif Central and Le Puy* 177

XII *The Land of the Causses and Tarn* 194

XIII *Cordes, Carcassonne and Medieval Towns* 210

XIV *An Extraordinary Region* 228

XV *Brive and Haunts of Prehistoric Man* 253

XVI *La Rochelle and into Brittany* 272

XVII *Lower Brittany* 292

Appendix 313

Index 329

ILLUSTRATIONS

The Entrance to Rocamadour Frontispiece
Étretat: Great Gray Cliffs Extend into the Sea 10
Honfleur Fishing Craft 14
St. Pierre: Portal of the Abbey Church 26
Rouen: Vista of Cathedral Spires 34
Moret — Dear Sleepy Old Moret 46
The Canal at Moret 56
Semur en Auxois: Perched above the River Armançon 62
A Pastoral Scene in Burgundy 68
Lake Annecy near Talloires — Drifting Clouds 78
Chamonix Hemmed in by a Mighty Barrier of Rock 82
The Fountain Place of St. Paul du Var 102
A Picturesque Narrow Way of Lucéram 110
Rock Town with Houses Clinging like Giant Barnacles 118
Village of Castel Vittorio, Resting like a Hat on a Cone-shaped Hill 120
Net-menders of St Tropez 134
Martigues, Beloved of Artists 146
Place du Forum at Arles 150
A Corner in Tarascon 158
The Gate of Saint-Gilles 170
Aigues-Mortes 172
A Finger-like Projection of Le Puy 184

A Quaint Section of Langeac 190
A Street of Mende 192
The Little Castle of Florac 196
One of the Gates of Cordes 212
From the Walls of Carcassonne 214
Rocamadour Hanging to Its Rock 234
Typical Cliff Dwellings 260
La Rochelle 276
Vannes Houses That Jut Out Story by Story 286
The Ferry at Concarneau, with Its Charon-like Oarsman 304

PICTURESQUE OLD FRANCE

CHAPTER I

Le Havre and Delightful Wanderings

LE HAVRE is a fitting place to begin the long tour we are to have together through the less frequented sections of France.

For the American, it is the most convenient port of France because of the debarkation facilities. Here the ships dock at commodious landing stages where await special trains that convey the passengers to Paris by the way of Rouen, a journey of about three hours. Thus the disagreeable ordeal of being transferred by tender from the ship to shore — often a rough and stormy experience — as at Cherbourg and Boulogne-sur-Mer, is escaped.

Both the French and the Cunard lines maintain excellent service between New York and this port, and there are, I think, advantages in using the French line.

We shall make Le Havre a base for a day or two, for near-by excursions to pleasant Old World towns that the hurried Paris-bound tourist misses.

Le Havre is pleasantly free from stock sights, but it has a charm that grows upon you. It is not an old town — dating mainly from the reign of Francis I — but here and there you will find pleasing and picturesque specimens of the past, in the form of ancient houses.

The water front is well cut up with docks and basins, busy with overseas commerce or with the daily routine of the fishing fleet. On a bright morning, it is a pleasure to loiter along the Grand Quay, where the fishing boats find a haven or group themselves in attractive form in the middle ground, with larger craft and docks beyond. Lining the Quay, are sidewalk cafés where you may sit and read the morning paper while sipping coffee or gazing at the port activities and the blue of the English Channel. Yes, this Grand Quay is a delightful place and by following it along a few hundred feet, you come to the Nouvelle Jetée, with its semaphore, the entrance to the port of Le Havre. On the one side are the activities of the harbor; on the other, a stony beach, lined with hotels, a casino, bathing establishments and villas. Beyond are batteries, and above them are the cliffs of Sainte Adresse with two lighthouses.

The city itself has a population of one hundred and thirty thousand. The Rue de Paris is the chief shopping center and its windows are entertaining. This, the main artery, runs from the Grand Quay past the sixteenth-century church of Notre Dame, past a market square where there is at least one attractive ancient dwelling now used as a café, to the Place Gambetta, the very center of activity, fronting on a basin and surrounded by cafés, hotels and the Grand Theatre. It then proceeds on its course to the charming Public Garden that is located in front of the imposing but modern Hôtel de Ville of Renaissance style.

The cafés in the Place Gambetta are a popular haunt of an afternoon or evening. You sit under spacious awnings with your favorite drink before you, while fine orchestras play tuneful and pleasing compositions. Across the street, on the square, there are rows of shade trees under which the flower market bursts forth in color. A great war monument commands an imposing position close by the Basin du Commerce — a long, narrow basin lined by wide quays and not unpleasing buildings, many of which have the charm of age.

The Public Garden has splendid specimens of trees and is bright with harmoniously arranged flower beds. Statues here and there attract the eye, and a fountain or two enhances the effect. It is another agreeable loafing place, like the Grand Quay and the Place Gambetta; and I say to you, if you would drink deep of the spirit of France, do not neglect these oases of rest, but tarry awhile, inspect the immediate surroundings, and study the people who pass by and those who loiter.

The churches of France also offer quiet and rest. No matter how beautiful, their interiors are best studied at first from a chair, for the most important thing is to absorb the effect, feel the spirit. When the desire comes upon you to study the details, you are in a better condition, bodily and mentally, to do so.

Do not neglect visiting the finer residential section that is reached by a funicular from the Place Thiers. You are lifted in short order from the busy life of

the main city to the peaceful and green heights at its immediate back, known as the Côte d' Ingouville. Here are situated the mansions of the well-to-do amid green shaded lawns and gardens. The trees are rich with foliage in summer, the flower gardens exquisite, and the view over the city, the Seine and the English Channel is lovely, especially at sunset. Many go to these heights after dark to look down upon the lights of the city and harbor. Little passenger steamers ply to Honfleur, Trouville, Caen, and up the Seine as far as Rouen.

On my last visit to Le Havre, I selected the Tortoni Hotel in the Place Gambetta adjoining the principal café. It was a quaint affair and old. You might even call it dingy. I was constantly missing my way in its crooked passages and dreaded an experience such as Mr. Pickwick had at the "White Horse Inn", but once I found my quarters, I felt well repaid. I had a delightful corner room facing the square. There was a large brass bed, most comfortable to sleep upon, big arm-chairs, a center table, a fireplace, a wardrobe and many closets full of compartmentlike shelves. The windows were set in deep recesses; the woodwork was perhaps a century or more old. Opening out of the room was a private hall and bath.

The cost was most reasonable. The meals, served café fashion on the sidewalk or indoors at pleasure, were moderate in price and good, and the 1921 vintage of "Corton" superb.

"Wonderful stuff, this," said a fellow passenger,

washing down mouthfuls of food, "but these foreigners take too long to eat and don't know the value of a cafeteria. Well, anyway, it's good to have a whole bottle of wine to yourself even if they do take a whole day to root it up out of the cellar. Say, what do you think? I've got twelve days to spend over here and I want to 'do' as much as I can. My plan is to go to Paris, Amsterdam, Rotterdam and all the other 'dams', then to Lake Lugano, Como and all the other 'O's.' Can you tell me an easy way to get to all these places?"

Of course, I could not advise her, but suggested, as I do to all my friends whose time is limited, that it is of more value to take in a small territory, absorb it, assimilate it and then go to Paris. I suggested the charming route of which I shall speak to you in this and the next chapter.

"But I was sent over to make a report on an orphanage at Fontainebleau and it may be a long time before I get over here again."

"Well," I said, "that alone will take you several days and surely —" she interrupted me.

"No, it will not. I'll look it over on the outside and make my report, and I'm going to cover as much of the map as I can."

"Then you'll spend your time train riding and end up with chronic indigestion."

"Not with this wine around," she answered. "Thanks so much for your advice. I hope, some day, to have enough time to really see one place."

I put her down as a "travel flapper", a special

classification I set up for my own convenience to keep my peace of mind.

Of an evening, the delightful music from the café stole up to my chamber and added much to the pleasure of my life in Le Havre.

That brings to mind an old rule. For those who desire to get the spirit of France, it is well to avoid the "Grand" hotels with their large clientele, especially Anglo-Saxons, where there is much bustle and coming and going, many brass buttons and all that — where the food is usually indifferent and the prices high for the value received.

The Guide Michelin publishes annually a list of hotels in French towns and cities and a hotel recommended by it is, as a rule, desirable. The Guide may be purchased anywhere along the route.

Only some three miles from Le Havre is the little Old World town of Harfleur. You should not neglect seeing it. A motor cab takes you there in a very short time. To-day, the population hardly reaches three thousand, for it has steadily dwindled since the time when it was the chief port of Normandy until to-day, which finds it in a state of pleasing decay, set in its wooded valley astride of the River Lézarde.

From the river bank, there is a delightful vista of old houses that reflect themselves in the water and of the very beautiful spire of the fifteenth-century church. This view composes itself so perfectly that it has been the theme of painters for many generations. Harfleur is refreshingly quiet and sleepy

after Le Havre; it is the first ancient town we see upon arriving from America, although outside of its pleasing Gothic church and a few modest old timber houses, it has not much to offer the "sight-seer"; the artist, I am sure, will find many things to arrest his attention. The church and its tower strike me as being slightly out of plumb, which enhances rather than detracts from its picturesqueness. To wander at leisure through the streets is to get the feeling of the place.

Somewhat under three miles from Harfleur, up a long hill, there nestles among the trees a bit of a village known as d'Orcher, and in it is a little inn whose terrace commands a splendid view over the Seine. This spot makes an inviting place at which to lunch, especially when the foliage is at its best. The tables are arranged under the trees in the inn yard or in the sun on the terrace. I found that the good host knew how to prepare an exceptional meal and his cellar was a well selected one.

The hamlet is small indeed — just a few houses and an attractive old church with its churchyard and gravestones. Here and there, a doorway or window catches the eye as you stroll along. After you pass the stately gates of a château, you come to a lane, bordered by high banks, that leads through woodlands punctuated by thatched-roof cottages or farm buildings. By permission at the lodge, you may enter a long avenue of arched beeches that continue to the château, where you will find another excellent view.

If one becomes a little weary of the noise in the city and wants to idle away a few hours in a quiet nook among green things, take one of the many motor cabs in the Place Gambetta at Le Havre and run out to d'Orcher, visiting Harfleur on the way; or, better still, use one of the horse-drawn cabs, but make the driver take you over the upper road and not through the railroad district, as they are prone to do. There is yet another way to return — over the hills, through a delightful, almost parklike country with handsome clumps of trees, past an old village or two with quaint thatched-roof houses and ancient churches.

Another excursion from Le Havre that should by no means be neglected in the late spring or summer, is to Étretat. A motor bus takes you there, or you may go by rail, but I advise an arrangement with one of the many taxi drivers whose rates are moderate. In this way your time is your own, and you are independent. The trip is not a long one, only some thirty-four miles which is easily done in one hour and a half, if you take the road which soon after leaving Le Havre, climbs to the plateau on top of the sea cliffs, commanding views of the Channel. You pass little watering places, descending to them at times, only to climb again and drive inland through rural districts where are scattered old, gray farmhouses — some with thatched roofs. You will occasionally pass through old villages and just before reaching Étretat you will see a beautiful château standing in its park.

ÉTRETAT: GREAT GRAY CLIFFS EXTEND INTO THE SEA

Étretat is a combination of the old and the new. It is more; it is a combination of a quaint fishing village, an artist's paradise, the haunt of the literary, and alas! the fashionable world also, during the bathing months. It has a long pebbly beach where fishing boats often rest in rows. At either end, great gray cliffs extend into the sea and are terminated by arches worn through by the constant action of the waves. They are like the great big arms of Mother Earth, reaching to embrace the waters and holding between the thumb and index finger of each hand a marine — so perfect is the composition of land and sky through the arches! The scene is theatrical and delicate in its coloring — gray-white cliffs, the intense blue of the sea, the very green hills, rich in fields and trees, accented by the dry hulls of boats black with age, now used as fishing huts, that skirt the back of the beach like a wreath of great dry seaweed. Docked high and dry, these "too old to work" veterans are crowned with high-pitched roofs made of discarded lumber, old tin, old oilcloth, and everything else that cannot be used in the French peasant household. A little door on the stern or side adds a note of hospitality. When open, you can catch glimpses of the gear of the calling and enough touches of domestic life to suggest that a night may be spent within, in humble comfort. These and the "too old to work" fishermen who mend nets and gossip are wonderful themes for the artist.

Back of them is the town of hardly more than two

thousand population. Part of it is distinctly associated with the fishermen, and the balance with the summer colony. It is in the activities of the beach that I found the principal fascination — next to the color of it all! As a boat arrives after a morning's catch, the fish are brought ashore and spread out on the stones, and housewives gather to buy and gossip until the entire catch has been auctioned off. Farther up the beach, the summer colony arrays itself in bright costumes and gay umbrellas and takes its ease while the bathers sport in the surf. But that is not all Étretat has to offer, for there are hotels, the Casino with its terrace, villas, and farther to the rear, streets with shops and an occasional mansion of bygone times. To me, the gem of the place is the sixteenth-century façade of the Hôtellerie de La Plage. It is an imposing and very beautiful structure that cannot but hold one's attention. The outer shell of the hotel is old, but within all is quite modern — rooms with bath and all that. The dining room is rather cozy and has a feeling of the past about it. The rates are those of Paris.

The little fishing village of Yport, beloved by artists, is but a short run from Étretat. The return route to Le Havre had better be inland, through a parklike country, very green and open and rolling — dotted with groups of trees that cast lovely shadows in the late afternoon. Cattle are seen everywhere peacefully grazing in this Norman landscape. The farms, cottages and villages delight the eye! On the way, the road makes a curve around an old

château with moat, bridge and graceful sixteenth-century gate that will fascinate any artist or photographer. It is a lovely little spot, shaded by trees, with a stream all but surrounding it.

Across the Seine, and a bit upstream from Le Havre, yet almost at the very mouth of the river, lies Honfleur, built during the life of William the Conqueror. A little steamer leaves Le Havre twice a day for this old-time port and lands you at its picturesque harbor in little less than an hour.

The artist, the pictorialist, and the seeker after the attractive, restful spot will, I am sure, like to stay here awhile. I made it the center for automobile excursions and found the Hôtel Cheval Blanc most comfortable and in the very midst of whatever life the town has, for this little inn, with its dining room decorated with pictures painted by one-time guests, and its café, is at the dock side. Its windows command the harbor entrance, so that the goings and comings of the fishing boats and the Le Havre steamer are in full view.

Honfleur is one of those places that can be well seen in an hour; yet you can spend a week in it and enjoy it a little more each day. There is not much in the way of sights, as listed in guidebooks, to annoy you, however. This little seaport of less than ten thousand souls has an outer and inner harbor and grouped about the latter, squeezed tight, as it were, are many interesting old houses, narrow and tall and crooked, that reflect themselves in the rectangular, quay-lined basin. The outer harbor is well

filled with boats, usually with brown sails half up. Back of the town are green fields and hills, some thickly covered with trees. In fact, the place is hemmed in with green hills and partly sprawls over their lower slopes. Between the inner and the outer basin stands a picturesque building of the sixteenth century, known as the "Lieutenance", all that remains of a castle of the port commander.

From the boat landing by the hotel side, the main street, with others, meanders off into the inner town and soon leads to the fifteenth-century wooden church of St. Catherine in the market place. It is rather odd and pleasing within.

The bell tower, opposite the church, while not architecturally beautiful, makes a strong appeal. It is used as a dwelling, a place to shelter some family, and as such cannot help but arouse interest. An old, smoking chimney pipe extends through one wall and the windows are adorned with a profusion of flowers, glorious in spite of the homely flower pots.

The streets that run off from the market place to the right are worth a leisurely investigation, as they contain a number of old houses, some bearing escutcheons on the porches and keystones, as also do some of those grouped about the inner harbor.

The houses in Honfleur are of a simple, homey type. Time is telling on many of them; but that in a way makes them more alluring. The action of the elements over a long period of time on subjects such as these is like the accompaniment to a song.

You will find yourself wandering through narrow

HONFLEUR FISHING CRAFT

crooked ways, cobblestone lanes, flanked on both sides by high gray garden walls made bright by vines and clumps of flowers growing out of the cracks like appliquéd bouquets. You will become curious and now and then you will steal a glance through an open portal and behold little intimate gardens with myriads of flowers and tall shade trees; or perhaps, an opened doorway or window will reveal a flash of shining copper pots and blue dishes.

Bordering the water's edge is a small park and from it a mole extends with a little lighthouse at its end. It is an ideal place to sit and watch the sunset!

At the back of the town, other ways lead to equally pleasant surroundings. Up a steep tree-arched road, set in a lovely grove above the river, is the church of Notre Dame de la Grace — a compact little gem overlooking the English Channel and Le Havre in the distance. This little pilgrimage church is filled with votive offerings — models of ships, tablets and silver hearts bestowed by those who follow the sea. It dates only from 1606, but artists will love it. It is modest, lovely in its bulbous contour, rich grayish-brown of color, made delicately bright by the much worn polychrome decoration below the clock. There are seats under the trees close by that tempt you to spend a portion of an afternoon reading, writing, and sketching or just enjoying the peace and beauty about you. Sometimes you will witness a christening or a group of pilgrims led by a priest with choir boys and banner, or more fascinating still — a wedding.

A long procession of Normandy carts, swinging

on their springs like rocking chairs, proceeds lazily up the hill. First we see the serious father and the bride sitting very silently in the first cart; the groom and his family follow directly behind, then all the other guests. You can pick the rich relations, for they are more soberly dressed than the others and their carts are varnished to a mirror gloss. Almost an hour later, the party leaves the church without the previous decorum. The younger folks urge the bride to kiss the groom, while the rich relations stand to one side, nod their heads and try hard to smile. The newly wedded pair, bashfully holding hands, leads a march about the green or through woodland paths. The less dignified of the relatives munch sweets they have brought along, and they sing and skip and are generally happy.

I found Honfleur, with its fishing boats, its basins, its winding streets, its old houses, its little shops, its comfortable inns amid their settings of green, most delightful; some may not find the charm that I do in these Old World towns, but I am writing for those, who, like myself, have done the usual places with their "sights" many times, but loving Europe, desire to linger in the smaller spots — out-of-the-way places where the atmosphere of peace and simplicity brings rest and contentment.

From Honfleur an automobile may be hired at a moderate cost to take you afield during the day and bring you back for dinner and the sunset. Or a motor omnibus will take you in less than an hour, at the cost of but a few cents, to Trouville.

The road to Trouville from Honfleur, as far as Villerville, runs high above the sea and most of it is a bower of green amid high banks. It's altogether charming. Villerville is a little watering place with excellent sands, and of but passing interest. The approach to Trouville is lined with summer homes of some pretension.

Trouville and Deauville are sister towns separated by the River Touques. Trouville for generations was a simple little fishing village with a small harbor. Louis Philippe made his escape to England from it in 1848. The painters, Isabey and Mosin, and Alexander Dumas, the writer, made it known to the Parisian world as one of the delightful and picturesque spots on the coast of Northern France, and soon it became a summer Mecca to those who worship the God of Fashion. Alas, the charms of the little fishing town soon departed and there grew like Topsy a small city of hotels, boarding houses and shops to meet the wants of the fashionable world and their imitators. To-day it is one of the chief watering places of France, with a season from June to October, August being the crowded month. Prices are high, naturally, but I presume for those who wish to mingle in a world of gayety where marvellous toilets abound, the price does not greatly matter. The beach is one of the finest in France and extends almost a mile. It is thronged, during the season, with bathers and the élite, making it a flower garden of color. The shops are enticing; the hotels are of all grades. The fish market interests some, and on

market day the quay is a scene of much activity. The large modern Casino is a meeting place for those who desire to "play", listen to music, and occasionally see a theatrical performance. There is a promenade along the water front which induces many to exercise, who would otherwise take none. Near the Casino is a stand for motor omnibuses which take you to various more interesting places — such as Caen and Dives.

Deauville is even more modern than Trouville and is connected with it by a bridge. Its broad, straight streets are lined with some rather pleasing summer residences, but the beach is inferior to that of Trouville. During August, the Race Course is the meeting place of the smart world.

To those in search for one of those quaint medieval towns, delightful, picturesque, smiling with friendly cheer and peace, Trouville and Deauville should be avoided.

I hired a car at Trouville at a much higher rate than I would have had to pay at Honfleur, to take me to Dives to lunch at the Hostellerie de Guillaume-le-Conquérant, made famous to most Americans by the charming essay of F. Hopkinson Smith. The route took me for miles past a string of ugly watering places, then turned inland, becoming hilly and more attractive. The chauffeur apparently had never heard of the inn and in spite of my protests went on to the adjoining town of Cabourg — another modern watering place. Here he inquired of several town folk and after many shruggings of shoulders, found one

who knew of the inn, so back we went at all speed, only to become confused again. We had passed and repassed it, for there is not much about the exterior to arrest the attention; it is merely an old building like others of the town. It was not until we began to look carefully at each edifice that we discovered an arched passage leading into a courtyard shaded with trees under which were placed tables. Here is one of the most remarkable, most individual inns in all Europe, a veritable museum of a place, in a quaint sixteenth-century setting. The architecture is a delight, — charming old doors, charming old windows, and charming balconies. The whole place, from the irregular roof, broken by attractive dormer windows, to the courtyard is a jolly jumble of lines. The fountains, well-curbs and the inviting tables in the yard, with this ancient background, seem a theatrical scene of which you become a part, as you dine at a price that well repays the host for the care and excellence of the service and repast. While your meal is in preparation, you may look in at the kitchen if you will, and see your chicken turning slowly on the spit before the great open fire. Take in those details of a department where the cooking is done as in the "good old days" when the art is said to have been at its height. After a repast that satisfies — after a cigarette and coffee — a stroll about the oddly shaped courtyard, with its many nooks and corners, is in order. Statues, shrines, and other such things of the past are discovered here and there; flowers and shrubs are tastefully grouped just where they

ought to be. Old stairways lead to mysterious balconies off which doors, bearing the names of celebrated people of the past in literature and art, open into cozy chambers. Yes, it is all quaint, all delightful, and a great relief after the seaside resorts between Villerville and Dives — but, somehow, the atmosphere is such that I doubt if I could "take mine ease in mine inn", for the eye has too much to occupy it and the mind also. I would describe the place as a quaint and charming museum, full of all sorts of delightful things.

It was from the ancient town of Dives that the Conqueror set sail for England in that famous year of 1066. It was formerly an important station of the Romans. The fourteenth-century church, the porch of which records the names of the companions of the Conqueror, is of interest and the guidebooks will tell you all about it. But outside of the inn, I saw little to attract the eye and was very glad when the car landed me at the hotel at Honfleur for my evening meal, and in time to see the sunset from the mole.

It was at the café after a sunset that I found the man from Vermont. He had been imbibing various gin drinks. He looked as if he had prospered well in the world. He spoke of the sunset that we had just witnessed, but said that it was not as beautiful as those he had seen in the South Seas, at Tahiti, for instance. When he mentioned Tahiti, he caught my attention, for the South Seas are in my "Spanish Estates" and I often dwell there in the realms of my fancy. I asked him how he came to go there. He spoke like

our Pickwickian friend "Alfred Jingle", — jerkedly.

"I was born in Vermont — came from Vermont — I am a Yankee. When I was about twenty-five — went to San Francisco — entered business — worked hard — lived hard. Finally a day came — doctor advised me to go away where it was warm and I could perspire freely — went to Papeete — beautiful place — heavenly place. I am a Yankee and I come from Vermont — stayed there one month — two months — three months. Being a Yankee, got restless — walked the island —got coconut plantations in my head — thought coconuts — talked coconuts — dreamed coconuts. Talked to the French Government about concessions near Tahiti — nothing doing. Went to Lower Archipelagoes on schooner — talked coconuts to Captain. One day Captain said, 'There is a coconut island you can buy.' I looked at the island — round — beautiful — green, lying at peace in a turquoise sea. Did not land — sailed around island. The voyage took three months — saw Lower Archipelagoes — liked them — beautiful place. Returned to Papeete — went to French Government office — secured lease of island — ten years — went to the Club — told fellows got my island — they laughed — said, 'Why, it is well known that that island is so infested by rats and coconut crabs that no crop can mature.' Well, I am a Yankee — I come from Vermont. I knew purser of one of the liners — gave him one hundred dollars — told him to buy cats at a dollar apiece in San Francisco — bring them down. Purser paid dollar apiece for cats

first day — second day paid fifty cents — third day paid twenty-five cents — fourth day ten cents. After that — charged twenty-five cents apiece to take them. Ship landed — awful voyage. Captain — purser — all ship's crew — enemy for life. Cats got into the rigging — cats got into the cabin — cats all over the ship. More cats arrived than started — oh, many more! Well, by aid of Chinamen and crew — collected cats — caged them. Chartered schooner — took cats to coconut island — let them loose. Came back to Papeete satisfied — but I am a Yankee — come from Vermont — got restless — went to New Zealand — went to Australia — returned to Papeete. Six months passed — thought would visit island — beautiful island — heavenly island — coconut crop healthy — rats dead — cats happy. Returned to Papeete — summoned to Frisco — remained three months — four months — five months — returned — went to the island — cats didn't look well — were fishing along the banks — looked thin — looked worried. Returned to Papeete — felt sad. Cats haunted me — read everything in the hotel — read it many times — read all the papers — over and over again — dreamed cats at night. One day happened on old newspaper — saw note — missed before — said 'cat skins coming into fashion — automobile glove linings.' I am a Yankee — come from Vermont — I bought guns — bought salt — hired Chinamen. Needn't go into particulars — I am not in the coconut business now — not in the cat business either — just traveling for pleasure."

CHAPTER II

Thirteen Normandy Towns

A LONGER excursion that may be made from Honfleur by motor car is via Pont L'Évêque to Lisieux and on to Falaise, passing through St. Pierre. The distance is about seventy-eight kilometers, or say forty-eight miles, making the round trip nearly one hundred miles. The return journey may be varied by driving on to Caen, thence back, via Dives and Trouville, but this, although not increasing the mileage greatly, is altogether too much of a good thing, for it does not leave time to gather but the scantiest impressions of the interesting towns mentioned.

If a car does not appeal to you, take the morning train to Lisieux. You have to change at Pont L'Évêque and can wander about the little city for a couple of hours, reaching Lisieux for lunch. Lisieux is certainly worth some time, and a day or two may be well spent in and about the city. To reach Falaise from Lisieux by train you have, I am sorry to say, two junctions to negotiate, Mézidon and Coliboeuf, which try men's souls; so it would be better, if Falaise is to be visited, to use a car that would cover the forty-five kilometers or about twenty-nine miles in one hour, not, of course, allowing for the time necessary to examine the Gothic abbey church

at St. Pierre. From Lisieux, it is less than one hour's journey by rail to Caen, where at least a couple of days may be well spent.

The road to Pont L'Évêque and to Lisieux has its picturesque features. I found Pont L'Évêque a quaint old town with a church which is supported by huge buttresses and contains some sixteenth-century glass. My impression of the town was rather of a monotone in gray, with an occasional pleasing vista and mildly interesting bits of domestic architecture.

Lisieux I found a cheery, smiling, ancient little city of some seventeen thousand people, situated on the sluggish Touques that we met at Trouville. It has beautiful old houses, rapidly going into decay, tucked away among the back streets, where once upon a time nobles of power and citizens of wealth dwelt. To wander slowly through the sections where these lovely homes of past centuries are to be found is to feast the eye. There are many of them, some in the Grande Rue, others in the Rue de la Boucherie, and especially attractive ones in the Rue aux Fèves. If you are an artist, you will rejoice in Lisieux. If you carry a camera, you will find plenty to do.

Of late Lisieux has become a place of pilgrimage to the shrine of the beautiful Carmelite nun Sainte Thérèse, canonized in 1924. Sister Thérèse, known as the "Little Flower of Lisieux", received the adoration of the French soldiers during the Great War, who believed she would guard them from all evil. It is claimed that she manifests her spiritual presence in the miraculous scent of roses, and many have been

the blessings bestowed by her on those who come in supplication to the chapel erected to her memory, which stands not far from the railroad station. Within is a waxen effigy of this girl nun, who died of consumption at Lisieux at the age of twenty.

Don't get the idea that the Lisieux of to-day is a sleepy old town, for it's not! Many of the principal streets are rather "up and coming" with attractive shop windows. It's an industrial town of importance, producing woolen cloth and flannel among other items.

The cathedral of St. Pierre is imposing, as seen from the great market square on which it fronts, and dates from the eleventh and twelfth centuries. It is claimed by some to be the earliest Gothic church of Normandy. Ruskin greatly admired the south portal. It's a pleasing mass and one in which you may enjoy a period of quiet contemplation after wandering among picturesque streets. Henry II was married here and other events mark its story in the course of the centuries. Cauchon, who did so much to destroy Jeanne d'Arc, later became bishop here.

I visited also the church of St. Jacques, but I confess I was more interested in some of the ancient houses just across the way. However, the church has some good stained glass and a most interesting balustrade in front.

St. Pierre is another little gray town that does not call one strongly, but it has a feature or two worthy of notice. The portal of the abbey church and the connecting bit of quaint domestic architecture,

THE MASTER'S COLLEGE
POWELL LIBRARY
SANTA CLARITA, CA 91321

adhering like a barnacle to the massive structure, forms a picture that will thrill the soul of any pictorialist. There are some rather nice old houses close by the church — but not by any means as fine as those at Lisieux.

Falaise, with its ruined castle perched on high, has much pictorial interest. The castle, now a romantic shell, was the birthplace of William the Conqueror in 1027. You will recall that his mother, Arletta, was the daughter of a local tanner. Her beauty won the love of Robert, "the Devil" duke of Normandy, who made her his mistress. Here William, their illegitimate son, came into the world and here spent many of his early years. Well, the city of to-day is a quiet little place of not quite seven thousand population. situated on a hill overlooking a small stream, the River Ante. The old stone houses clinging to the hillside, with the striking castle breaking the skyline, all rising from a peaceful river valley with its farms and fields, make a fitting background for the love tale of Robert and Arletta and the legends of our "common ancestor" William. As you reach its principal square you have about you the more important churches and buildings of the town, but the quaint streets high above the valley are full of old dwellings. From the top of the ancient castle, dating from the tenth century, there is a beautiful view of the town with its spires and valley below, and of a smiling land beyond, hemmed in by distant hills.

How often one meets a friend who has visited France for the first time and has been so fortunate

ST. PIERRE: PORTAL OF THE ABBEY CHURCH

as to have wandered among the byways. "Where did you go?" you ask, and expect the answer, "Paris, Nice and Monte Carlo." Of course he says "Paris", then his eyes will light up and he will tell you of some little town that he stumbled upon by chance, where he stayed a day — a week — or a fortnight, and which called forth all his appreciation. He lived in the sun there — the sun of his emotions. He will tell you of the "comfy" old inn, of the kindly host, of the delectable table, of the things he saw and of the long walks he took over hill and dale. That little place is enshrined in his memory for all time.

We who have gone afield numerous times know of many such spots, — some amid the fields, some amid the valleys and some hemmed in by high mountains. After we have returned to our native land and taken up our routine of life, how often these peaceful towns and villages call us to return and live again in their sweet atmosphere. Life in such places does not seem the complicated affair that we are accustomed to think it in our everyday world. In these oases of our wanderings we begin to know ourselves better, become younger and enrich our very souls.

On the winding Seine, about midway between Le Havre and Rouen, lies the little town of Caudebec, hugging the river bank where the river view is at its best. It may be reached by boat or train from Le Havre or Rouen. Caudebec is known to many. It is the joy of artists who find here and in the near-by district many motives to stimulate their creative

ability. It is a compact bit of a town, to be sure — a mere twenty-five hundred souls dwell there — but nevertheless it is a gem of the River Seine. I don't know its age, but it is ancient enough to contain numerous timbered houses in its picturesque streets and one of the most charming little churches I have ever seen. This little town has so very much of the beauty of past centuries to offer that it seems a crime to give it but a cursory glance in passing. It is an inviting spot to tarry in and the good hotel known as the "Marine" overlooking the river, where one dines well and finds ease and comfort, will not be the least of its charms.

The Grande Rue contains old houses that lean over the street and upon one another, lovely reminiscences of generations of men and women of the past. The most enchanting Rue de la Boucherie, close by the church, has a wee stream running through its entire length, hemmed in by quaint structures. The Rue de la Cordinnerie and the Rue de la Halle have attractions to delight the eye.

The church is another gladsome thing. Henry IV thought it the prettiest he had ever seen, and called it "a jewel in the crown of Normandy." It is a jewel, set appropriately amid ancient houses. It was begun in 1426, shortly after the English under Talbot and Warwick had made war upon Caudebec, and took it in 1419 only to lose it later. The flying buttresses will please your fancy with their grace of line. The triple portal is richly sculptured, and the interior — why, the interior with its old glass is a place in which

to drink deeply of lovely form and quiet atmosphere. Must I tell you its glorious steeple is three hundred and thirty feet high? I dislike statistics about lovely things. Quote them about the stock market and trade, if you will, but not about inspired things, for it seems to me Guillaume Le Tellier, the builder, was inspired when he erected this temple to his God. This steeple is a finishing decoration to the charming town and can be seen as the climax of nearly all vistas.

There are numerous walks of charm and beauty about Caudebec; among them the two miles' ramble to St. Gertrude with its odd sixteenth-century church, and another to St. Wandrille with its half ruined abbey, founded long, long ago in 648. The Norsemen played havoc with it, and so did other invaders. To-day it is private property, but permission may be gained to enter the old cloister and get a view of the adjoining garden. Part of the building is now a residence. Maeterlinck dwelt here for a time and is said to have written the "Blue Bird" under its roof. Besides the lovely old abbey, the village of St. Wandrille has a parish church with a thirteenth-century chapel.

You will remember what I said about the places mentioned in fine print in the official guidebooks. If you are wise, you will pay much attention to fine print. If you have good eyes you will find a little bit about Caudebec and a little bit less about Jumièges, a short motor run from Caudebec. Jumièges is a village where hardly more than one thousand

people dwell and live peaceful lives. It is shaded by kindly trees and situated on the banks of the River Seine, but it contains the most stately, majestic and inspiring monastic ruin I have ever seen — a dream ruin set in a lovely park. Of course, we know not how majestic this old abbey of Jumièges might have been in its days of prime, but I believe it could never have delighted the eye and stirred the imagination then as it does to-day. The setting is perfect — on the ground rising from the river bank.

You enter the well-groomed park by an attractive lodge and there, amid the green of lawn, shrubs and splendid trees, this immense ruin stands in all its beautiful grandeur — soft of color, graceful of form. You stroll under great Gothic arches to its very heart — roofless — broken, and come upon such exquisite scenes that you are lifted out of yourself.

Long, long ago a youth at the Court of King Dagobert dreamed dreams of a monastic life — a life of learning and, as he thought no doubt, one of peace. He finally became the Abbot of Rebases, but his ideas and those of the monks therein did not coincide, and they ousted him because of his rigid administration. His dream — this dream of Philebert — still drove him on. He was determined to found an abbey where he could rule as his spirit commanded. Clovis became the father of the land and listened to Philebert's ambitions and talked them over with his Queen, Bathilda, and they gave him an abandoned fortress at Jumièges.

He gathered about him a brotherhood and whole-

heartedly they went about their task of building in the year 655. So well did they persevere that, within ten years, they had three churches erected and the monks numbered close to eight hundred. St. Philebert, however, seemed to have the faculty of causing friction, and the day came when he was deposed by St. Ouen, then Archbishop of Rouen — not only deposed but shut up in the tower of Alvareda in the Archbishop's city. After a time he was released, but his ambition was as strong as ever. This time he founded the Monastery of Noirmoutiers, but soon winning the favor of St. Ouen, was allowed to return to Jumièges; not for long — for his restless spirit drove him on to Montivilliers, near Le Havre, where he once again founded a monastery, and where he breathed his last in 684.

Jumièges had prospered exceedingly in riches and reputation, and in the ninth century the Norsemen, led by Hastings, were drawn to it as to a lodestone. At last things became black as night for Jumièges — torture — massacre — and then the torch, until but two old monks remained among the ruins.

The second Duke of Normandy, William Longsword, was inspired to rebuild and after his death, his son Richard the Fearless carried on the work, and slowly the renown of the abbey spread far and wide. It was reconsecrated in 1067. Among those at the ceremony was William the Conqueror who bestowed upon it riches in the form of land. It thrived — so much so that its monks contributed largely towards the ransom of Richard Coeur-de-Lion. Time

passed and it was plundered again, this time by the English in the days of Edward III and Henry V. Again, in 1560, the Calvinists were rampant, destroying in their bigoted zeal most of the beautiful embellishments. Finally the fiends incarnate of the French Revolution brought to an end this great and glorious monastery, and then it served for years as a quarry for building material for farm and cottage. Agnes Sorel, the beautiful mistress adored by Charles VII, is said to have died in the neighborhood of the abbey in 1450. Her heart was buried here, that we know, and her body at Loches.

If you desire to motor from Caudebec to Jumièges and then on to Rouen, you will of course visit St. George de Boscherville on the way. Its abbey is one of the most perfect examples of Norman architecture in France, and stands practically unaltered since the day of its completion in 1066. I believe the only important exception to this statement is that the turrets of the west front were added in the thirteenth century. It was founded by the chamberlain of William the Conqueror, Raoul de Tancarville, and you will see in it one of the finest specimens of Romanesque-Norman style of construction.

Its present aspect, however, lacks the markings of age; it seems too neat and tidy, as if it had been scrubbed and polished and the mellowness taken from it, but that is a personal opinion, for it is a grand structure with a chapter house par excellence.

The road between Caudebec and Rouen offers much in the way of quiet but pleasing scenery as

it winds through high-banked narrow ways, often arched by trees. Thatched-roof cottages of timber and plaster are plentiful; green fields sprinkled with wild flowers succeed one another; apple orchards come into view; pretty little villages are unexpectedly come upon; the winding Seine is followed for a while and then the road climbs to a height and you finally look down upon the delightful old city of Rouen.

Rouen is our first major city that may be said to be a storehouse of antiquities. It contains some of the most beautiful churches in France — France so rich in magnificent churches! It contains numerous exquisite and ancient buildings, both public and private, and while the chief arteries of commerce have a modern aspect, there are numerous crooked streets and narrow passages lined by old houses that take you back to the romantic past.

Rouen is a comfortable city — a city to explore at leisure. Saunter down the shopping streets, gaze into the windows at the various tempting articles displayed, loiter at the cafés close by the river, but by all means, spend much of your time in the cathedral and in the churches. They are like lace carved in stone, studded with windows gorgeous with old glass, so rich in color that they suggest wonderful old rugs and tapesteries through which the sunlight filters. Do not rush about these inspired temples of men's faith, but sit here, sit there, and breathe in the grandeur, the beauty, the grace of line, the color, the very atmosphere of them. Let your inner eyes see the ghosts of the past, as they come to worship

at these altars. Change your location frequently, select a seat where you can get vistas through the mighty arches, look your fill, then if you will, stroll about and examine the details. Do not let one visit content you; come again and again in different lights, morning and afternoon light, bright and somber light. Don't bother at first about the style of architecture, about dates or who did this and who did that, who is interred here or who there. Don't have the pages of a guidebook opened before you, but look and let the mind grasp what it can, undisturbed. Do your reading afterwards. Attend a service on a Sunday and secure a position where you may have, not only the high altar in view, but the transept as well. Go from the great cathedral to St. Ouen, one of the most magnificent churches in existence, then to St. Maclou and on again to as many of these beautiful and glorious structures as you can, during the hours of service. You will never regret it, but do not miss the periods of quiet contemplation when service is not in progress.

The guidebooks will give you all the details of these structures as will the numerous volumes devoted to this ancient city, once a Roman capital.

There are many hotels in Rouen, some on the quay, others sprinkled about the city in convenient locations. I found on my last visit the Hôtel du Nord, quite comfortable and reasonable in price, situated close by the famous clock gate, known as the Grosse Horloge. It has a covered court which serves as a lounge and from the corners of this court stairways

ROUEN: VISTA OF CATHEDRAL SPIRES

lead to the rooms. I was lucky enough to obtain a very grand room and bath that had the air of being some state chamber of the past. The heavy silk window draperies, the gilded and substantial furniture, and the beautifully carved portals and cornices where cherubs presided, gave it a regal atmosphere. The restaurant is pleasantly placed and the table good, but perhaps not as excellent as at some of the larger hotels.

I often prefer in cities to take my meals out, and at Rouen went frequently to the Restaurant de la Cathédrale, close by that mighty and beautiful structure. I also found the food exceptional at the very quaint Hôtel de la Couronne, situated in the old market place, hard by the last scene of the martyrdom of Jeanne d'Arc. At this hotel you may watch chickens and other appetizing things roasting upon a revolving spit over an open fire in the neat Old World dining room where the waiters present a menu of great variety of dishes and well-selected wines. May I suggest you include in your repast their baked snails and a white wine?

In the market place is a tablet marking the spot where Jeanne d'Arc was burned, and not so far from the tragic scene is all that is left of the old thirteenth-century castle where she was confined in 1431 — a lone tower, said to be her very prison.

The thing to do on visiting any city is to purchase a map, an illustrated one, if possible; for then you can find the important places with ease. A local guidebook is also important. Rouen, happily, has both to

offer, and in your chamber of an evening you may steep yourself in the history of this more than eighteen-hundred-years old city. While I am speaking of guidebooks, Methuen and Company of London published among their series of "Little Guides" one on Normandy by C. Scudamore and another on Brittany by S. Baring-Gould. You will find them not only helpful, but interesting.

Besides the cathedral, and the Gothic churches of St. Ouen, St. Maclou, St. Vincent, St. Godard and others, there is the beautiful Palais de Justice, the court of which, at least, you will love; then the equally ancient Hôtel du Bourgtheroulde is a gem, with its adornments in relief. All of these superb buildings are treasures that have come down to us from the past, but I think you will also find great pleasure in wandering through the very narrow old streets seeking other ancient dwellings and picturesque courts. Rouen has so much to offer that is of the past, so much that is beautiful, that it is hard to leave it. It may be made the center of excursions, for motor buses leave daily during the summer from the Hôtel du Nord for various delightful places. To me, the most picturesque bit in the city is the Grosse Horloge, composed of gate, clock and tower, embellished with carving of great beauty, mellow in color from age. I think there is not in all Europe a more pleasing combination.

Just under the gate is the shop of the guardian of the ancient clock tower, a kindly man in the evening of middle age, who collects antiques and choice

jewelry and odd specimens of craftsmanship. I enjoyed studying him through the window as he arranged and affectionately touched each piece. Had it not been for the temptation of the old shop and the character who owned it, I might have learned more of the explorations of a chance acquaintance, one day in Rouen.

I was listening to him tell of an old house on the Boulevard Gambetta which was built on the old city walls and was inhabited by the English Regent, the Duke of Bedford, during the reign of Henry IV; also of the Rue de Bec, with a stream running through it over which little arched passages, like bridges, lead into homes of the past.

"My daughter was fascinated by the Rue de Bec," he said, "and threatened to go there alone to make sketches of the types that haunt the section; but it is a slum quarter now and not exactly safe — which reminds me — I left her in the lounge of the hotel writing letters. I have been waiting here for her two hours."

But she was not in the lounge, nor anywhere in the hotel.

Her disappearance caused me no uneasiness and I suggested that she might be at one of the cafés by the river, enjoying the music. We waited for her long past dinner time and then I too became alarmed. I knew the churches were closed at that hour, also the art galleries. I thought of the dangers that might befall a young girl alone in the slums and imagined all the horrors that creep into one's mind at such a

time. The father was terror stricken. He beat his hands and called her name aloud, reprimanding himself for letting her go out of his sight. I told him to stand at the entrance of the hotel on the Rue de Grosse Horloge and went in search for her myself.

But fifty feet away on this fascinating street, a soft light illuminated the windows of the shop of the clock keeper. Then it dawned upon me. Why had we not thought of the shops that might interest a woman? I looked in, and there, calmly seated at a Louis XV table, upon which stood a bowl of the yesterdays full of luscious berries, was the little lady, enjoying a conversation with the clock keeper, dipping strawberries into sugar and devouring them with relish. The table was spread with a rare cloth of lace, upon which glittered a necklace of topaz, another of old pearls, a tray of rose diamonds and numerous other trinkets.

I called to my friend and together we looked at this charming scene while tears gathered in his eyes. How simple it all was. The shopkeeper had found a kindred soul who felt for things as he did. He had not offered to sell her anything for he was in the mood to relate the history of his various treasures and drink in the appreciation of a stranger who seemed to share his love for beautiful things. Too interested to close at dinner time, the old man brought out the strawberries and so they sat, he reminiscing and she, all ears, oblivious of time.

By hiring a motor car at Rouen, a delightful day may be spent in seeing Pont-de-l'Arch, Louviers, Les

Andelys and the ruins of the famous old stronghold of Richard Coeur-de-Lion, the Château Gaillard.

On leaving Rouen, you follow along the bank of the Seine and shortly come to the little town of St. Adrien, where on the hillside just above the road is the curious little pilgrimage church of Ste. Adrienne, partly cut into the face of the cliff in the fashion of cliff dwellings. It will repay the short climb past decrepit houses and barking dogs, to get a glimpse of the interior, for it is an oddity. Jagged smoke-stained rock of the ledge forms the greater part of its roof and all of one side. The whole affair is crooked, the altar being very much to the left of the church proper. It is pleasingly simple, with rough wooden benches dark with age, great wooden reading stands, a humble altar and a lighting that gives the whole place a primitive religious atmosphere. I am told if you stick a pin or needle into the image of the saint enshrined here, there is a likelihood of your being married within a year. The statue is as thickly studded with pins and needles of all descriptions as a porcupine's back with quills. As you stand in front of the little church, you can look down on the roof tops of comfortable homes and over them to the river and the hills all dressed in green.

Following the river, you come presently to Pont-de-l'Arch, where the Seine is crossed by a modern bridge on the site of the one first constructed in the days of Charles the Bald, for in the past this little town of scarcely two thousand inhabitants was one of the important strongholds of Normandy. The

fifteenth-sixteenth century Gothic church calls for investigation and within you will find good glass, good carving, an altar screen and an organ loft that should reward you for your curiosity. Henry IV presented the organ to the church; when and why I find no record. The little town tempts one to a stroll. I thought I detected fragments of the old defensive walls above the river before I returned to my car in the church square, but I cannot be sure, for houses stood too thickly for a close view.

Another short run and you are at Louviers on the River Eure. The way leads inland from the Seine at Pont-de-l'Arch which is not seen again until you come to Les Andelys with the mighty ruin of Gaillard looking down upon it from its lofty position.

Louviers is now a manufacturing town of over ten thousand population, but for all that it has certain charms about it, not the least of which are its waterways, gardens and tree-shaded walks. There are also a number of old houses which always grace and add quality to a town, but the great attraction is the lovely Gothic church of Notre Dame. It is claimed by critics that the rich flamboyant porch on the south side is overloaded with detail. That may be, but as a pictoralist I thought it beautiful as I thought the glass beautiful, and the nave. It is claimed that it is one of the few churches of Normandy, if not the only one of importance, that escaped the savage mania of the Huguenots for smashing religious statues and marring graceful ornamentations.

From Louviers you speed onward for another few

miles through a country that cannot claim to be picturesque, but nevertheless is not without interest. As the Seine is approached, you behold the mighty castle of Gaillard crowning the great rock cliffs of the opposite bank, soft in tone, beautifully placed against its background of green hills.

Crossing the river you come directly to the charming little town of Le Petit Andely existing here on the river bank since the twelfth century. Half a mile farther on lies Le Grand Andely, the parent town, in the valley of the Gambon, tracing its history from the sixth century.

Le Petit Andely lies all but under the castle. A footpath leads from the village streets up a very steep climb of some length to the great ruin, but on the way you are rewarded by a series of extensive views of great beauty. The village is at your feet and looking down on its roofs and streets and over its church spire, the eye follows the curve of the river to splendid cliffs and hills. On entering this one-time pride of Richard Coeur-de-Lion, you look through ruined doorways and windows on views you will never forget. There are vistas of hills and slopes where hundreds of sheep may be grazing, guarded by a shepherd and dog; there are others of the town and river, and still others upstream towards Paris. You can trace amid the debris the general plan of the castle and grasp in a way its former strength.

At the treaty of Louviers, Richard and the King of France, Philip Augustus, agreed there should be no fortification on this spot and so it was placed

under the protection of the Archbishop of Rouen. Hardly three months had passed before Richard broke his promise and began work on this great fortress. He was his own engineer and so earnestly did he press the work that within three years it was completed. Philip declared war and boasted he would take the castle "if it were made of iron" and Richard replied he would hold it "if it were made of butter." Philip was defeated and not until the death of Richard, and then only through a siege of many months, did Philip get it into his possession in 1204. Later Marguerite of Burgundy was shut up here and strangled to death with a lock of her hair, by the order of her husband, Louis X, who thought her unfaithful to him. Robert Bruce took refuge at Gaillard in 1314. It played a part in the English war and so time and history went on until Henry IV finally had his turn of trouble with it. After it had submitted to him, and he had spent a night under its roof, he ordered it destroyed as a stronghold.

Les Andelys have for many years been the haunts of artists. Le Petit Andely has a charming church in St. Sauveur, considered one of the most perfect examples of French architecture. The Hôtel de la Chaine d'Or, with its garden on the river bank, is a rendezvous of the devotees of the palette and brush. Yes, this little town has an air of peace and attractiveness about it that appeals and suggests perhaps a week's sojourn.

It is claimed that Le Grand Andely, the older town, was founded by the wife of Clovis, Queen Clotilda. She

chose the spot for a nunnery in the early half of the sixth century, which became popular with the Anglo-Saxon nobles who sent their daughters here for instruction. The church of Notre Dame ranks as one of the finest monuments of Gothic art in Normandy. I can vouch that it is pleasing and contains some very beautiful glass. One of the most delightful spots in the town is the quaint old hotel of the Grand Cerf where by all means have lunch in the dining room, with its great chimneypiece and massive, beamed ceiling. The old house dates back to the earlier part of the sixteenth century and its furnishings are in keeping with its aspect. Many celebrated guests have lodged here, Sir Walter Scott and Victor Hugo among others. I am sure you will find both towns of quaint interest and the frowning massive ruin on its hill, an impressive illustration of a medieval castle of the first class.

The return to Rouen may be made by a shorter route and, a very much more scenic one, for it takes you up among the hills where now and then striking and even magnificent views are seen.

CHAPTER III

Barbizon and Moret

A NUMBER of years ago, I had a very dear friend in Charles Warren Stoddard. His books on "those summer islands", the South Seas, written long before the commercial world had discovered them, breathed, crystallized their very charm.

One day, Stoddard and I were speaking of Paris. He told me of leaving Mark Twain, with whom he had been living in London where Twain was lecturing, and of coming to Paris. There was no particular reason, but it was spring, and an urge had come upon him to roam in France. He met by chance, on the Rue de Rivoli, a one-time chum of Hawaiian days, who suggested that he come to Barbizon, where he and others were painting. And this was not all. His chum described a tempting little pension, "Siron's" by name, where all the artists enjoyed pleasant companionship and fruitful labor. "Come, Dad" (everyone called Stoddard "Dad"), "come on a Monday, for we have clean napkins on Mondays only! Besides the painter chaps, there is a writer fellow whom you will like. He is a bully companion and his speech is like music."

Stoddard yielded, went to Barbizon, to Siron's, and there, in the long dining room which the artists

had decorated with their work, or in the long garden at the back set with tables under the trees, over wine and coffee, my friend talked to "this writer fellow" of those oases of the South Pacific. Stoddard could talk as well as he could write. When he talked you could hear the surf pounding on the reef. You could see the wondrous blue of the sea and the blue of the sky, with the trade clouds sailing overhead. You could enjoy the gentle sway of the coconut palms and imagine the mountains of fantastic shape. You could breathe the perfume of the island and watch the golden-brown natives bathing.

His listener, for it was Robert Louis Stevenson, drank deeply, through him, of the delights, the atmosphere and the sunshine of that world of peace. We all know what happened later. Stevenson visited Stoddard in San Francisco, married the former wife of Stoddard's artist friend, and after a time, went to those islands, which "Dad" had made so real to him.

I went to Barbizon shortly after Stoddard had spoken of it to me, to the birthplace of modern art, where Millet and his school created, and visited Siron's. I found all that I expected. It had all the atmosphere and charm he had depicted. The little village, with its long street, hard by the forest of Fontainebleau, made an indelible impression upon me. Alas! I revisited it but a few months ago. All is changed; it exists as a place of excursions, a place of tourists' cafés, a place of hotels that have disturbed and profaned the quiet little town of the past.

Two or three years ago I attended an exhibition

in Boston by George La Plasse, the French etcher, and fell in love with two of his charming things, one of Moret and another of Semur-en-Auxois. I questioned him about these places, for I had never visited them, and after our conversation, jotted them down in my notebook to see whenever I had a chance. Thus, when I had looked upon Barbizon and saw the evil that had fallen upon it, I crossed the forest by the way of Fontainebleau, looked again at the palace there, and came upon Moret.

Moret — dear, sleepy old Moret — an island in an ocean of verdure, anchored beside the River Loing which flows at its foot — a little haven for those who would paint awhile, idle or play angler, content with sunshine and the silent comradeship of peasant fishermen, who, day after day, flank the river banks in hope of "hooking" something.

You will not fail to observe that angling is seemingly a "French national sport." You will see it even in Paris along the banks of the Seine! I have waited for hours beside these persevering souls, actually to see a "bite", and I tell you I have seen very few. Especially on Sundays, throughout the land, you will see picnics along the river banks — every one from grandpa to baby, a parade in single file, holding long poles, registering no anxiety, just happy to be outdoors and fishing from early morn to nightfall, only to retire at the end of the day with nothing more than a scanty mess for the cat. About Moret, the angler is as inevitably in the picture as the tall, decorative poplars along the waterways.

MORET — DEAR SLEEPY OLD MORET

If you are in a hurry, you can see Moret in half an hour; yet for me, two weeks were not enough. It has a unity of effect you can feel at a glance. Its medieval silhouette grows upon you — is most fascinating against the sky at twilight, when the mellow grays become tinged with a golden glow and the sunset reflects copper in the window panes. As dusk creeps over the town the donjon looms up mysteriously and house lights twinkle.

Whether you arrive at Moret by railroad or by the Fontainebleau road, hurry along for about one mile through the main highway of the outer town or you will be disappointed. At first you will find nothing more than an ordinary village of detached, uninteresting houses which obliterate the landscape. But keep on walking. Follow the main paved road until you reach an ancient stone gate with narrow arch that straddles an old cobbled street.

I almost missed Moret. I had no one to advise me to keep moving. The guidebook recommended a certain hotel, and I had taken special precaution to wire ahead for accommodations. I found a third-rate café, with rooms overhead, the proprietor behind the bar and a dog nursing its puppies on a table. Glasses clinked in the washpan; noisy children raced around the room, tipping the chairs; train whistles echoed unceasingly within this barren, wretched interior.

"Woman, woman," the proprietor yelped in French, "an Englishman." His wife entered breathlessly, enveloped by the fog of kitchen smoke, moist and rosy from the heat of the oven. I was given no

chance to explain. One hand, webbed with enough dough for a biscuit, gripped me at the elbow; the other, fringed with the same lumpy masses, pointed the way upstairs.

I saw a small, stuffy room. "No, this will never do," I said. "Look, here is a telegram from a great American artist. He knows our 'otel. 'Will never do,' she mimicked, batting the message with her sticky hands. 'It is good enough for a great man and too good for you!' "

I wanted to explain in my poor way that it was my telegram, but she would not listen. So I foolishly left my two bags in the café and went in search of another place. That is how I discovered the Hostellerie du Prieure. It is situated just a little beyond the second town gate, across the river, opposite an old priory, enclosed by a striking garden wall, well shaded by huge chestnut trees and surrounded by lawn and colorful garden. I look back upon it as one of the happy experiences of my excursions in France.

I returned for my baggage. "Now," I said to the proprietor, "I sent that telegram. I asked for a large room and bath. I cannot accept what you have. Besides, it is too noisy here."

"Oo, la, la," he remonstrated, with clenched teeth, "too noisy, is it? In my 'otel, people sleep so well they do not hear the trains." And he held on to my bags. "You will pay one hundred and fifty francs (an enormous sum in comparison to the pension rates) or you will not have your baggage." Words waxed hot. I mentioned "gendarme" and he called me

"American bête"; then a Dutch lady, one of the pensioners, intervened as arbitrator. I paid fifty francs as a settlement and made my escape, while the whole family blamed one another for the loss of a "distinguished boarder."

When the weather permitted, and it was unusually kind, we enjoyed our savory food and wine in the garden of the Prieure, under the huge chestnut trees. One evening, I invited my arbitrator, whom I learned was a literary woman, her husband and her son to dinner. We had a gala night! The young man improvised on the piano. The proprietor went into raptures over his compositions and to my surprise, I learned that "mine host" was a composer and a director of a school of music. We sipped black coffee and Grande Chartreuse, talked travel, pictures, music until the early hours of the morning.

During my stay, I came upon another inn — "Robinson's", on the River Loing, where I understand the rooms are pleasant, the meals simple though excellent, and the rates moderate.

After all, the degree of comfort you enjoy has a marked effect upon your reactions. If fortune leads you to cozy and friendly quarters, you will see through rosier spectacles than if you had to endure uncalled-for discomforts.

Moret is one of the very few towns of charm near enough to Paris to commute; yet it has not been discovered by the stream of tourists nor destroyed by modern vandals.

As you wend your way through the principal streets

of the inner town, where time-mellowed houses seem to nod a friendly welcome, side streets catch the eye and suggest possibilities to the artist.

It is not, however, until you come to a second medieval gate that looks down upon the swiftly flowing Loing, pass through its inviting arch, and stand upon the bridge that spans the river, that the full beauty of Moret bursts upon you. Then you understand why artists come to the town.

On one hand you view ancient defensive walls, now transformed into terraced gardens that front comfortable homes built in days of yore. Here you see an ancient ivy-grown donjon of massive proportions — all that remains of the twelfth-century château. Here you see the graceful spire of the parish church consecrated by Thomas à Becket in 1166, and below a streamlet, arched by trees, that branches off from the river and is flanked by a miniature quay that nestles beneath the ramparts where women kneel to wash clothes. On the other side you have a mellow timber and plaster house, centuries old, that juts out over the river; just beyond, a water gate that pierces the ramparts and opens on to the stream; rows of delightful old homes drowsily bask in the sun; a stretch of parklike green, and the merry river that seems to sing as it makes its way past woodlands to distant hills.

Across the Loing are gentle green banks where a promenade shaded by stately trees hugs the water side. It is from this stretch of green on the farther bank that Moret is seen at its best, in all its

stage-like beauty, as an old gray town with gates and towers. All along the river side are peasant women washing clothes, children fetching water, horses drinking, and artists painting. At sundown, the bridge is irresistible — a spot from which to contemplate the tranquillity and beauty of Moret. Below is an ancient mill and in midstream, resting on the merest bit of a green island, another mill — not so old.

Every one seems to be industrious during the day, for the crooked cobble streets are the scenes of constant activity. Wheelbarrows stacked with laundry, washboards, pounding boards and big squares of soap seem to be natural features of the water's edge to which the women come when household affairs permit. In the evening, the dimly lighted streets and houses add an air of theatrical mystery to Moret. There is little noise, except for the laughter and chatter in the cafés and shops inside the city gates and the soothing melody of the swiftly-flowing Loing.

It is claimed by some that Moret existed in Roman days. That, however, is doubtful. It was first mentioned in the records of the year 800. Later, it became the seat of a château belonging to the kings of France. The remaining donjon comes down to us from the time of Louis le Gros (1128). Henry IV made Jacqueline de Bueil, his one-time mistress, the Countess de Moret, as a token of his love and esteem.

One of the mysteries associated with the château is the presence of a colored nun, who is said to have received the name of Louise-Marie-Thérèse at baptism at the royal court, but was known later as the

"Mauresse de Moret." Referring to the portrait now in the Bibliothèque Sainte-Geneviève in Paris, Maxime du Camp cites it as "the only known likeness of that mulatress, a natural daughter of Louis XIV."

Saint Simon speaks of the secrecy which was maintained when Marie-Thérèse, wife of Louis XIV, gave birth to a colored child. In order to keep despair from the Queen, the child was taken away at birth by Bontemp, the king's valet, who shared all the secrets of the royal household, and placed in a convent with a sufficient "dot." The witness at the royal bedside believed the Queen had been frightened by a Negro during her pregnancy.

Another chronicler says that the existence of the child was always a sore point to Louis. The doctors, desirous of guarding a secret, explained to his majesty that the dark color was caused by "a look"; whereupon the king is said to have answered, "Hum — it was then a very penetrating one."

However, the mulatto nun believed herself of royal birth and was known to allude to her "royal family", much to the distress of the court. Madame Maintenon, on one occasion, went to the château to warn the "Mauress" that her boasting was unwarranted. In response, she was told, "Madame, the effort a person of your standing has made to come here expressly to tell me that I am *not* the daughter of a king, persuades me that I am."

The Duc de Luynes, who had the confidence of the Queen said, "the child was the daughter of a Moor and Mooress who lodged in the royal house-

hold of Versailles and Madame Maintenon, out of charity, had her placed in a convent at Moret, with special recommendations." Whatever the case may be, this interesting problem still remains an impenetrable mystery.

The church of Moret has a richly adorned portal with flamboyant sculpture. Its interior is in the Burgundian-Gothic style and the effect is restful and inspiring. It stands in the market place, which on certain days of the week is the busiest center of the town.

It was in a second-hand shop in Moret that I met a collector and made a friend. I became interested in a fine-looking old gentleman who was delving into a pile of musty books and I volunteered to help him.

"You must think I'm an old fool to be making such a fuss over what looks like rubbish," he said, "but I like to collect old books in odd places more than anything else in the world."

"Makes no difference," I assured him; "I'm a fool about photography."

"Strange; I thought you American men cared much for business and squandered all of your time making money!" We had an understanding after that and spent many evenings together discussing the fads of men.

My collector friend might have changed his idea of some of our American men if he had accompanied me a few months later when I was driving through the State of Maine.

I invaded some one's orchard to make pictures of a little river. "Say, what are you doing there?" I turned in astonishment and saw a keen-eyed man in baggy trousers and rolled-up shirt sleeves. He held a ship's lantern in one hand and a poke bonnet of long ago, in the other — a ridiculous "get up."

"Oh, just playing photography — making pictures," I said.

"When you're through, come into the stable; I've got to talk with you."

I prepared myself for an emphatic warning to respect the "NO TRESPASSING" sign, resolved to be very tactful, and entered the stable.

"'Playing,' did you say? I thought you were." He smoothed his gray beard. "You see, I'm playing too. Nobody around here quite understands what that means. Imagined you'd like to see some of my toys and have a little chat."

I began to feel at ease. The stable contained everything but an animal. I threaded my way through the queerest collection of curiosities. There were hair trunks, poke bonnets, parasols of the Victorian era by the dozen, lamps of the past generation, foot warmers of Colonial times, sword canes, old bureaus, bric-a-brac and hundreds of books, stacked from floor to ceiling.

I saw a volume I wanted to own. "Will you please sell me that book?" "Sorry, not selling anything — through with selling — with business — might give it to you. Once I was the head of a large business and worked so hard I became very ill. Well, during that

time, I had plenty of leisure to think things over — what life was and what it might be; so I'm just collecting for pleasure. My chauffeur and I drive through the country and I buy everything that will help make my collection complete."

"You are a boy. You never grew up," I told him.

"No, you're wrong. I grew up, but then, thank God, I became young again. I'm a boy now. Say, don't you hate business men?"

"I pity them if they are without something outside of their regular routine, for when the time comes for retirement from active service, a fad is a life prolonger and a joy giver."

His face lit up. "I would like to shake your hand. I think you understand me. Nobody does around here. They call me a jackass who buys everything. What matter? I'm not hurting any one. Omar Khayyam was no fool, no drunkard, my son. He meant being in tune with life and getting what you can out of it. Well, I'm in tune with 'junk.' It's my way! Say, if you were I, would you buy that piece of property across the way? I'm a little crowded."

"By all means," I advised.

"Thanks; that's all the encouragement I need."

It seemed to me that the old gentleman, his stable and his house, packed with the things he treasured, comprised a mighty chapter in philosophy.

Moret, like Barbizon, is close to the Forest of Fontainebleau, and the town of Fontainebleau is but five miles distant. Not far away is the quaint village of Montigny, where the Loing is perhaps more

picturesque. The village has charm. Artists know it well. It also has an old inn noted for the excellence of its table.

Close by Moret is a broad canal, flanked and shaded by great trees. Canal boats slowly plough the water and are towed by ever-patient horses that plod along the paths on the banks. A hike over any of the country lanes that take you out of Moret is interesting. You will be sure to find a shady nook where you may rest or a cool stream in which to fish or bathe.

Yes — I feel you will like Moret. It hasn't much in the way of sights to bother you. It's just a place of charm — that is all.

THE CANAL AT MORET

CHAPTER IV

Rambles in Burgundy

THE history of a country is of importance to one who would reap the full pleasure of travel, and France, especially, has a history that is fascinating and delightful. It is a long story, beginning with prehistoric man and passing on through the era of Gaul and that of the Phœnician and Grecian colonies, to the Roman occupation and so, century by century, each rich in dramatic events, until our own times — a fascinating record.

Those who would roam through Burgundy should have a knowledge of its separate story, for it is one of unusual interest. Read of the tribes that dwelt there before Roman days; how in the time of Cæsar, the mighty chieftain of Gaul, Vercingetorix, seized what he considered the psychological hour to gather a horde to break the Roman sway; how after much maneuvering, he chose Alesia, a Gallic stronghold on Mount Auxois, as his base, just south of where Flavigny now stands; how Cæsar "dug in" and held him at bay; how at last things became precarious for both Vercingetorix and Cæsar, and a battle took place in the valley below, on the plains close to where the railroad junction of Laumes now is. Vercingetorix all but came out victorious — would have done so

if he had not been fighting the great general who commanded in person. On the plains of Les Laumes you may see to this day evidences of the great struggle. The defeat of the Gauls here broke their power and they merged themselves with the Empire. Autun became a capital, and the lesser cities important strongholds.

Rome had its day here. Then came Vandals of German stock, big, blond people, moving down from the territory about the Baltic towards Lyonnais, where the Gauls invited them to linger. In 413 A.D. they began to embrace the Christian faith and gradually formed a kingdom stretching from the Rhinelands to the Loir, and from Langres to the Mediterranean. Later, from a loose kingdom a duchy was formed in the tenth century, under the princes of the house of Capet, Richard becoming the first Duke of Burgundy in 1032. By 1361 the last of the Capetians had died and Jean le Bon, King of France, declared the duchy united with France, appointing his son, Philippe, called the Bold, lieutenant governor, and shortly creating him duke and premier peer of France. Philippe became a guardian for Charles VI of France, and with the Duke of Berri was the actual ruler of the kingdom. Burgundy now became the richest and most splendid court in the realm.

John the Fearless followed, and shortly was at loggerheads with the Duke of Orleans, the king's brother, who was assassinated under circumstances that pointed suspiciously to John as instigator. However, because of his past generalship and powerful

position the matter was passed over, and in his turn he became the nominal ruler of France. The day came when John was assassinated in the presence of the Dauphin — the future Charles VII.

Philippe, the Good, the eldest son of John, then became duke with a resolve in his heart that the Dauphin should pay dearly for the deed. He intrigued so that Henry V of England should become King of France, and actually got the mad King Charles VI to sign a document to that effect at Troyes in 1420. Henry V died before he had a chance to reign. His brother, Duke of Bedford, became regent, but soon Charles VI died, and the weakling Charles VII claimed the throne. In the critical hour, the Maid of Orleans came to his rescue for a brief period.

After fifty years of reign, Philippe departed this life, and his son Charles the Bold came upon the stage with that crafty spider Louis XI of France. Then came clever intrigues, the wily fox after a time placing himself in an unpleasant position by visiting the domains of Charles — an experience that terrified the King. Louis XI so undermined Charles the Bold's power that the latter found his allies failing him. He embroiled himself with the Swiss, Germans and French, and his fate was sealed one winter day on the marshes of the Meurthe. In the battle that ensued Charles was slain, and two days later his body was found naked, mauled by wolves, blood-stained, frozen in the ice.

Louis XI, for reasons of policy, did not seize the

duchy at once, but declared Marie of Burgundy, the fifteen-year-old daughter of Charles, ruler, proposing to wed her to the Dauphin. More intrigues — more plotting and war, until in July, 1479, Louis entered Dijon as master, and Burgundy became in truth a part of France.

Dijon is less than five hours' journey from Paris on the route to either Switzerland, Italy or the Mediterranean. To-day it is a friendly old city, rich in specimens of its past grandeur in the way of domestic architecture, — the dwellings of the nobility that surrounded the luxury-loving court of the past. There are good churches, especially the twelfth-century church of Notre Dame with its west façade decorated with expressive gargoyles, and a cathedral.

Dijon has several hotels, of which the Hôtel de la Cloche is the best known. Its rates are not low, its management could be more hospitable, but its rooms facing the attractive Place Darcy are spacious and well furnished. The restaurant is hardly in keeping with the reputation Dijon has as a center of the art of cooking, but if you would enjoy food that I consider beyond criticism, don't forget to dine at Racouchof's in the Place d'Armes. You enter a court and find it up one flight. The prices are reasonable, and you will thank me for the suggestion.

Here at the Place d'Armes, in front of the Ducal Palace, now the Hôtel de Ville, is a fitting place to begin your investigations of the district. But do not neglect the section at the rear of the Palace.

Dijon is a city that repays the wanderer. You

may saunter along, window gazing, and suddenly come upon a square, a mansion, a group of old buildings, a church, or a narrow way that delights you. Of course, there are the usual guidebook sights, a museum and picture gallery in the Ducal Palace, churches and all that. Visit them if you will, but see Dijon itself as well — wander through its streets, sit in its green places, spend an hour or so at the café and really enjoy its life. You will not find it a second Paris but just a quiet, homey place that smiles a welcome.

Let me say, in regard to shops, that I found those in Dijon enticing — far less costly than usual, with a varied selection, and it was a great comfort to be away from the congestion of Paris.

Dijon is an ideal center from which to make excursions — by train — by motor buses of the Paris, Lyons and Mediterranean Railroad (P.L.& M.) or by a chartered car. Why not arrange for a car after lunch some day for Semur en Auxois?

Semur is surely one of the most picturesque towns in France in location and outline, but it should be seen in the late afternoon sun when it suggests a Maxfield Parrish composition — a dream city of towers, magnificently perched on a rocky hill above the River Armançon which here cuts its way between steep banks.

The route from Dijon to Semur takes you through a hilly country — nay, almost mountainous — with pleasant valleys where graceful poplar trees add a picturesque note. At the little town of Crosbors there

is an old stone cross by the wayside, and in the valley below a church with clustering dwellings. Vitteaux is entered, a long, quaint old town offering the artist many motives in its winding street and along the stream that flows at the feet of its ancient dwellings. Here and there are remaining bits of its old defensive walls and a tower or two.

The first view of Semur should be had from the heights opposite, across the deep river gorge, when the declining sun lies mellow and warm on its reddish-brown cliffs, its towers, ancient houses and church spire. Pass through the ancient gates that bound the older section of Semur, cross the handsome viaduct with its high arches spanning the rushing river, and wend your way up the opposite bank to a position where the view of the little city, of less than four thousand inhabitants, lies before you in all its medieval aspect. The guidebooks tell us it is a commercial town, but the guidebooks are mistaken; this is a "Picture Book" town.

As you look upon its four massive towers, you must remember that in the past there were sixteen towers of defence, and thick battlemented walls surrounding the ancient stronghold. A château, church, mansions and humble homes nestled within.

It is claimed that upon the promontory upon which the city stands, almost surrounded by the river, the Romans had once a *castrum*. A town began to grow, but for generations it was at the mercy of any enemy that might attack it. It was the invasion of the English into France, the disaster at Poitiers in 1356, and

SEMUR EN AUXOIS: PERCHED ABOVE
THE RIVER ARMANÇON

the occupation of the district between Flavigny and Guillon that first awoke the inhabitants to their peril. The payment of a good round sum to be let alone was their only defence, and on the departure of the enemy they felt safe — for a time — until the country finally was scourged by bands of marauders, known as the "Grandes Compagnies." The people at last realized that walls must protect their city, so they began to build in 1373, and by 1378 all was in order. Time moved on as time does; there were troubles — religious and otherwise — but it was not until Henry IV came to the throne that the walls were destroyed as a system of defence. A part of them is still standing, forming a terrace shaded by limes, which is now used as a promenade and commands a view of the opposite side of the ravine where snuggle picturesque houses amid orchards and little vineyards.

From this position, with its comprehensive view, recross the bridge and make your way past the great tower, one hundred and forty feet in height, that commands the way. This tower shows great cracks — as do the others. Follow the river along by the quaint streets to the right, until another bridge, almost at water level, is reached. Crossing it, turn into a lane at the right. Here the town with all its medieval aspect stands above you.

Now hunt up and down the river for vistas. You will be richly repaid. Ask permission at cottages to enter the numerous private footpaths leading to gardens that cling above the cliff on the side of the

steep banks, and you will not wonder that Plasse and others have produced lovely pictures here.

Next saunter up the slopes to the market place of Semur. You will find the old residence of the governors now used as a hospital. Here, when the last of the governors was in office, Voltaire visited the governor's wife, "La Divine Emilie."

In the market place stands the church of Notre Dame founded by Robert, first Duke of Burgundy, of the House of Capet. Robert murdered his father-in-law at a banquet in order to secure land. He built the church in repentance, it is said, and upon the lower portion of the tympanum it is claimed he had depicted the scene and act of murder. Just why he wished thus to advertise the fact is a mystery that passes understanding. I rather believe, as suggested by others, the story in stone has to do with St. Thomas' mission in India. The church dates from the eleventh century and was rebuilt in the fourteenth. It is a fine specimen of Burgundian-Gothic and must have had great charm until Viollet-le-Duc began restoration in the century just past.

There are two delightful old gates in the heart of Semur, and oh! so many nooks and corners to explore, in and around it.

The Hôtel du Commerce in the modern section just beyond the gate looks comfortable, and I have in mind some day to make it my headquarters for a week or more.

An excursion to Vézelay from Dijon, visiting Avallon on the way, consumes one long day. It can be

accomplished readily, without undue fatigue, although the round trip is close to two hundred miles. The country to the northwest of Dijon is hilly to mountainous, with peaceful valleys through which wander streams or canals lined with tall, graceful poplar trees. If it be on a Sunday or holiday, fishermen line the banks of these waterways.

The way is by Sombernon, Pouilly, Saulieu, and let me say here that if fortune lands you about meal time near the Hôtel de la Poste at Saulieu, don't fail to dine there. From Saulieu, once a Roman station, the route is via Rouvray to Avallon, — thence to Vézelay.

The last time I made this journey I was in the company of the editor of the best known magazine in America devoted to photography, and we suddenly took it into our heads to investigate one of the quaint old hill towns that one occasionally passes in Burgundy, unsung, and not mentioned in guidebooks. The one I am speaking of is on the top of a steep hill about two miles to the right of the road between Sombernon and Pouilly. Our Dijon chauffeur had never visited it or even heard of it, for that matter. We gave the order and up we went, the road being fair, and at last swung by a half-ruined château into the principal thoroughfare of the little village — almost a lane. It is known as Châteauneuf, and once long ago must have been the home of important folk, for besides the very lovely château there are a number of old mansions with stately carved doors and windows. Remnants of defensive walls exist, a gate

fairly preserved, and a square with a cross. The whole scene would delight the heart of a motion-picture director, for it is most theatrical. The court-yard of the château is a delight. There are turrets, carved doors, carved windows and outside stairways with much ornamentation. The castle moat is now overgrown with sturdy trees and makes a shady glen. The view from the market place over the valley below to the distant hills is extensive. A few sturdy souls manage to live at Châteauneuf to-day. The history of the place we have been unable to learn, except that we associate it hazily with Philippe Pot whom we shall meet later. To us Avallon and Vézelay, the haunts of the tourists, made less impression than Châteauneuf. I speak of this to push home once again the fact that often the beauty spots of France are not even mentioned in your Baedeker or his British imitator.

Avallon, the "Aballo" of the Romans, now a town of about six thousand, has a location similar to that of Semur, standing on the edge of a plateau, even higher above its river valley, but the valley is wider and the aspect far less romantic and feudal. From a fine terrace on the site of the old ramparts one overlooks the green vale with its stream. The square in front of the church of St. Lazare is to me — next to the terrace — the one special feature of Avallon, as it has a distinctive quality. There are of course streets worthy of investigation, and an old gate known as the Tour de Horloge.

Do you remember Stevenson's essay "On the En-

joyment of Unpleasant Places" — not that I suggest Avallon is unpleasant? He says, "I have often been tempted to put forth the paradox that any place is good enough to live a life in, while it is only in a few, and those highly favored, that we can pass a few hours agreeably. For, if we only stay long enough, we become at home in the neighborhood. Reminiscences spring up, like flowers, about uninteresting corners."

From the hill top of Avallon, the motor road leads us to Vézelay in short order, for the distance is but nine and a half miles. At length we see on the summit of a steep hill, close by a grove of splendid trees, the towers and houses of another ancient hill town, intriguing to behold from below. Over a pretty little river the road leads us past a small village, then up a long incline to the lower section of this medieval town, then up the main, steep street, passing numerous interesting houses until we land in front of the great abbey church of Mary Magdalen. This dates from the eleventh century, and critics accord it all the elegance of the Norman, combined with the charm of the Southern style of architecture. My friend and I hastened to enter, feeling that a great feast was in store for us and that here we would find joy in lingering long, but alas! that fellow Viollet-le-Duc had carefully "restored" it, leaving a cold corpse of a thing, robbed of all mellow age — all atmosphere and human quality. Restored it is, an architectural textbook of what he thought it had been or should be.

That I did not find my emotions stirred by the great abbey was my misfortune, for without question it is one of the architectural monuments of France, even restored as it is, and excepting for the choir and in the narthex, where appears the pointed arch of the Gothic, it is purely Romanesque. The capitals contain pictures wrought in stone, not all of which would be considered strictly moral, from the standpoint of the Victorian era.

It was at Vézelay, this village set on high, with now scarcely eight hundred population, that St. Bernard preached the Second Crusade in 1146. Here Philip Augustus and Richard Coeur-de-Lion, at the feast of St. John in 1190, sealed a new pact of friendship and started out on the road for the Holy Land.

The great abbey grew and waxed strong and in doing so excited the jealousies of others. The Abbot of Cluny looked upon it with special disfavor; so did the bishops of Autun, and disputes and misunderstandings were constant. It was not until Philippe the Good took a hand that quiet returned.

The abbey became known far and wide, for it was claimed to possess relics of the Magdalen. It became a pilgrimage center; and the nobles, the Queen of France, and Thomas à Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, were among those who visited it. In 1146, as I have mentioned, Bernard of Clairvaux preached his crusade here against the Saracen before the King, Eleanor his Queen, and the mighty nobles of the land — a great pageantry, ladies of high estate and thousands of knights in glittering armor.

A PASTORAL SCENE IN BURGUNDY

As the abbey in time began to decline in importance, so did the church begin to crack and give way here and there, until Viollet-le-Duc came to the rescue.

An excursion from Dijon, of about half the distance to Avallon and Vézelay, is to the ancient Roman capitol of Augustodunum, now Autun. The way leads through Beaune, the wine center, past the château de la Rochepot to Nolay, and then on to Autun. The return can be made via Arnay le Duc, a little town that artists have delighted in and find colorful, not far from Châteauneuf.

The broad, open country lying to the south of Dijon is devoted to vineyards well known to the world. It does not compare favorably with the hilly, charming districts to the north and west, but then to many it will be, without doubt, of more than usual interest because they can locate vineyards, whose names are familiar on every wine card.

The distance to Beaune from Dijon is about twenty-five miles. The town has a population to-day of a little under fourteen thousand, but it was noted as far back as the fourth century for its wine. You will observe two towers that belonged to its former castle, and some old houses. You will visit with pleasure the famous Hospital of the St. Esprit, one of the most lovely architectural gems of Burgundy, founded by Nicolas Rolin, the Chancellor of Duke Philippe, and Guigone de Salins, his wife, in 1443. The courtyard is delightful, the chapel contains gorgeous glass and the altarpiece is worthy of long study.

The twelfth-century church of Notre Dame also may interest you.

Beaune was a walled city, but the inhabitants had suffered to such an extent through its reputation for strength that in the reign of Henry IV they went at the battlements with a hearty good will and demolished them.

Turning towards the west on leaving Beaune, we soon come to the hills again and on one, some two and a half miles out of Nolay, sits the striking Château de la Rochepot with its village nestled at its foot. I rather think it will repay you to saunter through the little gone-to-seed hamlet, seeking vistas of the thirteenth-century stronghold perched on its rock, framed by dwellings and trees.

The castle, originally known as Laroch, was without a well, a serious matter in time of trouble. The Lord of Laroch made a contract with one Guillaume Pot to sink a shaft through the cliff until water was found. It was a big undertaking; time went on — one year — two years — three years — even to five years Guillaume worked, receiving in payment a handsome collection of notes, for the Lord of Laroch was a bit short of cash. The day came when the well was finished and Pot called for payment of the notes. His lordship decided Pot might just as well have the castle, as he personally preferred Dijon to Laroch any day.

Thus Laroch became the seat of the family of Pot, one of which, Philippe by name, toned its history with a tinge of romantic color. He was a gallant youth,

with a mind set on adventure, which finally landed him in the hands of Mohammed II, with a Saracen dungeon as a prison.

We don't know what the Sultan had in mind to do with young Pot, but he held him captive for many weary months during which the prisoner solaced himself by writing sonnets to the Virgin. Mohammed grew weary of these poetical tendencies, and giving the matter some thought, decided that Philippe would be of more use in the arena, for at least he would furnish a short hour's entertainment for the populace.

The event was properly advertised. Pot was called upon and told he was to "perform" and explanations followed. A fine hungry lion was booked to make the second star in this all-star cast and just to show good will and true sporting blood, the young man was given a short sword.

The day proved fine, the arena was packed and our hero, scantily clad, made his début on time. The lion rushed forth with a mighty roar, but here things went amiss, for Philippe sprang to meet the beast. The lion, puzzled, paused, sat down to ponder what to do and received an insolent slash across the paw. The poor animal was shocked, looked with reproachful eyes upon the bleeding wound and opened his mouth to express his pain.

Ah! my friends, here is where the king of beasts made an error, for the vicious Pot, taking unfair advantage, thrust his sword down the gaping throat and jabbed once, jabbed twice and ever so many times

until before the eyes of all, the lion died. The Sultan was impressed; he set Philippe free and gave him much good advice, as well as a few material things. Pot departed for Burgundy, arriving in time to attend his own funeral service, which was held with all splendor at the Cathedral of Dijon. He became mighty in the land, served as Burgundian ambassador to the Court of England and later became a friend of Louis XI. At his death his remains were placed in a magnificently wrought tomb, which you may see in the Louvre. A more detailed account of our friend Philippe may be found in Robert J. Casey's most interesting volume, "The lost Kingdom of Burgundy."

Rochepot came into the hands, not long ago, of the eldest son of Carnot, the murdered President of France, and has been restored as you see it, but it retains its feudal aspect.

Nolay, just beyond, is a little town, rather pleasing with its old church, around which are clustered some quaint buildings. There is a covered market to enhance the old-time atmosphere of the central square. A few miles more and Autun is reached.

Autun stands partly on a hill, back of which rises a higher hill, well clothed with green. Below is an open valley with hills circling around, a sightly location for this once Roman capitol of the Aedui, important then because it was on the route from Marseilles and Lyons to Boulogne.

In the days of Augustus, it was a city of wealth and learning with nearly two hundred thousand inhabitants. Here the early Christians had their "ups" and

then again their "downs", tolerated or not tolerated, according to the ruler. But little by little the new religion gained over the old, and numerous are the miracles that are said to have taken place in and around the city.

Under Constantine, Rheticius became Bishop of Autun, a man of mark and much beloved. He and his wife lived a life of the most perfect union — their love for each other was little less than adoration. She died first, and when at length the good bishop was laid to rest, it was in her tomb they put him, and those who performed this last sad rite saw the dead woman stretch out her arms and fold him to her. This story suggests that of Abelard and Heloise, for it was in Abelard's grave Heloise was laid, and Abelard took her in his arms.

The cathedral of St. Lazare and its surroundings, I liked very much. Some of the streets near by are quaint and will, I am sure, intrigue you, but Autun did not interest me as Semur and Châteauneuf had. I felt it was a place to be "done" according to rule, and did it, studying each section for pictures from a sense of duty. There was no joy — no song in my heart as at Semur. Semur often calls me to return, but Autun — why Autun is just a site where history has been made — Pagan, Roman and Christian.

Of course the city had its theaters, amphitheaters, *castrum*, temples, baths, walls, gates and forum like all Roman cities. There still remain fragments of the ancient walls, a site of a temple is to be seen, and in the fields just beyond the town are the ruins of the

so-called Temple of Janus. The Roman Porte d'Arroux is to me the most interesting "sight" in the present drowsy town, and Porte St. André, which Viollet-le-Duc played mischief with, may be mentioned.

Autun was burned in 725 by the Saracens. You remember how they invaded Spain by the way of Gibraltar from North Africa, took possession of Sicily, Sardinia and the Balearic Islands, became hungry to devour Gaul, poured through the Pyrénées like a blight, killing, destroying, burning all Provence to the Alps. In 732 came a mightier wave of these fiends, making their way to the coast north of Bordeaux, but they were arrested, annihilated by Charles Martel on the field of Poitiers. Narbonne was their last stronghold, but in 759 it fell, and France was largely free from the horror of them, but the South was a mass of ruins. Thereafter they raided the coast, forcing the people to build defence towns among the hills until at length their piracies were crushed.

To repeat once again, the country north and west of Dijon is delightful in its picturesque quality. Besides the high hills, almost mountains, there are the valleys and fields with their bouquets of trees, gladsome to look upon, and towns of interest. The country to the south is open and largely devoted to well-known vineyards.

Now comes the country to the east which for nearly twenty miles is flat or slightly undulating, containing farms, dirty unattractive towns and manufacturing villages. I was little interested until I approached Dole, where the hills once more became

a pleasing factor in the landscape. I liked Dole the minute I entered it; liked it better the more I saw of it. It is full of all sorts of architectural bits that appeal to the artist. There are winding streets lined with houses of the long ago, where sunlight and shadow play. There are certain corners where you may find compositions of old dwellings, gates and spires that give to me, at least, a thrill of pleasure. Many of its older streets go zigzagging up and down hill. With all its age and history, I judge it a busy town with its shoulders back and head up, looking forward, not dreaming sullenly, as I imagine Autun to be, over its former greatness. There is a subtle air of good cheer, good fellowship, especially if you see Dole in the mellow sunshine.

Upon the death of Charles the Bold on that wintery battle-field, you will remember that crafty Louis XI, who did so much to build the France of to-day, played an underhanded game with Marie of Burgundy, promising friendship but watching for the hour to ripen to warrant his grabbing the duchy and making it a part of France. The young Duchess, with Dijon and her towns and villages, were suspicious of the King from the first. They knew him, but Dijon, weakening, finally listened to Louis' ambassadors of peace and good will, and opened her gates to them. The next step was the appointment of a governor. La Tremouville was chosen, and his ways and those of the people were not as one — far from it. At length the friend of Burgundy, the city of Dole, rose with the cry "*Vive Bourgogne*", "*Mort*

aux Français", "Vive Mademoiselle." Other towns followed and the fat was in the fire. Dole at the time was connected with the house of Austria but that helped her not, for after a stiff fight, the army of Louis took it, burned it and destroyed it. Later through the marriage of Marie to the Archduke Maximilian (not to the Dauphin of France as promised) it became an Austrian possession and the capitol of Franche-Comte. It was promised to Louis XIV in the marriage settlement of Marie-Thérèse along with Franche-Comte, but Louis had to collect it by force. In 1678 Dole finally became a part of France.

I think I should like to revisit it for a day or so and explore its every nook and corner for pictures.

I liked especially the exterior of the Gothic church of Notre Dame and the great arches of its porch that framed pleasing vistas of old houses and streets beyond, and I liked its market place.

Gray is not far from Dole. It is a pleasant town of seven thousand inhabitants, but I saw little about it to enthuse over. The immediate neighborhood of the church and the Hôtel de Ville interested me, and may you, especially the arch or gate springing from the walls of the church and enticing you down a little street where is found another more feudal gate that leads to the gardens of the Hôtel de Ville. In a château here is a picture gallery containing some moderately interesting canvases, mostly of the last decade.

I have not spoken of Auxerre, the capitol of the Capetian dukes of Burgundy — of Cluney — the

training school of popes, as some one has expressed it, for little remains of its great abbey that was a guardian of civilization and a power in the land; nor the château of Bussy-Rabutin associated with Mme. Sévigné; or of many a castle and château you will perhaps seek out and enjoy. Burgundy is a land of legends, a land of romance with a historic story well worth intimate study, but you will have to find that out elsewhere.

I want to take you to another center that will delight you if you come to it in the very late spring or summer. We shall take the train at Dijon, at say one o'clock, and find seats in a carriage that goes direct to Aix-les-Bains, and there change about six o'clock in the evening to the narrow gage that will set us down at Annecy at seven o'clock.

CHAPTER V

On the Roof of France

ANNECY, on the Lake of Annecy, the chief town of Haute Savoie, is a charming spot. From it there are numerous motor-bus excursions under the management of the local Syndicat d'Initiative, the Paris, Lyons and Mediterranean Autocar system and others, which allow you to see in comfort the magnificent scenery that abounds in this section of France, tucked up close to the Swiss border.

The town of Annecy is a delight in itself, a mixture of the old and the new, partly suggestive of an old Italian town, with narrow arcaded streets, yet fringed with a modern French section. Again with its streams and waterways that bisect its center, it suggests an inland Venice, dropped most casually at a lakeside among the mountains. In the older town, the quaint arcaded street that passes the church of Notre Dame in its pleasing square leads through queer underpasses to a rushing stream. Here, from a busy quay above the hurrying water, various bridges carry you to the other gate-like underpasses that lead through fascinating Old World bits to other bridges over another stream. From the bridges you see picturesque houses, old and often vine-grown, that reflect themselves in the water. Below, by the streamside, women are ever washing clothes. Close by, where

LAKE ANNECY NEAR TALLOIRES — DRIFTING CLOUDS

the streams unite, in the very midst of things, is a delightful old prison that architecturally embellishes the scene. Rising high above the roof tops of the town, perched on an isolated rock around which the sea of houses flows, is an ancient castle that adds a finishing note and personality to Annecy.

This castle, with its square, machicolated towers of the fourteenth-sixteenth centuries, now doing duty as barracks, was once a stronghold of importance, for Annecy was formerly the capitol of the counts of Genevois. It passed from them into the hands of the dukes of Savoie, and later to the kings of Sardinia. France acquired it in 1861 along with the great tract of country ceded to her by Italy in return for the help given in making it possible to unite Italy under one kingdom.

On the lake front, flanked by canal-like basins, is a shaded public garden commanding a view over the water to the fancifully formed peak of Tournette and neighboring mountains, and close by is a bit of an island with an old fortified mansion that once belonged to the counts of Genevois, but is now used as a museum.

Steamers leave the quay adjoining the public garden every hour or so for the trip around the Alpine lake of Annecy, suggestive in its atmosphere of the beautiful lakes of Northern Italy, so beloved by us all. The sail of some two hours' duration is amid scenery that in pure pictorial quality surpasses, in my mind, anything of its kind in France; scenery composed of lake and lovely country, little villages and mountains graceful or fantastic in contour.

Annecy has a casino where guests from many nations gather for tea during the afternoon, dinner at night, or for entertainment later. Pleasant walks abound along the lake or inland through pastoral country. There is inducement to row and sail in small craft upon the lake, and even bathing may be indulged in.

If you desire, a car may be engaged at a reasonable figure to take you over numerous mountain trails, seldom included in the motor-bus routes. I spent some ten days in the car of one Jean Goy, a native of the district, who had lived in the United States for several years until the call of the mountains and the lake was too strong for him. He told me the United States, wonderful as it was in many ways, could not repay him for the loss of scenic splendor of his native soil, his little home on the hillside, his bottle of wine with his evening meal, and his friends. He owned his excellent car and found joy (as well as profit) in showing the beauties of this corner of France to appreciative Americans.

Chamonix is but a few hours' motor trip over a mountain pass that is as superb in its scenic quality as it is thrilling to travel. The route passes the Château d' Menthon-St.-Bernard, situated high above the lake, where St. Bernard was born in 923, — a dream castle of one's fancies. Then we find ourselves shortly at the pretty town of Thones and soon afterwards begin to climb through steep valleys. There seems ever to be another resort town far above, almost impossible to reach. So on and up we go, seeing

villages and farms that make us constantly wonder how the inhabitants reach them. Mountains to the right, mountains to the left, and mountains to the fore, while behind us we look down and down into deep valleys through which we have passed.

Annecy may have been warm when we left, but as we climb the air becomes colder and colder, and heavy wraps are a comfort. The time comes when the last town is left below, the farms become rare, the tree line is left behind, and children appear by the roadside offering Alpine flowers for sale, plucked from the Alpine pastures that are abloom with blossoms — a gladsome note of color at the foot of bleak mountain spurs. Then comes the roof of the pass; snow banks spot the landscape; the chord-like music of cow bells reaches us through the rarefied atmosphere. At the summit there is a hotel inviting a few minutes' rest before beginning our descent, into one valley after another, through scenery awesome and splendid. I admit you will clutch the sides of the car at the hairpin turns of the descent and look in consternation at the road ahead, but it is quite broad and perfectly safe. At length we see ahead that magnificent, stupendous barrier that separates France from Italy — with Mont Blanc at its apex.

Down the valley toward Chamonix leads the route, with the towering ramparts of forest topped by rock and topped again by the eternal snow of the peaks, from which glaciers spring and cut their way almost to our feet. All this is at our right, but close to the left is another wall of mighty mountains.

Chamonix is reached, a resort town of no particular interest in itself, but lying in the trough between awesome and mighty tidal waves of rock whose crests seem to break in perpetual snow. The town is mainly devoted to hotels and chalets with one long street of tourist-tempting shops. There is a small square containing a graveyard where some sleep who perished among the mountains. There is time to lunch and stroll before the return is made by a route less scenic and without thrills.

The excursion to Chamonix is by far the grandest among the many from Annecy, as the excursion around the lake by car is the most exquisitely picturesque. The steamer excursion about the lake you must not miss, either. Take the boat to Talloires for lunch, and if I cannot persuade you to remain at this heavenly spot for a day, a week, a month, then take the afternoon boat to the end of this wonderfully blue sheet of water, hemmed in by mountains, that appear and disappear through the clouds, and so return to Annecy. Talloires is a haven of rest for those who are fatigued from wandering, and would relax amid scenery that can be justly referred to as beautiful. To me it is one of the spots where you are elevated spiritually above your everyday self and are thrilled merely to be alive.

As you approach Talloires by the motor road that runs high above the lake, you look down hundreds of feet to the robin's-egg blue of the water. In the foreground are sloping green fields with pictorial groupings of trees and cottages. Beyond, gracefully formed

CHAMONIX HEMMED IN BY A MIGHTY
BARRIER OF ROCK

mountains hem in a magic world. Inland, steep pastures rise to meet mountainous masses. A waterfall is to be seen, an ancient pilgrimage church, and above, the fantastic peak of the Tournette. You realize that here is indeed one of the beauty spots of the earth. Looking down the descending road, you see a collection of roofs nestling about a church tower, situated a goodly distance above the lake, and to the right you perceive a little harbor far below amid numerous trees, near which a pier juts out. Rowboats group themselves close by, a café is observed, most inviting as to location and aspect. Quite near, at the lake side, is an ancient building with a tower, the Benedictine abbey of Talloires, founded in the eleventh century and restored in the seventeenth, — now your hotel, if you desire. Such a charming, unique, hospitable place, with tree-shaded garden, with chairs and tables inviting you to read or write in sunshine or shade, with mountain peaks about you and the lake before you. The Hôtel de l'Abbaye has the quality and distinction so rare, — location, age, and comfort. There is a fine old portal and within a cloister, now partly used as a lounge and dining room, that looks upon a cloister garden. Up one flight is a great assembly hall, once a busy scene of monkish life, off which comfortable and spacious rooms open. Above the hall hangs a quaint wooden gallery leading to a second tier of chambers. If you so will, you may have the abbot's chamber with frescoed walls and ceiling.

In my enthusiasm over the Hôtel de l'Abbaye, I have forgotten to mention the village, which of course

you have to enter before descending to the Abbaye and the lake — a simple primitive bit of a place, pretty to look upon, with one jolly long narrow street. There are numerous pensions and at least one other hotel that offers rest, besides that retreat *par excellence*, the Abbaye, where I spent a fortnight of delight.

The steamers to and from Annecy touch every hour or so at the pier close by, easily reached from the hotel through a grove of mighty trees. If the steamer is a bit late, the café offers rest and that which cheers, not to mention famous afternoon teas.

Just across the lake is a bit of a place, Duingt by name, with a château on an eminence overlooking the water, which, although modern, has the aspect of being old. It is but ten minutes' distance by steamer and the odd old streets and houses of the village offer the artist many motives.

I hardly know whether the approach to Talloires by road or by boat is the more delightful, but I do know that the approach from Duingt by steamer is magnificent, with the fantastic mighty mountain mass of Tournette towering above.

At the Hôtel de l'Abbaye, we had amusing incidents, one of which I must relate.

Among the guests was an English squire, a tubby little man in the late fifties, very proud of a pair of well-fitting riding breeches, which he wore most of the day. He was a frank soul and took most of us into his confidence. It seemed he had recently lost his wife, the companion of his heart, and had come to France to readjust himself — if possible. One and all would

have been touched by his story had he not developed a violent infatuation for a young and pretty widow — an affair we watched with interest.

One night our friend dined well — cocktails and assorted wines — then strolled out in the moonlight that he might expand himself spiritually, I presume. His wanderings led him to the café by the lake, where some of us saw him in reverie over whisky and soda. It was there that an idea struck him: flowers for the divine lady — "say it with flowers." He climbed rather unsteadily to the village to seek his floral tribute, only to meet disappointment. Another café loomed before him and he sat down to adjust his thoughts, while he partook of the wine that bubbles deliciously. A new inspiration was born. If flowers could not be had, why not beautiful, round, red radishes set among lettuce leaves. Presto, the thing was done! "Horribly nice," he thought.

We, who arose betimes in the morning, were fascinated by the decoration that hung at the widow's door, a decoration that was a declaration with choice sentiments inscribed upon the squire's card.

The charming lady left hurriedly during the morning. The squire did not appear before noon and was puzzled, nay, shocked at her departure. Could not understand it, — for he had not the slightest memory as to his evening's peregrinations.

A few nights later we were clustered about the coffee tables in the cloister, when a fellow countryman of our hero asked — with a twinkle in his eye — if any of us had ever been befogged by liquor.

"Beastly rotten form," remarked the squire, who assured us that he had never been muddled by drink in his life. "Can be avoided, that sort of thing, you know. No excuse and all that."

We all smoked vigorously for a moment; some choked. After a silence the squire said, "Extraordinary, how abruptly Mrs. Blank left the other day, no word, no good-by, just vanished. Jolly decent little woman, awfully charming; frightfully extraordinary, I say."

I have referred before to the autocar service of the Paris, Lyons and Mediterranean Railroad, and now we shall test its efficiency by journeying from Annecy to Nice, at least a four days' trip through magnificent scenery. As we shall remain one day at Grenoble on the way, we will call it five. Heavy baggage will go by rail, for room is provided for only light traveling bags. The comfortable bus starts for Grenoble from the railroad depot of Annecy at a little before eight in the morning. The route is through Aix-les-Bains, Chambéry, The Grande-Chartreuse, St. Pierre-de-Chartreuse, Col-de-Porte, Le Sappey and then down to Grenoble.

On leaving Annecy, the way as far as Aix-les-Bains is through a land that is decidedly pleasing. A stop of a few minutes is made at Aix-les-Bains, so well known as a thermal resort and a place of fashion. It is a pleasant sort of town with many hotels, *de luxe* and otherwise, that cater to the invalid and to the smart set. It has numerous attractive shops, a pretty public garden, is an excursion center, and life can be very agreeable there.

Beyond, the route is perhaps less interesting for a time until we draw near Chambéry, when your interest will again revive. We make our way into the city by the Fountain of Elephants, then up the broad arcaded, principal street to the castle, then past the Botanical Garden and out into the country again. After St. Laurent-du-Pont is passed, the road begins to climb through a grand and most scenic series of gorges, hemmed in with high mountains. Up and up we proceed, drinking in the beauty of the way, until the Grande-Chartreuse is reached, where a stop of an hour or more is made. The monastery was founded in 1084 by St. Bruno and continued as the superior retreat of the very severe order of Carthusian Monks until 1903, when the inmates were expelled in compliance with the "Association Law." It is an impressive group of religious buildings located in a small valley among the mountains, and now is included among the national monuments of the French Government. Visitors are shown the church, the refectory, the cemetery and various cells. It is the focal point of various excursions from the tourist resorts for miles around, and during the summer a dozen or so great motor buses are usually parked daily in the grounds, waiting while their passengers are conducted like sheep through the bare halls and rooms.

The next stop is at St. Pierre-de-Chartreuse for lunch at a large and well-kept hotel situated in a valley in the midst of low mountains — rather popular as a summer resort. From there on is much climbing, and at about four in the afternoon we reach

Col-de-Porte, at an altitude of four thousand four hundred and forty feet; thence the descent is gradual to Le Sappey, where a small hotel is located at the altitude of three thousand two hundred and eighty feet, commanding an extensive view of mountain peaks.

Shortly after leaving Le Sappey, the great feature of the trip begins and we experience one thrill after another. We look down at times upon a veritable terrace of valleys, one below another, until the vast valley of the Isère forms the last floor. We finally come to the greatest descent of all, over a marvellous piece of road construction which the French know so well how to engineer. Reaching the base of a fortress capping a mountain, we suddenly have before us, in all its grandeur, the great, peaceful valley of the Isère, where a river winds, beyond which rises a mighty barrier of snow-capped peaks. The valley, hemmed in by these great mountains, is so far below it takes our breath away with astonishment to realize that, somehow or other, we are going to descend to a little gray patch in its midst from which tiny towers protrude and threadlike bands that are really bridges cross a ribbon of water. The scene before us is awe-inspiring. Clutching the sides of the car, we steel ourselves for the turns and twists of the road that at first hugs the mountain side below the fortress, and then ventures on its way by means of hairpin turns. The city of Grenoble, first a speck amid the green, gradually grows larger and larger until we begin to realize it is the home of seventy-seven thousand people.

Grenoble is beautifully situated amid hills and mountains. The River Isère flows through the town, spanned by bridges that lead from the major section of the city to a smaller part that backs itself against an elevation, where a group of religious structures and a church find footing. The central section of Grenoble is intriguing with its cafés lining the sidewalks. It has attractive shops and a general air of prosperity. Our motor bus comes to a stop before the busy office of the Paris, Lyons and Mediterranean Railroad, in the very heart of activities. Here at Grenoble numerous hotels cater to our comfort. Let us select the Hotel Modern or the Majestic, near by.

Grenoble dates back to Roman times; it has a long history and has passed through many struggles. For a time it was ruled by bishops, but eventually fell into the hands of their rivals, the counts of Albon who called themselves Dauphin du Viennois. They surrendered their possession in 1349 to France, with the understanding that the King's eldest son should bear the title of Dauphin and inherit the domain. Of course, it had its religious troubles and became the seat of an Inquisition directed at the Waldensians. As the capitol of the province of Dauphiné it was a place of importance, and thrived. To-day it is an educational center where students from many lands, including our own, attend the University, which was founded in 1339. I would describe Grenoble as a residential city in a lovely setting. Outside of its attractive center, gay with café life, my impression, based upon some weeks' sojourn, leads

me to classify it as dull. Its finest monument of the past is the Palais de Justice, once the seat of the parliament of Dauphiné.

It is the center of many excursions, local and otherwise. Among those near at hand, now that we have seen the Grande-Chartreuse, I suggest Les Grands Goulets, Pont-en-Royans and Pont-de-Claix. To me, of the longer excursions, that to Le Puy is of first importance but as we shall visit Le Puy later, on our way to that wonderland, the Massif Central, I shall not speak of it here.

Taking our seats in the bus at eight o'clock of the second morning of our stay at Grenoble, we start for Briançon, where we are due to arrive in time for lunch. Those going on to Turin, Italy, leave Briançon shortly afterwards and make their way over a scenic pass near the top of which is the boundary, and so down amid beautiful scenery to reach Turin in ample time for dinner. We, however, remain over night at Briançon, and start out again the next morning.

Within forty minutes after leaving Grenoble for Briançon, the car enters a narrow river valley and begins to climb what I should call a ravine with mountains on either side. The roadbed is broad and excellent and although the scenery is pleasant, many manufacturing plants and foundries are passed as the road winds upwards. The grandest part of the route begins after leaving Livet. From there on we have snow-covered mountains both to the right and the left; we look into deep valleys, and see waterfalls tumbling from great heights on every hand, often

three or four to the half-mile. The car climbs steadily and by eleven o'clock La Grave is reached, a small resort at an altitude close on to forty-nine hundred feet, commanding a view of glaciers and snowy peaks. Beyond is a barren district, the scenery becoming grander and grander until the top of the pass is reached at the Col-du-Lautaret, sixty-eight hundred feet above the sea, where we are glad to spend a few minutes at the Grand Hôtel des Glaciers, feasting the eyes on the wonderful panorama that lies before us. From Col-du-Lautaret for twenty miles the way lies downward to Briançon, situated in a cuplike depression surrounded by mountains.

Briançon has an altitude of nearly forty-four hundred feet and I would describe it as a town built on three terraces with steep roadways connecting its sections, the upper being crowned by a fortress of the first class.

Departing from Briançon, on our way to Nice, at about nine o'clock in the morning, we have another day of magnificent scenery, beyond me to describe in detail. First comes the Izoard Pass, followed by the Casse-Déserte with a fantastic group of rocks, then Château Queyras where a most picturesque old castle sits on high.

At a few minutes before twelve o'clock Aiguilles is reached and here we have nearly two hours for lunch and a stroll about this bit of a place, growing popular as a summer resort. Guillestre is next passed, a small town with a sixteenth-century church. At five, when the light is growing soft and the shadows long,

we come to the Vars Pass, nearly seven thousand feet above the Mediterranean, with its superb view over vast snow fields of the Pelvoux. Passing St. Paul-sur-Ubaye with its quarries of green marble, at about half-past six, we enter Barcelonnette, a town of twenty-five hundred inhabitants, thirty-seven hundred feet above the sea, with comfortable hotels. Here we pass the night. Barcelonnette, which dates from 1231, has had a troublesome history, especially during the frontier wars. It hardly ever knew to whom it belonged for long, Savoy or France, but finally in 1713 it fell to France by the treaty of Utrecht. There are a few handsome houses in Barcelonnette and the Tour Cardinalis may be inspected.

Starting out the following morning at half-past eight, we come at length to the Col-de-la-Cayolle in delightful surroundings. In less than an hour we are at Guillaumes, dominated by a ruined castle. At about noon, we enter the Gorges de Daluis, over three miles in length, where great walls of red schist rise thirteen hundred feet above the River Var. Part of the road is hewn out of the solid rock and passes through a number of tunnels. At Annot, a picturesque ancient town, we halt for lunch from one o'clock to nearly three, and then start on the final section of the route, traversing scenery that will remain long in the memory. Passing Touët-de-Beuil, perched like an eagle's nest above a precipice, we enter the gorges of the Cians and Mescla and then down the Valley of the Vars, reaching Nice at a little before six o'clock.

CHAPTER VI

St. Paul du Var

If we look at a detailed map of the Mediterranean coast of Southern France, and especially if we study that section between the Italian frontier at Ventimiglia and Marseilles, we shall find that a range of low mountains borders the coast line. This is the main note in the landscape from Mentone, the border city, to Toulon, the naval base, and to a somewhat lesser extent, from Toulon to Marseilles.

From Ventimiglia to Nice these great hills at times terminate in the waters of the Mediterranean, and the railroad that follows the coast has often to make its way through solid rock by means of tunnels and cuts. Again this is so beyond Cannes, especially through that detached, fantastic range called the Estérel which lies between Cannes and St. Raphaël.

Back of the coastal barrier rise higher mountains, the Alps Maritimes, and behind them even higher mountains, the Basses Alps, which in turn give place to the Alps proper. From Annecy to Nice we have seen this illustrated.

This coastal range, when not cut into by valleys, shelters the shore line of the French Riviera from the cold winds that sweep down from the snow regions beyond, and causes a mild winter climate.

In prehistoric times people dwelt along the coast and among the foothills. They are referred to as Ligurians, and we think they may have been a branch of the great Ivernian race which covered all Western Europe with mysterious and fascinating remains. In historic times the Phœnicians established posts at Nice and Marseilles, and it is believed that they consecrated Monaco to their god Melkarth. We are told that they built a road along the coast, stretching from the Italian line to the Straits of Gibraltar, which later the Romans rebuilt and controlled. The principal base of the Phœnician activities was Marseilles.

Later the Greeks settled along the coast, introducing the vine and the olive, and in time commanded the trade of the Mediterranean. Next, the Romans came upon the scene, doing much to protect the Greek centers of Nice and Antibes from the native Ligurians who naturally had periods of resentment against all these doings along their seacoast. The time came when the Gauls, moving southward, pressed the Ligurians towards the Roman sphere of influence along the Mediterranean. The Gauls, uniting with the Ligurians against Roman expansion, formed the Celto-Ligurian League. This caused the Romans to take matters in hand. The League was defeated and Rome annexed all the territory from the Rhone to the Alps as a province.

The cities and this favored coast became the residence of wealthy Romans and their retainers. We know that they built a splendid system of communication, embellished their principal cities with triumphal

arches, amphitheaters, baths, temples, forums, and theaters, or renovated those that the Greeks had erected before them. To-day at Fréjus, Arles and Nîmes, not to mention other places, we see the remains of these splendid structures.

In the fifth century a great cloud, dark and threatening, began to gather. The Visigoths and the Burgundians settled over the land. However, the storm was not as severe as it might have been, for the towns and cities were not destroyed, the old laws, religion and customs were not deranged, as the Visigoths and Burgundians had become humanized.

By the sixth century the Visigoths had moved on over the Pyrénées and the Burgundians had practically ceased to be an independent nation. The Franks had become the masters of Gaul.

In 720 came the Saracens. We know how they poured over the Pyrénées, how they ran riot over all of Provence and penetrated to the core of France until Charles Martel, on the field of Poitiers, stopped them and annihilated them. The Christians now became masters, and step by step drove the remaining Saracens into Narbonne. By 759 they were driven back into Spain. That marked the end of their important invasions, but they continued to make raids and hold strategic positions along the coast, causing the inhabitants to build, for safety, towns and strongholds among the hills that bordered the Mediterranean. On the death of Charlemagne and the division of his vast empire, Provence ceased to be a part of France, and Boso was crowned at Arles in 879 as its

king. Later the German rulers laid claim to Provence. It was not a part of France until 1481, and Avignon and the Venaissian were not annexed until 1791.

Now let us think over this brief outline, and we can understand that the people of to-day, in this smiling land, are of greatly mixed blood, among which flows strains of Ligurian, Phœnician, Greek, Roman, and Saracen, not to mention others. Thus we realize we are not among people like those in the North of France, and that here survive many customs, lurking superstitions and beliefs that are — well — picturesque.

In modern times, beginning perhaps with Lord Brougham's interest in Cannes as a mild winter retreat, dating from 1831, there has grown along the coast a series of villages, towns and cities, catering mainly to those who desire to find a haven from the bleak north with its raw winter climate, its storms and fogs. Those who are delicate pick out spots such as Grasse, Mentone and other warm nooks. Those that are more sturdy favor Nice and spots not so well sheltered.

While the coast is subject to much sunshine which tempers the atmosphere most agreeably, there are times when the warm air suddenly rises and the disagreeable cold wind known as the Mistral comes charging down through the valleys from the snow fields of the Alps.

From the Italian frontier to Cannes and beyond, the French Riviera has become a garden spot. Trees, shrubs, and plants have been brought from various

lands for its ornamentation and employed with exceedingly good taste to make the district not only semi-tropical in aspect, but beautiful. Hotels abound, catering to the purses of the rich, the well-to-do and those of more meager dimensions. Shops of all sorts are plentiful, with window displays that are tempting. Villas are everywhere; places of amusement, of course, abound. "Cook's", the American Express Company and various other concerns run motor excursions up and down the coast and through the valleys to all the delightful spots in the region for miles around. To cover the local trips you must be prepared to tarry a week at least.

Nice is a splendid center for excursions to many a fanciful medieval town, located among the hills or in the valleys. The Grande Corniche road to Mentone, the Petite Corniche and the Grasse excursion by the way of Gorges du Loup and Gourdon are among the wonder trips. Although the Riviera is a winter haven, it is becoming popular in summer. The winter months are mild. The summer season, while hot during the middle of the day, is comfortable before ten in the morning and after four in the afternoon. The heat is not so trying as that of New York and New England, in spite of its being more constant.

I well remember, years back, looking down for the first time from the Grande Corniche on Eze, a fascinating medieval town perched on a rock fourteen hundred feet above the sea that lies near by, and wondering how it was reached and what it contained, for the official guidebook tells little about it. The Romans

used the crag on which it stands for one of their outposts. The castle was considered so well placed and strong that no fear of conquest was in the hearts of those that held it. Nevertheless it *was* captured and changed hands numerous times. It became a robber's stronghold and the history of the place is often dark and mysterious. In the early seventeenth century, the castle was abandoned because of its wretched condition, and during the great storm and earthquake of May 14, 1887, it was utterly ruined and the town left in a deplorable state. People still live on this rocky perch that is vastly more romantic from the distance than on close inspection.

During that same year I passed another fanciful hill town which registered itself on my memory. It is not far from Nice, within an hour's journey by auto, and last summer I rediscovered it. I was on my way to Vence, that old town that dates back to Roman times and lies on the route to Grasse, when suddenly I saw the place, sitting astride of a steep hill like a ship stranded high and dry by a tidal wave, miles from the sea, with its prow facing wistfully towards its distant home. If you look carefully in Baedeker, in fine print you will read, "St. Paul-du-Var (580 feet), a village on the hill to the right, with interesting church and well-preserved sixteenth-century ramparts." I told the chauffeur that after I had seen Vence I wanted to go to St. Paul. "Was there a road?"

"Yes, there was."

Later that afternoon, we came down a winding

road commanding extensive views over a pretty country. After several turns we arrived at this hill town with its striking church tower, its ramparts and gates, all most thrilling to discover. It sat on the ridge of a hill, on either side of which were valleys under cultivation, where small vineyards, fruit trees and the olive basked in the mellow sunlight. From its prow — for I think of it in ship terms — the hill falls away abruptly and you look down over a goodly land to the blue of the sea in the distance.

We drove into a little market place shaded by great trees, hard by the ancient gate. I hurried to enter the town and thread its narrow streets to that section of the rampart commanding the Mediterranean, and was delighted with the place; it was one of the best examples of an untampered-with walled town that I had seen in a long time. It was preserved and not restored, thank heavens! I said to myself, "I will return and photograph it thoroughly when the light is better."

I went back through its cracklike streets, out through the gate to the market place,where I saw an artist gathering his paraphernalia. I said to him, "St. Paul and its vicinity seems to offer much, does it not?"

He smiled and replied, "So much that a month or two months are far too short."

"What do you find in the way of accommodations here?" I asked.

"Come with me and I will show you."

I followed at his side and we had not traversed two

hundred paces when he opened a grilled gate, not fifty feet from the ramparts, and we entered a terraced garden, the neat dirt floor of which was reddish. Enclosing it were walls over which vines trailed. Through the outer wall arches had been cut to command a valley and mountain view. Here were neat tables, each shaded with a great orange-colored umbrella. Trees — orange and lemon — stood in rows, offering their shade; great Saracen oil jars, suggestive of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves, stood about, abloom with flowers, and an awning matching the umbrellas was drawn partly overhead. A fountain resembling an altar and shrine occupied a nook. Within was a spacious lounge with two enormous Provençal fireplaces, one of which was a genuine sixteenth-century treasure; the other had a spit turned by mechanism which on occasion was used for roasting chickens and other toothsome things. The furniture had an atmosphere of age and was well chosen for such a place. Artists had hung their offerings upon the walls. Don't misunderstand me — the inn is not old; on the contrary, it is fairly modern. Around the tables in the terraced garden sat guests reading, writing, and talking. They seemed to be well known to one another, and my acquaintance told me they were artists — American, English and French — one happy family. I was greeted warmly, advised to come and stay. They told me with glee that tourists seldom found the place, that the food was excellent, the wine good and the rooms comfortable. They dragged the proprietor from his lair. Yes, he had a room, a nice

one, with running water, bath next to it, and quoted a price for *pension* that was very moderate. One look and I could not resist, and the next day was installed, bag and baggage. Would you like to know the name of the place? Well, it is the Auberge de la Colombe d'Or.

St. Paul is on a projecting ridge, an elevated peninsula in a sea of valleys, if I may express it thus. The only road conveys you directly from the coast, making its way from the sea by the old town of Cagnes. The approach is most attractive and as you climb you realize how fanciful it all is. At length, near the inn, the road makes a sharp bend to the left and proceeds on its way up to Vence, not over two miles distant.

St. Paul is entered by the before-mentioned gate in the ramparts near the market place, which lies without the walls, adjoining which is a picturesque public wash house, where women are busy all day long. The gate has a turn in it with openings overhead, so that in good old times, if your company was not desired, hot lead or sundry disagreeable things might be your welcome.

From without, one sees its brown-gray ramparts rising high from the hillside where grow olives, cypress, fig, and poplar trees. Here and there a farm and an olive press with a huge wheel clinging to the slope relieve the patches of vineyard. Above the wall peep tall houses of various tints and over all rises the tower of the old church. The general contour suggests a turtle's back.

Let us enter through the long, steep portal — well defended in old times — that leads to the compactly

built town with tall houses, jammed as close as possible, lining the main artery which may be, perhaps, eight feet wide. We begin to notice details — many of the doorways bear ancient sculpture — some of more than common interest. Now and then we come to a stone seat projecting from a house wall. We find women often gathered in groups, sitting in chairs brought from their homes — perhaps comfortable plush chairs among others of less pretension — gossiping, sewing, making lace or busy at some other occupation. A horse rarely enters the town, and as for carts and motor cars — they are quite impossible. Soon we come to an arch with a statue of the Virgin enshrined overhead, and passing under and continuing our way, we arrive at a bit of a square with a delightful fountain where women come for water for household use. The fountain is urnlike and graceful, and behind are arches that lead into a wash house. Above the arches the wall, seamed, ivy-grown in patches and mellow in color, rises a bit and then forms a shelf on which flowers bloom in pots, jars and old tins. Behind this simple floral display are house walls. An inclined way leads down from the other side of the fountain from a higher part of the village; doorways opening from it reveal glimpses of interiors and the activities within.

Continuing on our way, we come to another arch. Here and again, a threadlike passage leads to the right, downhill — to the left, uphill — to other sections of this medieval nest. Farther on, is still another fountain place where the doorways of the adjacent

THE FOUNTAIN PLACE OF ST. PAUL DU VAR

houses are interesting, and a balcony arrayed with plants adds a pleasant note. Now the way proceeds downhill. Shortly we arrive at the southern gate where a mule path leads into the valley below and steps to the ramparts above, whence a view, splendid to look upon, carries the eye over a peaceful land of farms and vineyards to Cagnes, with its castle in the distance and the blue of the sea in the background.

Just without the stone gate is the town's "God's Acre", where plumelike cypresses rear themselves by the gravestones.

The church bells tolled mournfully as a small procession wended its way down the cobblestoned street to the entrance of the town. A tiny coffin, carried by little children, preceded by choir boys and the kindly old priest who chanted prayers.

Townsfolk peered from the windows to watch the sad march, while gossiping groups of women at the fountain left their tasks to join in the last tribute of respect. One generous neighbor — gentle soul — reached in at her window to get a lace tablecloth and affectionately laid it over the bare coffin.

By the time the last gate was reached, the town seemed deserted. Except for the murmur of those telling their beads, all was silent. A brief, simple prayer accompanied the little one to its last resting place and the funeral was over. The grave was deserted and the peasants scattered in all directions, each family gathering at the graves of their own loved ones — to pray, to weep, to pluck the weeds, place fresh flowers or trim the overgrown vines.

A narrow path, bordered with green, makes its way between the battlements and the house walls to the principal gate. The house backs are picturesque and there are bits of gardens, one containing an old date palm that seems truly inviting. From the ramparts, we look down into the valley facing the west, full of fruit orchards and vineyards amid which homes snuggle. It is a friendly, kindly view, breathing peace and contentment in a land of beauty.

Before returning to the inn, let us make our way up one of the ravinelike passages to the church. If the priest is at hand, he will show with pride the many fine paintings in wonderfully carved frames — many exquisitely carved — and colored statues and enameled busts, and then the treasury of the church — and treasures they are — beautiful relics of the long past.

We have had a glimpse thus far of St. Paul, but you must see it from different viewpoints and in different lights to feel it and understand it. You must enter it at night, when its dimly lighted passages are enchanting, almost spooky — and sit awhile by the fountain; then you will grasp it.

How old St. Paul is, I do not know. Some say it dates from the eighth century and was a stronghold built to defy the Saracens. It held a position of great strength as far as warfare of the past is concerned, and was regarded as unassailable in the sixteenth century. Until 1860 it was a frontier town, with Italy just across the way.

One night we were all together about our tables on

the terrace. Dinner was over, coffee and liqueurs were being served, pipes and cigars were glowing in the dusk, and conversation was general, when we heard chanting. We hurried to the road and saw a procession winding its way from without the ancient gate. Down it came through the market place, a cross-bearer leading; then followed two youths dressed in red with white cottas, swinging censers; then the priest and next several youths in white shirts without jackets, followed by a long line of townspeople, each holding a lighted candle which lit up their faces — suggesting disembodied souls. Past the hotel portal they made their way to a little chapel a few hundred feet beyond, where the priest held a short service while the people knelt on the road. Then a great bonfire was made in the middle of the street, and when it flamed high and angrily, the priest raised his hand in blessing, whereupon the young men dressed in shirts of white, one by one ran and leaped through the flame. Astonishing! They emerged from the flames unharmed and when this weird ceremony was over, the fire was quenched and the crowd dwindled away. Thus we witnessed some act — some custom — a fire test surviving from the long past.

The most scenic drive from St. Paul is, beyond question, to Grasse by the way of Vence, Tourrettes-sur-Loup, Gorges du Loup and Gourdon.

Vence, as seen from the motor road, is not of particular interest. A long street passes through a section devoted to hotels, villas and shops. There is a square, the center of activities, with cafés, but Vence, the

real, true and honest Vence, that is tucked away behind all this semi-modern pretension, is quite another story. It was known to the ancients as Vintium and is a maze of narrow streets lined with old houses. Many are the nooks and corners that appeal to artists. The cathedral dates mainly from the tenth and twelfth centuries and has for an altar a sarcophagus of the fourth. The old town was once surrounded by ramparts and towers, but they had to go the sad way of all such when modern man decided to "improve" his town. Under the Romans, it was one of the principal cities of the Alps Maritimes and possessed a forum and aqueduct.

Not far from Vence we suddenly come upon Tourrettes, another queer old stronghold of the past with a picturesque location. It is first seen above the bed of a stream that cuts its way through a rocky defile with a charming olive press at its side, the great wheel of which is seemingly designed for the delight of the artist. The town is a gray, dirty old place, strongly suggesting some of the out-of-the-way communities of Northern Africa, but it is very much worth while exploring. There is a gate or so and some ramparts; the streets are mere cracks leading up and down steps. The houses are most dilapidated and the inhabitants primitive. St. Paul has quite a different order of citizens, but these dwellers of Tourrettes seem at the lowest round of the social ladder.

Passing on, the road makes a sharp turn and we get another view of the town, quite different and I think more dramatic. After a time we approach the

famous Gorges du Loup, but just before we enter we see on a crag nearly two thousand feet above us a weird little gray town that seems to peek over at the valley below in a superior sort of way. It is very fascinating to look up to, very romantic of aspect, but we wonder how any one can reach it. The chauffeur tells us it is Gourdon and within the hour we shall be looking over its parapets into the valley below and at the mountains about it. It seems impossible but our attention is soon diverted to a village, Pont-du-Loup, by the side of a stream crossed by a great viaduct, where there are a number of restaurants and cafés.

Just beyond we enter a wild gorge, a series of magnificent ravines, suggesting Dante's Inferno and pictures by Doré; the gorge takes us up and up amid scenery as grand as it is picturesque, until, by means of hairpin turns, we leave the rushing river that runs by our side and climb a mountain. Shortly we find ourselves at Gourdon, a veritable eagle's-nest village with curious old houses and a château of olden days, now owned by an American lady, I believe. The view is extraordinary, and leaning over the wall we look down far, far below and trace out the road from which we first saw Gourdon.

Grasse lies not far beyond, amid its hills, a town noted for its flower culture developed for the manufacture of perfume, its perfume distilleries, and as a winter resort. Grasse has numerous villas amid gardens, but much of the town seems modern, except for its core, which was founded in the sixth century by

Crassus, the Roman general. It is beautifully situated on the slope of a high hill, commands a view and is well protected from the disagreeable winds. In the old section, there are many delightful bits to investigate.

While to my mind St. Paul is by far the best example of its kind near Nice, and a delightful spot in which to spend a week or so, provided of course you like the sort of places I so enthuse over, there are others near at hand, of which I shall mention St. Jeannet, seen from your dining table at the Auberge de la Colombe d'Or. It derives its name from the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, and is a jumble of ancient houses and fascinating streets clinging to the side of a hill, above which rises a great gray crag that threatens to fall upon the place. It commands an extensive and charming view, is fairly clean and was once a stronghold of the Huguenots. Not far beyond is Gattières, a town of similar nature but to me of less interest.

Another trip, farther afield, is to Peïra Cava by L'Escarène and Lucéram. The road, as far as L'Escarène, is mildly interesting. Here, from a high bridge, we look down upon the old town of L'Escarène in a river valley with mountains on every side. A bridge far below is its keynote, a delightful old-time affair connecting that portion of the town resting upon the left of the stream with the older section on the right bank. The town is compact with narrow, dirty streets and now and then little courts with fountains that supply the households.

Leaving L'Escarène, the scenery becomes of greater interest. The road lies through a valley with banks of high mountains rising before us. Farms and vineyards give a peaceful atmosphere.

Suddenly the road mounts in zigzags to a considerable altitude, and soon, making a sharp bend, we are confronted by a lovely picture, a town towering above us built on a series of steps on the mountain side, yet having at its base a little center of shops and cafés just above a river. The red roofs and grayish cream of the houses, set off by the mountain green, are very striking and beautiful. A church perches at the top of the town and a ruined castle is a keynote. Fragments of defensive walls can be seen. This is Lucéram.

Passing through the little square at the bottom of the town, we climb one flight of steps after another and investigate its odd and picturesque narrow ways often spanned with arches — earthquake arches — until we stand at last in front of the church and look down upon terraces of mellow-colored housetops into the valley. Mountains surround us on every hand, and we can trace the road we are about to venture upon as it makes its way up the steep cliffs before us. Lucéram was Roman in origin, as were many of the ancient towns in the district.

The ascent to Peïra Cava, which lies at an altitude of five thousand feet above Nice, is a scenic one, but as the way is steep, the corners sharp, with very little to protect one from going headlong over great cliffs, we, who have nerves, have little time to ap-

preciate the grandeur of the mountains which normally would be most impressive. Clutching at the sides of the car and at one's neighbor is our principal occupation until at last a spur is reached that commands a wonderful view. This spur leads to Peïra Cava, a place of little interest, containing a hotel or two and a few scattered villas. It is a winter sports place in a very small way. You may bask in the warm sunshine at Nice of a morning, and in an hour or two play in the snow here, skating, tobogganing, skiing.

Returning as far as L'Escarène, we may make our way over another pass, by means of hairpin turns, to Sospel — a trip not so nerve-racking, however, for the road is wider and in better condition. Sospel was known to Cæsar. It became a fortified Roman post and has a long story. A delightful relic of the past is preserved in a bridge, and some of the houses are very picturesque as they overlook the stream flowing through the town. In its little square, during the dark days of religious persecution, victims were burnt by the dozens, while spectators filled the adjacent windows.

The way back is by Mentone, passing ancient Castillon, once another Roman post. Romans, Saracens, Spaniards, Austrians and French at one time or another have given Castillon bad periods. The earthquake of 1887 at last settled its troubles. Perched romantically on high, it is on close observation mostly a mass of ruins, but from a distance — why, from a distance it is another dream town.

A PICTURESQUE NARROW WAY OF LUCÉRAM

CHAPTER VII

Fantastic Rock Villages

THUS far we have visited several delightful hill towns in the neighborhood of Nice, and in store are some very fanciful rock towns; perhaps the word freakish would best describe them. Broadly speaking, these rarely visited old towns lie on either side of the French-Italian boundary, but all of them belonged to Italy until 1860. I suggest Mentone as the headquarters for them all, because of the scenic approach to those lying on the French side. Before starting, passports must be properly viséed for Italy or one is not permitted to cross the line.

To me, Mentone has a charm that Nice, Monte Carlo and Cannes lack, for besides its mild winter and tolerable summer climate, it is a mixture of the old and new, backed by graceful mountains and commanding a beautiful bay. The population of Mentone is nearly nineteen thousand and the city abounds in hotels of various degrees of comfort, from the palatial to the most modest. It is eleven kilometers from Monte Carlo, thirty from Nice, twenty-two from Sospel and thirty from San Remo, Italy, while the Italian frontier abuts that delightful residential section of the city known as Garavan. Most central, you see, when you remember that eight kilometers equal five miles.

Modern Mentone stretches along the Mediterranean from the charming wooded Cap Martin to the Bay of Garavan and the Italian frontier, a distance of about two miles, and extends back from the sea quite a long way, meeting pretty valleys that lead to the mountains at the north. The district abounds in luxuriant vegetation; orange, lemon, fig and olive trees thrive exceedingly well. The views are marvelous, especially those of the neighboring Italian coast. You will delight in the beautiful color of the sea and mountains, while the graceful contour of it all is hard to surpass. Yet I cannot pretend that the modern city is especially appealing or, for a resort town, the shops particularly attractive. The principal hotels, as a rule, are located back from the water front, and in certain instances set at some elevation above the town. The beach is stony, like that at Nice. During February and March, the sunshine is abundant, while the temperature runs between fifty and sixty. In the summer it is about eighty in the middle of the day, but comfortable at night. I have found the city proper a rather expensive place in which to reside in comparison with what you receive, although not so obviously costly as Nice and Monte Carlo.

To me, that section known as Garavan, tucked up close to the frontier, though very quiet, is more pleasing, and I think you will find it less expensive. It is about a mile and a quarter from the center of Mentone by the fine crescent-shaped, palm-lined boulevard that follows the beautiful bay.

The greater section of Garavan is built on the lower slopes of great hills and consists of handsome homes amid lovely gardens, where semi-tropical trees abound, relieved by the graceful paint-brushlike cypress which always gives character to a scene. Above, on the upper slopes, the olive adds its charm to the setting. The temperature here must be from five to ten degrees warmer than in the city proper. The view is much finer, with the sea before you, old Mentone sitting on its hill, backed by mountains at your right, and the beautiful Italian coast with its high promontories to the left. Garavan, by the way, has a railroad station of its own, called Mentone-Garavan.

So much for modern Mentone. Now let us come to the heart of it all, — old Mentone. It is claimed that this native city, with its steep, narrow and dark streets clinging to the hillside, perched above the foreign city of hotels and villas, was the site of Lumone of the Itineraries, but all vestiges of Roman days have disappeared.

It makes one puff to reach the picturesque little square flanked by the church of St. Michel on one side, and a charming old gate through which, by the help of numerous steps, one reaches the labyrinth of curious streets that wander in and about the lovely toned mass of old houses. On an upper terrace, at the back of the square, approached by a flight of steps, is another church that adds greatly to the scene. The opposite side of this delightful square is formed by a parapet that commands a

view of exquisite beauty of the harbor, jetty, Garavan, and the spectacular Italian coast. No wonder the painter and the etcher are usually to be seen here, trying to record the beauties of this little open space, together with its activities, — women sewing and lace making, school children at play and the denizens of the inner town who are constantly passing.

Let us investigate this fascinating place. After passing through the gate, we find one long, narrow, ascending street lined by mysterious looking houses and shops. As we proceed, we come upon even narrower ways, climbing or descending to other levels. Thus we traverse alley after alley until we are almost lost, but if we keep going up, we come at last to an old burial ground commanding a marvelous view of the country and the mountains that hem in Mentone and make it the best protected spot on the French Riviera.

Before we go roving among the curious rock towns, I suggest you walk along the Boulevard de Garavan to the Italian frontier. Instead of keeping uphill on the main road to the barrier, keep to the right beyond the terminus of the tram line that follows the sea. When you cross the boundary at the little stream of St. Louis, the French guard will examine your passport and a few feet beyond the Italian guard will again call for it.

A short walk will bring you to Rochers Rouges where there are a series of shallow caverns in the high cliff which rises abruptly from the shore. These indentations have yielded a fascinating story of pre-

historic man. One of these caverns alone need concern you, that of Barma-Grande, together with the little museum at its base, for here is told the whole story.

In the long ago past, man found a ready-made shelter here and with his crude stone weapons sallied forth to hunt his food in the forest-like plains which undoubtedly stretched across to Africa. He stalked the mammoth, the rhinoceros and other beasts of the sub-tropics and, when possible, returned to his cave and built his fire for a feast. He was not a neat housekeeper seemingly, for bones were left where they were tossed. He was also careless with his weapons and utensils. When he or members of his family died, the cave served as a tomb. Thus, in the excavation of the many feet of debris, a series of remains of camp fires have been found, one below the other, many thousand assorted bones, numerous stone implements, weapons, and even ornaments and several human skeletons. The skeletons that have been left in the cavern have been incased in glass in the position in which they were found. Their levels in the strata denote that the lower tier dates back at least twenty-five or thirty thousand years. The museum possesses the skeleton of a chap that measures seven feet — somewhat of a dandy our friend was with his fancy garters and arm bands.

On leaving the cave, you may take a lift up the side of the cliff to a very pleasing hotel and restaurant from which there is a remarkable view of the French coast and mountains with Mentone in the foreground.

After lunch, by all means walk or drive to the magnificent botanical gardens established in 1867 by Sir Thomas Hanbury, a veritable paradise of lovely plants, shrubs and trees, gathered from all parts of the earth and arranged with the utmost taste in a beautiful setting.

Now that you have made one excursion into Italy, you may find it advisable to visit the rock towns on that side of the frontier first. There are many of them, but those of the Nervia Valley — Camporosso, Dolceacqua, Isolabona, Pigna and Castel Vittorio — are splendid examples and easily reached from Mentone by automobile, or by a morning train to Ventimiglia and thence by motor car for Pigna, at which place you may lunch. Without doubt, you will have time to explore Dolceacqua before arriving at Pigna, but owing to the mountains cutting off the sun from the latter by mid-afternoon, it would be wiser, after seeing Castel Vittorio, which is close to Pigna, to investigate Isolabona, Camporosso and the old hill section of Ventimiglia on the return trip to Mentone.

If you can hire a car at a reasonable rate on the French side, it will be more comfortable to start directly from your hotel at Mentone. If you leave Mentone about nine in the morning, a little after half-past nine you will find yourself in Ventimiglia, a distance of about eleven kilometers. Just beyond Ventimiglia, as you are approaching the suburbs of its close neighbor Bordighera, the valley of the Nervia opens and the car swings inland.

Passing through a broad expanse devoted to the

raising of pinks for the market, the hills, terraced for grape and olive, close in. As the valley becomes narrower, the hills grander, the way twists and turns, and you will catch views, if it be spring, of snow-clad peaks in the distance.

Of the five queer towns along this vale, Camporosso is the first, sitting on almost level ground at a bend of the river, receiving its name from the richness of the color of oleanders that grow in great abundance about it.

After leaving Camporosso you come upon a quaint cluster of buildings hugging a church with its graveyard, about which graceful cypresses group themselves.

At almost the next turn, across the stream, the most fanciful of rock towns comes into view — Dolceacqua — towering like a Kabyle town of Northern Africa, roof peeping over roof, a scrambled heap of queer masonry rising abruptly from the river, capped with a ruined castle having sheer walls far overtopping the dwellings below. It is the most romantic story-book sort of a dream town. As you view it from across the river, where, by the way, the town has also spread, you will note that houses have been built on top of houses, rooms stuck on in all sorts of ways, roof lines run at all angles, and windows appear in the most unexpected places.

A wonderful old Roman bridge spans the river in a most graceful sweep, a bridge much higher in the center than at the ends. From the bridge end you get the most impressive view of the walls of the very old castle as they rise perpendicularly to their great

height from the rushing river; you see the queer old town stumbling up the hill to meet the castle, tacking itself on to its buttresses, and you see its lovely background, the mountain to which it clings.

Watching your chance when the bridge is free of heavily laden donkeys, you cross and enter by an arched way into a series of underground passages. You know what an ants' nest looks like inside, with its passages and little chambers. You know how one builds castles in sand and runs wet fingers into its sides to make tunnels. Well, I cannot think of a better way to suggest sections of this human beehive. It is all up and down hill, mostly up, and steep. The passages are just wide enough for faggot-bearing beasts of burden to amble through, and are about evenly divided by houses sitting astraddle of them with stretches between open to the sky, which is glimpsed between high fantastic walls. The passages turn every which way, and are intersected by others every few feet that climb and twist about confusingly. Alleys as black as night lead from them. Sometimes you strike a bit of a court, and open places, with queer doors or projecting rooms overhanging. I have visited many hill towns, but this is one of the most remarkable, the most romantically monstrous I have seen, and picturesque, — no word for it! I do not think the painter will find enough color, yet it has color — gray, dark brown, violet and others. But for the etcher, — my, what a feast!

You must climb through it, pass up and up through cracks of light and holes of darkness, look into the

ROCK TOWN WITH HOUSES CLINGING LIKE GIANT BARNACLES

houses, see how man, age by age, has built over the other fellow's roof, built over court-yards, until many of the poor souls live in utter darkness. It is like a mass of coral — this weird town.

After leaving Dolceacqua, the valley becomes narrower and occasionally snow peaks rise before one. The road winds on to Isolabona and here, if the time can be spared, you may turn off to Apricale, an amazing and picturesque rock village shaped like a fir cone. A run of some three miles brings you to Pigna, another mass of human coral, larger, more important than the other towns of the valley, clinging to the steep mountain side with the river at its foot. A waterfall from the heights above comes tumbling through this mound of human abodes.

I suggest, on reaching Pigna, you choose a place in which to lunch, order your repast, and in the interval wander about. There is a primitive little restaurant just as you enter the town where you may have your table on a terrace. I found the food excellent and the village-baked bread delicious.

Pigna is considered by many to be the most interesting and queerest of the rock villages. Without question, it is an extraordinary place. The way some of the houses cling to the rocks makes one think of giant barnacles. There is the same general custom of building houses upon houses; a struggle for a place in the sun. There are the same dark crooked tunnel-like ways, the same mysterious narrow streets; but many of these houses are better built and are more pretentious in architectural detail. The earthquake

arches add a picturesque feature to the place and the courtlike little squares where the sun shines at certain hours are encountered more frequently. The strangest feature is an underground piazza with a vaulted roof supported by squat pillars, where you will find people idling or exchanging gossip, and loaded mules standing about in the dim light.

In view of Pigna, resting like a hat on a cone-shaped hill rising from the center of the valley, is the enchanting village of Castel Vittorio. It is worth the journey alone from Mentone to see this remarkable, fantastic and lovely town perched on high with its bulbous church tower forming the apex of the whole. Its color, form and setting still haunt me, but I leave it for you to explore, for half the joy of travel is discovery.

The Nervia Valley and the Argentina have been connected by a military road of about one hundred kilometers, in a circular tour; thus many more rare old towns may be visited, and by ascending the Vallecrosia Valley to Perinaldo, others may be seen. In fact, the district abounds in them.

A short investigation of Isolabona and Camporosso and we are back at Ventimiglia, which tourists recall unpleasantly as the city where those traveling by train to and from Italy have to undergo a very disagreeable custom-house and passport inspection, handled uncouthly by a very surly lot of officials and discourteous, "bossy" police.

The usual guidebook slurs over the ancient city but I have always thought it contained much worth

VILLAGE OF CASTEL VITTORIO, RESTING LIKE A HAT ON A CONE-SHAPED HILL

while. The old city is perched high above the Mediterranean, commanding a beautiful view of the French coast as well as that of the Italian. The ways are steep, the houses often very tall, and there are underpasses, arches, queer, interesting, narrow ways, picturesque courts, corners and vistas. It is a good example of a hill town if the traveler has not the time to see others. It is clean — that is one blessing, perhaps — and will give a good idea of what the ancient hill cores of Bordighera and San Remo are like.

From Mentone do not fail to visit two remarkable towns on the French side of the line — Peille and Peillon, and on your journey enjoy some of the finest scenery in France. You must hire a car for this trip, and, as it is off the tourist track, the chauffeurs are apt to try and discourage you, for it means work for them. The roads are good, the distance but forty-five or fifty miles, but I advise you to select a car in good condition as to brakes and one with a short wheel base. This can make the hairpin turns without stopping to back up, which relieves nerve strain.

Starting from Mentone you climb the world-renowned Grande Corniche to La Turbie, where you are fifteen hundred feet above the Mediterranean and where from its parapet you look directly down into Monte Carlo. La Turbie contains a great tower built in honor of Augustus in the year six B.C. after the subjection of the Ligurian tribes.

Here the route leaves the Grande Corniche and strikes up a steep hill to the right and soon you look

down upon La Turbie, now hundreds of feet below. Up you go to a district of gnarled rock, the earth's bleached bones, where a gorgeous view of snow-clad mountains to the north and of the wrinkles and hills of earth below unfolds itself. Now the road clings to a gray desolate mountain side — turns and wiggles its narrow way until suddenly you see Peille, situated among ungainly crags, far above the valley — with ruins of a castle just above, amid the terraced vineyards that climb up to it. Its approach is through a tunnel.

Peille hangs to the side of a ravine, clutching its foundation of chaotic rock masses. Part of the town sets down in a fertile dell, like tea leaves in the bottom of a cup, and creeps up, house clinging to house, to the entrance of the village proper. Above, making a horseshoe bend, yet somewhat detached, is a rocky spur dedicated to the World War dead. A huge cross stands high above the statuary with an overflow of scattered houses on the one side and the great expanse of mountains, valleys and sea on the other.

Just beyond, you pass through another tunnel, then the whole thing bursts upon your astonished gaze. What made man build in such a place, often hidden by clouds, a hard and wearisome climb above the friendly valleys and above the warm seacoast. For the same reason that caused the building of most of the rock towns, because of fear, mighty fear of the beast-man by the community-living man.

A great distance beyond, partly enclosed by moun-

tains of every conceivable contour, of which the lovely Estérel is a feature, the bays of the Mediterranean, formed by the peninsulas of the coast, dwindle into little lakes and pools, reflecting the blue of the sky. The earth below seems like a crumpled handkerchief of green, half spread out.

The road descends slightly, passes over a bridge, makes a turn and comes into a small square where, in a grottolike indenture of a cliff, is a public wash place. The water is trapped from a little torrent which tears its way down a grassy slope. Here, all day long, women, young and old, come and go with bundles of laundry and spend hours rubbing them with brushes, or pounding them with boards, until you begin to understand why your clothes come back to you in threads!

Houses nestle on the cliff side at the rear of the square, and beyond the bridge, up a ravine, is a chapel. Standing by the parapet, you will see on one hand the old town of gray-brown and the castle, while on the other, the mountain trail you have just traveled runs for miles, belly high, on the bleak mountain side. It is a fascinating picture, a fascinating location, a fascinating queer old place, standing miles from the sea at an elevation of two thousand sixty-seven feet. Yet it was on one of the main roads from Rome to Gaul. The fragments of masonry and the state of the castle indicate that it had its bloody conflicts in the past, and it is an ugly location for a battle, I assure you.

We can enter the town, but our car cannot. It

will have to proceed by the road that winds above the town and below the castle, and come into it from the other end, through narrow streets, to a little square where there is an inn. Here a surprisingly good lunch may be prepared while you ramble about. You must see the place yourself, crawl up and down it and feel it to understand. It is very much worth the exertion to descend to the olive grove below the farther end of the village and look up to see it rising tier upon tier, with the mountains and rock formation as a background.

The descent from Peille to Peillon is not by any means as terrifying as from that boresome village of Peïra Cava with its uninteresting hotels and cottages to which the tourist companies haul so many souls year after year. The contrast of the wild and bleak country above with the pleasant fertile valley below is a marked one, although the descent is mainly through olive groves which become more and more pleasing with their somber green and crooked forms. Usually the crop is gathered in January and February, when the oil presses, sprinkled about the country, are very busy.

You proceed down the Peillon valley for a few miles, until, just before crossing a bridge, you turn sharply to the left up a side valley and shortly you gasp with sheer astonishment and delight. Before you is another freakish and stageland scene. A great cone-like hill rises and on its top, sitting like a jewel held securely by pronglike rocks, is Peillon. The valley before you is contracted; in the center of it rises a

narrow horseback-shaped buttress, only wide enough for a mule path up its ascending ridge, so steep in places that you wonder mules don't have to ascend on their knees. This narrow ridge widens towards the top and on either side of this spur, bearing aloft its eagle-nest village as a decoration, are narrow, barren crags of similar height and contour, standing like silent guardsmen. Olives grow on the lower slopes and a ruin stands in the foreground. To me Peillon is the most extraordinarily situated village I have seen. It suggests brigands — a veritable nest of cutthroats.

When I visited it a few months ago I stopped to photograph it. A peasant road-mender, working close by, eyed me curiously, then burst into convulsions of laughter. "Oo-la-la, you muz be from zee grand Journal. All zee great men zink zis is one grand place for make picture of. No good — zee cows and zee chickens, zay fall out of zee village. You break your head whan you get drunk. It is one fool place to live."

How do people reach it? By the mule path, if in a hurry; if not, by a newly constructed road that hairpins its way to it by a connecting ridge. I know not its history. I can only beg of you to go and see it, photograph it, paint it, sketch it, make an etching of it, — ah, that is the medium, a colored etching.

You return to the main valley and get one last glimpse of Peillon, with a modern bridge in the foreground, then journey on through ugly Le Bar to a road that climbs to the picturesque tourist-visited old Carmelite convent of Notre Dame de Laghet, and so on to La Turbie and down to Mentone.

If you have not had your fill of such towns by now, a short, pretty excursion can be made for afternoon tea to Gorbio from Mentone. I shall not describe it, but it is mildly interesting and well and picturesquely located. I would strongly suggest making the brief trip to the Annonciata, in the very suburbs of Mentone, reached by a funicular railway. It is a pleasant spot at which to take tea and the view of the mountains and of Mentone is very beautiful. By all means walk down the trail to town, for by doing so, you get the best of the trip.

CHAPTER VIII

Fishing Ports of the Mediterranean

BETWEEN Cannes and Marseilles and beyond are a number of small ports practically untouched by the tourist stream. Those who delight in simple places, rather than the recognized resorts of the French coast, will find a charm about these bonny little towns if they do not expect too much in the way of hotels, grand scenic setting, or entertainment. None of them is worth the endeavor to visit for a half hour hurriedly, but each will prove, I think, a charming inexpensive spot in which to linger for a few restful days or weeks — say in the April sunshine — reading, observing the activities of the natives, and steeping one's self in the atmosphere of the district. The artist will find a wealth of material in them.

I have in mind Théoule in the Estérel, St. Tropez, Sanary, Cassis and Martigues, although Théoule hardly belongs to the group, for this bit of a place is of the resort order and is included only because I think it intriguing. Théoule, Sanary and Cassis are on the direct railway line between Mentone and Marseilles. St. Tropez is reached by a narrow-gage railroad from St. Raphael, just beyond the Estérel; Martigues by train from Marseilles.

Naturally one sees more by automobile than by

train and let me draw your attention to the fact that the Paris, Lyons and Mediterranean Autocar service passes Théoule, Sanary, Cassis and numerous attractive towns on the route from Nice to Marseilles, while the buses of the tourist agents at Nice occasionally make the tour of the Estérel and sometimes the excursion to St. Tropez. Unless arrangements are made to leave the bus at a definite place, it is expected you will remain to the end of the journey, paying the full fare. May I suggest that you follow the route in an independent car by the help of a Michelin map?

Let us start from Mentone at about nine o'clock and proceed by the Lower Corniche, for of course from Nice or Mentone, you have already been over the whole of the Grande Corniche with its glorious scenery. We pass through Monte Carlo and are soon at Cap d'Ail, a little winter resort tucked comfortably in a sunny nook. About two miles beyond, near Eze-sur-Mer, we get a glimpse of the romantic, fascinating old town of Eze perched far aloft on its crag. It is a most impressive place, whether viewed from the great height of the Grande Corniche or seen from the lower road. Next we pass through St. Jean Ferrat, half fishing village, half resort, and shortly enter Beaulieu-sur-Mer, another resort town. Villefranche-sur-Mer comes next, with its natural and picturesque harbor, a naval station, by the way. It has an old section with stairways serving as streets and a modern quarter devoted largely to villas.

As we approach the boulevards of Nice, the mountains that have hugged the sea terminate, and from

Nice to Cannes the country becomes flatter and more open, the foothills and mountains falling back from the coast except at ancient Antibes. The Greeks about three hundred years B.C. formed a colony here, which was known to their world as Antipolis. Later the Romans used it as a port. Taking it all in all, poor old Antibes has had a devil of a time through the centuries, for the Goths, Lombards, Saracens, French and Italians have each done their best to wipe it from the face of the earth, and the English and Austrians have also done what they could with bombardments to make it unpleasant. Cannes, the next town, is a favorite winter retreat with the English and a fashionable center, but it does not come into the scope of this book.

Upon leaving Cannes, we come in view of the graceful detached mountain mass of red porphyry, known as the Estérel that pushes itself up out of the lovely colored sea in Alpine-like formation. Covering the five miles of low country that separates it from Cannes, we enter the first of the towns that lie at its base by the shore of the sea, the pretty village of La Napoule with its Roman tower, villas, hotels, rocks and superb view.

The Estérel, formerly covered with a thick forest, had for centuries an evil reputation, for it was the haunt of robbers, highwaymen and all sorts of hardened rogues. Many have been the crimes committed in its midst. Naturally the travelers of past generations avoided the region, but gradually, on account of its marvelous color effects and fascinating contour,

it gained popularity. Some few years ago the Touring Club of France became interested in it and with the aid of the Government opened it to travel with a splendid series of roads. The lovely blue of the sea is here pierced by brilliantly colored crags, while the green of vegetation clings to and frames the jagged peaks and cliffs, varying in hue through the yellows and reds to purple.

A short stretch from La Napoule is Théoule, another small village nestled under the hills, partly in a bit of a valley, partly on the sea, with a little beach and a most attractively groomed château by the shore. The Hôtel de la Terrasse, somewhat primitive perhaps, has caught my fancy as a rest place, though I have never slept there overnight.

On leaving we begin to climb and wind, and after another five miles of beautiful scenery, we come to Le Trayas on its little covelike bay, another pretty spot with a good hotel. Nearly eight miles farther through lovely scenery, we swing round the Bay of Agay and reach Agay with its handful of houses. What it might once have been, I cannot say, but since the destructive fire of 1922 or 1923 which destroyed the one-time charming woodlands of the district, I am afraid I cannot enthuse over the hamlet or its hotel.

Seven miles more and we are traversing an avenue lined with friendly, pretty villas amid semi-tropical gardens — St. Raphaël, hugging the bay of Fréjus, half resort town, half fishing village.

If we find ourselves at St. Raphaël about lunch

time I suggest we run on to Fréjus, a distance of two and a half miles, and take the table d'hôte at the Hotel Terminus, which is very popular with the French. I have had delicious meals there, much better than at St. Raphaël and at a more reasonable figure.

At Fréjus, the Forum Julii of the Romans, which was founded by Julius Cæsar in the year fifty B.C. as a seaport, we are ninety-nine kilometers, or say sixty-two miles, from Mentone.

Fréjus is a gray old town covering a low hill and spilling over on to the level district at its foot. Since Cæsar's day, the sea has receded a good mile from its one-time harbor. The Roman arena, partly cut into the natural rock, is to-day only a suggestion of what it was in, let us say, Septimius Severus' time. The aqueduct, originally twenty-four miles long, is nearly gone. On the mole, "La Lanterne", used formerly by the Roman harbor master, still exists, but only fragments remain here and there of the city of the past, for the Saracens and others helped themselves bountifully to the masonry for building material. The cathedral is mildly interesting as a specimen of a fortified church, especially the tower at the east end.

After Fréjus, the road winds through woodlands and the graceful umbrella pine becomes a feature in the landscape. Next we find ourselves at Ste. Maxime, on the shores of the Gulf of St. Tropez, on the opposite side of which can be seen the brownish mass of St. Tropez itself. From the head of the

bay rises the eastern end of the Montagnes des Maures that extend roughly in three rocky parallel tidal waves to within a short distance of Hyères. Here the Saracens came first in A.D. 730 and busied themselves in sacking the towns along the coast, including Nice, sending the inhabitants scurrying to the mountains to build the sort of rock towns that we have become familiar with and to secrete themselves wherever they could in the valleys and among the crags. This first inundation of Saracens was not of long duration, but in 846, they came in hordes and were like a scourge to the entire coast, using St. Tropez as a port from which to make raids on the coastal towns that had again ventured to thrive. They peppered the mountain heights and sides with forts, watch towers and defensive works and sailed the sea, capturing the shipping and plundering the settlements, until they were the terror of the land. The slave markets of Tunis and Morocco did a thriving business in Christians. Conditions became intolerable. A crusade was preached by a bishop of Cluny who had fallen into their hands twice in his eventful life, once escaping and later ransomed by the payment of a good round fee by the monks of Cluny. The poor bishop had to do a lot of courage coaxing — some ten years of persistent driving before the natives under William, Count of Provence, and Ghibelline Grimaldi fell upon the Saracens and turned the tables by making them slaves and at last driving them out of the land in 972. The mountains still bear the name of the Moors.

Ste. Maxime is a rather pretty, small resort of the quiet kind, but exposed to the mistral, as is St. Tropez. There is little to occupy one there, — just a place to rest in the sun.

We have to make a sweep around the head of the Gulf of St. Tropez, of about fourteen kilometers, to reach the very old town of St. Tropez, which, in Nero's time, was a place of some reputation. If I have figured rightly, we are now eighty-four miles from Mentone, and have traveled through some of the best scenery of its kind in France.

On my first visit to St. Tropez in 1914 I arrived in a pouring rain. I did not care very much for the place, but as I had to have lunch, crossed to the hotel fronting the little harbor, entered it through a stable passage, now the hotel garage entrance, and found a stairway that led to the kitchen. Then I discovered the dining room which overlooked the bay. They served among other things that day that delectable Southern dish, *bouillabaisse*. The food was so very good and the wine so excellent that I asked to see rooms. The matron led me to a high terrace with chairs and tables overlooking a garden at the rear, then along this terrace to another section of the hotel and showed me a large comfortable room with a balcony overlooking harbor and bay and the white peaks of the Maritime Alps rising in the far distance. That was enough! I said I would remain the night. I remained three weeks and for years I have pleasantly recalled that stay. I revisited it recently, but the hotel was so full that I could not find shelter.

It is now known as the Hôtel Sube et Continental and I do not know what its table or rooms may be like, only guess by its popularity with the French.

St. Tropez gets its name from an officer of Nero who was converted by St. Paul. Nero was not at all pleased with this lapse into Christianity and one day, in the year sixty-six, at Pisa, St. Tropez found himself minus his head. The story goes that the remains were set adrift in a boat with a cock and a dog. An angel guided the craft to Heraclea Cacbaria, where the cock crowed so lustily that it attracted the Christian inhabitants. The body was rescued and the name of the town eventually changed. The rather fine old church cherishes relics of this one-time officer.

After the Saracens were through with the town, they destroyed it — a custom of theirs. The present town rose in the fifteenth century. Its heart, its center of charm, is the bit of a harbor and wide quay where shipping, with colorful sails, ties up. The houses that border the water front look kindly and mellow, and are watched over by the church tower — a tower I grew very fond of, thought the finishing touch to the town, and included in as many pictorial compositions as I could of the harbor, ships and old houses. I like also the quaint section near the church and the fishermen's quarter. If you stay a day or so and tramp up the hill to the friendly little church of St. Anne, with its portico and terrace, and get the remarkable view from there over the town and very blue sea to the mountains all framed in by lovely

NET-MENDERS OF ST. TROPEZ

trees, you are sure to become interested. If you climb to the impressive old fortress of the sixteenth century with its moat, drawbridge, walls, inner moat and central stronghold, you will be rewarded by the grand view and become enthusiastic. When you sight the old town of Grimaud, with its ruined castle sitting on the mountain at the end of the bay, then I *know* the little port and its neighborhood is going "to get" you.

The short excursion to Grimaud, resting on a conical hill, is entertaining and here, from the débris and two towers of the castle, you see the hills pile up to the north, and the country for miles to the south. The castle was given to Ghibelline Grimaldi for his part in driving out the Saracens. There is a hotel in the village where you may dine.

Another short trip is to Gassin and on to Ramatuelle, the way lying steadily uphill through a forest of cork and pine. Gassin, with its thirteenth-century ramparts and quaint houses decked out with serpentine embellishments, is picturesque. Here, from the heights, the inhabitants watched the coming of the Saracen pirates.

Ramatuelle is a curious old town with narrow cracklike streets, hugging its ancient church. The Château de Bertaud of Louis XIII time is near at hand, with its round towers and splendid umbrella pine.

Between St. Tropez and Hyères, Pardigon is our first objective. Here stands a château that has been converted into a hotel, sitting well back from the beach and approached by a broad avenue of palms.

Just beyond is Cavalaire, a small resort well sheltered from disagreeable winds. The country now becomes particularly beautiful, with low mountains, golden beaches and vividly blue sea. Next we see Cavalière — not to be confused with Cavalaire just mentioned — a quiet spot with fine beach and view of hills, mountains, islands and capes.

Passing La Fossette, we soon approach Le Lavandou, the largest town of them all, with hotels, villas and shops. Now the scenery changes and before long we enter Hyères, a city of over twenty-one thousand population, sitting on the hillside some two miles from the sea, which can be seen over the salt pans where the salt industry is carried on. Hyères is the oldest of the Riviera resorts, much favored by the English. The hill section of the city, its ancient nucleus, is in a way picturesque, but to me it is very dirty and smelly. Now and then one stumbles across a doorway or window that holds the attention. There are some arched ways, numerous old houses dropping to pieces and at the summit of the hill, a restored castle. The modern town has little to offer. The climatic conditions are not even in its favor.

The drive from Hyères to Toulon is but a few miles. The position of this naval base, the foremost of France, is impressive, with hills and mountains well fortified at its rear and a finely protected harbor in front. Of the city I can find nothing to praise. One should see the water front, note the city gates and the forts above, and perhaps loiter an hour at one of the modern cafés on the main shopping thorough-

fare and watch the passing throng. The Phœnicians first made a settlement here, the Greeks and Romans in their turn held the place, and so on down through the ages; thus it has had its story. Bonaparte, as we all know, first distinguished himself here in 1793.

A run of twelve kilometers from Toulon, by the way of the old town of Ollioules, brings us to Sanary, back of which a vast area is given over to the cultivation of immortelles — a beautiful sight towards the end of March.

The chief charm of Sanary is its water front with its broad quay and promenade. Seats command the breakwater-protected harbor, tempting you to spend lazy hours gazing seaward, watching the fishing boats come and go, noting the nets spread out to dry before you, the lobster pots piled about, the boats tied up to the quay-side bobbing up and down with the gentle swell. The inhabitants go about their daily tasks of mending nets, of puttering about their boats and if it be market day, attending to the various commodities spread out on the pavement or on improvised stands. In the background of this crescent-shaped harbor, embellished with splendid specimens of the date palm and eucalyptus, are the soft-toned, red-roofed houses, modest shops and cafés. In the center of this scene is the principal square with its statue, and back of that a church with its tower, giving a finishing touch to the whole. Close by the water side, fronting the square, in the very heart of it all, is the Hôtel de la Tour, with a great Saracen watch tower protruding through its roof.

It may not be out of place here to quote from my diary my impression of at least two hotels of Sanary.

"I had in mind stopping at the Hôtel des Bains, which overlooks the sea. Its garden looked uncared for, the house resembled the villa type of a decade ago. I had difficulty in finding the door and when I did locate it, the flight of steps that led to it was untidy. Inside I thought it dismally uncouth, the dining room so unfriendly that I for one could never hope to enjoy a meal there, the lounge seemed to me coldly Victorian and the chambers distressingly bare. One look was enough. I drove to the Hôtel de la Tour in the center of all that is most attractive — a cheerful, jolly provincial affair, not much in the way of looks, I confess, but somehow I sensed it might be comfortable. There are tables spread under plane trees at its harbor side, shaded with yellow and white umbrellas, inviting meals out of doors. I was shown a tiled-floor room overlooking the sea and hills, comfortably furnished with easy chairs, attractive bed, running water, fireplace, mantle with gilt clock and other ornaments to make things homelike."

The landlord was a character — a cheery soul with but one grievance in the world.

"Hélas, my good friend," he lamented, "eet is terrible — we have driven out zee Saracens, but not zare towers. We have in France a new disease which ees called 'Les Monuments Historiques' and my poor 'otel ees afflicted. Come wiz me — I weel show you," and he led me through a narrow passageway into a

dark, littered courtyard. "You see," he said, throwing his corpulent body up against the tower as if to uproot it, "eet is strong like zee devil. Eet weel nevaire decay and zee government forbids zat I harm eet." There it stood, about fifty feet high, projecting twenty feet above the roof of the hotel, glorious with sunlight and shade!

"Alors, zis is a sorrow, but nevaire mind, we have ozaire joys — somezing a leetle origeenal — deeferant from zee ozaire cafés." We went into the dining room. Every bit of wall space was covered with a continuous painting — a colored document, depicting the geography, history and social life of Sanary of 1897 — even the 'local' fish of Sanary, which went to compose the border. Wonderful and awful, I thought. The landlord's fat puffy arms struggled to encircle his embonpoint as he said with pride, "Of course, zey are not exactly for zee Louvre, but for you and me — we are arteeste — we understand." He told me the artist or "panter" as he called him, died before the masterpieces were completed or he would have a great deal more to show. Well, I do not think the artist died any too soon. There is just painting enough to keep one interested and amused at meal times. For instance, I used to sit opposite a picture of a pensive hunter and his puppy, reposing against a rock or pillow — I do not know which — in the woods about Sanary. He is taking a drag on his pipe. His gun and sack are at one side, his puppy on the other and a little dead beast in the foreground. Now it was the expression on the hunter's face and the little dead

animal that caused me to change the title of the picture at every meal — from "The End of a Perfect Day" to "Doubt." I finally decided on the latter, because I was sure he couldn't place the animal. Like myself, he questioned whether it was a mouse, rat or rabbit. I am certain that the only one who knew was the painter — and he was dead.

The food was very appetizing, though not overbountiful, and the wine from Cassis delicious. I often wonder how Monsieur and Madame got their avoirdupois — but, no matter. The rate, one dollar and forty cents a day, wine included, was lower than at the Hôtel des Bains. I have quoted this for what it is worth. I feel that sometimes a hotel mentioned in guidebooks deteriorates, and one's living conditions can make or mar the impression of a place.

While Sanary is far from being a spectacular spot, it has a certain atmosphere that I frankly like. Many artists were at work along the water front, in the back streets and about the district, while I was there last. Their motives were simple, but some of them very lovely. Naturally the less obvious scenes lend themselves more successfully to the artist than the startlingly scenic, and Sanary is that sort of a place.

I want to give Sanary its just place in this chapter, for it is only a little fishing port of very quiet charm where one receives pleasure through small things. I want to give the feeling of sunshine and peace, of a very blue sea held in the embrace of hilly green arms and islands, to convey the idea of mellow, tinted houses and to lay stress on the fact that there is

nothing scenic or spectacular about it or its situation. I think it a spot where the road-weary traveler may find congenial rest and the artist will discover pleasing motives.

A sail across the bay in one of the fishermen's boats lands you at one or two villages rich in Saracen remains, where the primitive inhabitants are said to have almost pure Moorish blood in their veins.

Leaving Sanary, we start westward for Cassis, and after a short run of six kilometers, are at Bandol on its bay. Bandol has some reputation, both as a winter and summer resort. I think the location delightful, but the town proper is an old dusty affair, built more or less on the gridiron plan. Just before entering the town, we pass the rather comfortable Grand Hôtel des Bains and as we leave, a knoll with a number of villas. Turning inland, we make up a steep grade to find groves of olives, vineyards and fields — a pleasant stretch through which we travel some few miles to St. Cry la Cadière, a village of no pretension. Here we meet the shore again at another bay, with the beach resort of Les Lecques, stretching a mile or so along a beach. Next come one or two nondescript little hamlets, then, under curious, domelike hills, La Ciotat, once the ancient Citharista, now a ship-building town with nearly ten thousand inhabitants. Just before we enter it, we come to a growing villa section where there is a hotel that promises more than usual comfort.

La Ciotat is a place of narrow streets, partly built on a hill and partly forming itself about a large rec-

tangular basin with broad stone quay. On the further side are shipyards with oddly shaped hills towering directly behind. A few minutes' inspection of the town will, I think, suffice.

Again the road runs inland and climbs high, through olive and pine, to the backbone of an extraordinary looking jumble of rock formation that pushes seaward. Then our way goes down into the exceedingly rich and picturesque valley at the back of Cassis.

The old fishing port of Cassis is more primitive than Sanary, but more picturesque. Its setting is lovely and one does not wonder that Cæsar founded a health resort here for his soldiers. On the west are sloping rooflike uplands; on the east an abruptly rising, great red cliff, and tucked in between is the quaint colorful town, with an oblong harbor basin almost closed to the outer sea by a breakwater that terminates with a lighthouse on one side and a high rocky promontory on the other. The hotel, perched above the town, looks over the harbor, and I found it to be modern and comfortable, although small. It is aptly named the Panorama Hotel and its pension rates are modest. From the rocky promontory in front, you can obtain the best view of the little port. The eye follows the ledge with its pleasing villas to the harbor, and the quay which is backed by the old town with red roofs and church spire, and so on up the valley to the mountains. The great red cliff to the east rising out of the blue sea is clothed with a fringe of green along its flat top. The extensive ruins of an old castle are seen on a hill close by.

The quay with its fishing gear is not as neat as that of Sanary, nor is the town itself, but it offers more to the artist, for the back streets and adjoining country, as well as the water front, contain attractive motives. There are two inns, at least, in the heart of things on the quay side, very simple to be sure, but I know the Hôtel Cendrillon, recommended by the Touring Club, can serve a passable meal and I have an idea Hôtel Lieutaud may serve a better. Be sure and partake of the delightful wine of Cassis.

Some one told me of a gentle old artist fellow who frequented this region for many a year. He loved these parts, stopped at one of the simple inns, and put up with the same fish and cheese at every meal. You could see him, with smiling countenance, strolling leisurely back to the hotel after a solid day's work, with easel, chair, box and canvas, — patient and contented under his clumsy load. But his expression at the table was quite another thing.

"And what have we to eat to-day?" he would ask, knowing the answer. "Bring on the fish!"

A colorful finny little fellow would be placed before him. First he would play with it, much as a cat with a mouse, then turn it over and over again with his fork, make a long, wry face, push it aside and pick up his newspaper with utter disdain and disgust. Just when his docile mood was about to return, the goat cheese would come along. The same procedure would follow — only with more violence.

Well, I understand he's not going to come here any more — not if he can find another fishing port that

hasn't any fish and a hillside without any goats — no, sir!

From Cassis to Marseilles, a distance of twenty-one kilometers, the road runs inland. There is no feature of outstanding interest except, as you draw near the city, you catch glimpses of Notre-Dame-de-la-Garde on its hill, picturesquely presiding over Marseilles and the adjacent district. The view from its terrace is a noteworthy one, commanding the sea, islands (among them the Château d'If, immortalized by Alexander Dumas in his "Count of Monte Cristo"), the coast, harbor, city and the mountainous country beyond. After nightfall a return visit to see the lights of the city and coast is well worth while.

The inner harbor, known as the Vieux-Port, is next in interest and the various restaurants along its quay are noted for their *bouillabaisse* among other toothsome dishes. May I recommend the Café Salon du Parisien under the Hôtel Mediterranean on the quay, as a place to dine?

I need not go into detail regarding Marseilles. Much has been written about it and I am hardly the one to write of a city I do not care for.

We must get on to another fishing town, well represented in the different art galleries of the world — Martigues. Although it can be reached by train from Marseilles, we shall go by car over a none too good road by the way of that great inland sea, the Etang de Berre and return by the coast road.

The distance by road is thirty-seven kilometers and we start out through wretched, dirty, boresome

streets, coming first to a desolate region of gray rock, stunted olive and gnarled pine. After a time we pass a curious old town built on the top of a cliff, picturesque as seen from the road, but one can imagine the filth inside, for the inhabitants, without doubt made up of the dark whites of the various fringes of the Mediterranean, are a mixture of races other than French. Shortly the Etang de Berre comes in sight; this if opened to commerce would form an ideally protected harbor that would accommodate the shipping of the world. As we see it to-day, it is a vast sheet of water in a lonely setting, — some hills in the far distance, a few disconsolate villages and salt works miles away. By and by, we discern a brown bunch which is Martigues. As we draw nearer, the scenery improves. There are some interesting groups of cypress clustered about old buildings and occasionally a chapel. We sight ruined towers suggesting Roman and Saracen watch towers. Finally we enter an uninteresting street which leads to an oblong market place shaded with trees bordering which are hotels, cafés and shops. You will not think much of it, I know, but we shall find the reason why artists come to this town.

Martigues is roughly divided into three sections. The first section and the largest is an ugly gridiron-shaped affair of mediocre shops and houses with its population of men, women, children, cats and dogs swarming the streets. The second section is across a canal. Here you will find the reason why artists haunt Martigues. You see at once the striking color — not

only the indefinable color of things as they are, but also the subtle changes caused by the reflection of the soft blue tone of the Etang de Berre, superimposed upon the rich hues of the quaint houses and the gracefully curved canal with its bridge and church. This canal, lined thickly with small craft, the bridge, houses and church form the obvious Venetian-like composition that many an artist of reputation has interpreted. Then there are numerous groupings of old buildings, slowly crumbling with time, that reflect themselves in the sea, and picturesque little boats with butterfly-like sails; old women and young, mending colorful nets; dirty water-side children; fishermen about their daily tasks and numerous other paintable things that express Martigues, if you can get the secret of the color and atmosphere. How long this will remain an artist haunt is a problem, for already modern business has begun to defile the heart of it. The third section is a kinder and smaller edition of the first but with more Old World feeling in its narrow streets and narrower lanes.

Is this decaying old port of fishermen, once the capital of a principality, worth some days stay? If you paint or etch, yes. If you delight in an atmosphere such as this and have a color sense, again yes, provided you are willing to live plainly in what most tourists would call a dirty town with little to commend it. Is it worth an afternoon's excursion from Marseilles? Yes!

The return journey is through a queer country of

MARTIGUES, BELOVED BY ARTISTS

great sandstone hills whose eroded heights take the forms of castles, towns, cliff dwellings and often of strange beasts and gargoyles. Some sections have majestic trees, and some, where their forms are unearthly, suggest the abode of demons. A town or two is passed before coming upon the shores of the Mediterranean, the coast of which we follow for awhile before plunging again into a wild hilly land. Eventually we find ourselves following the sea once more, until we reach a dreadful suburb of Marseilles with its factories, and finally the dock region of the city where ships from all parts of the world rest at the long lines of piers.

CHAPTER IX

In the Old Kingdom of Arles

EIGHTY-SEVEN kilometers north of Marseilles lies the ancient city of Arles, with a present population of about thirty thousand, — a city containing Roman remains, medieval houses, ramparts and numerous interesting vestiges of the past.

There is a story of a young Greek by the name of Protis who led a colony from one of the Greek cities of Asia Minor in the year B.C. 599, and captured the declining Phœnician settlement that occupied what is now Marseilles. As soon as he and his people were comfortably settled, he set forth with some of his followers to pay his respects to the King of the Segobrigæ, at the capital, Arles. At the time of his arrival, there was in progress a mighty banquet, attended by all the nabobs of the land, in honor of the King's daughter Gyptis, who on the occasion was to choose a husband from among the guests. Every warrior and chieftain candidate was full of hope until our friend Protis came upon the scene with his handsome figure and polished manners. Gyptis was interested at once. In fact, she saw no other but Protis and leaving her father's side, approached him with a brimming bowl which she offered as the sign that she, like "Barkis", was willing. Protis drank

and the deed was done. The couple returned to Marseilles, but this was the prelude to the mingling of much Greek and Gaulish blood at Arles.

In B.C. 46, the Romans decided to colonize Arles and there soon arose a busy mercantile city with all the earmarks of a small Rome. It is estimated that "Arelate" had a population of fully one hundred thousand. During the barbaric invasion, Arles struggled along and afterwards became independent. In 879 it became the capital of a considerable kingdom, which, by the eleventh century, had spread out to vast proportions, forming a part of the Germanic empire. In 1150 Arles became a republic and continued as such until 1251. Later it became a part of Provence, and by 1481 a part of France.

The people of Arles have a mixture of Greek, Gallic and Roman blood in their veins that has been but little diluted with other strains. The women are considered the most beautiful in Southern France, but in my opinion, were it not for their very picturesque costume, they would be little different from those of any other section of the South.

Arles is too primitive to be city-like and too city-like to be jolly primitive. It is composed of a maze of narrow streets that thread their way among gray old houses. At nearly every corner is a shrine niche which now and again shelters an image of the Virgin. Many of the mansions of the past, dropping into decay, have the remains of lovely medieval windows, often bricked up, alas, and replaced by more modern affairs. There are numerous fine old doorways

and now and then a turret or some other interesting feature. One goes along the uneven and often filthy cobblestoned streets gazing up at these age-weary old homes, noting a gargoyle here and a fine cornice there.

The Place du Forum is the one cosy cheerful note, with its two hotels, the Hôtel du Nord and the Hôtel du Forum and a café or two. It is a friendly square where seats invite you to rest and admire the fine bronze statue of the Arlesienne poet Frederic Mistral. The Hôtel du Nord has, embedded in its walls, two Corinthian columns, fragments without doubt of the ancient Roman forum.

I have pleasant memories of the table and comfortable rooms at the Hôtel du Forum overlooking the square, the center of life at Arles, but before I proceed, I wish to record that the city is cold and windy in March and hot as Timbuktu in August — so pick your month with care if you would see this district at its best.

Not far from the Place du Forum is the bleak Place de la République, with a raised concrete center adorned by a fountain and an obelisk of Egyptian granite found in the River Rhone in the year 1389. The most beautiful church of Provence, St. Trophime, Arles' most precious possession outside of its Roman remains, faces the square. The porch, built between 1180 and 1190, is a superb specimen of its period, a mass of free, almost crude, but beautifully arranged sculpture. I think its cloister of the twelfth century, with later alterations, a gem.

PLACE DU FORUM AT ARLES

Nearly opposite, close to the seventeenth-century Hôtel de Ville, is the Musée Lapidaire, containing an extensive collection of Roman and Gallo antiquities, claimed to be the richest in France. The chief feature of the museum is the collection of beautiful, carved sarcophagi brought from the Roman and Christian burial ground of Aliscamps, just to one side of the city.

Aliscamps once covered a large area, but now consists of one long avenue flanked by stately poplar trees, lined with sarcophagi brought together from the adjoining fields — all modest — for the choice specimens have either found a home in the Lapidaire, the cathedral across the way, or in other museums of France. This ancient cemetery of the Romans and early Christians became in the Middle Ages greatly esteemed as a burial place for those of importance, and the dead were brought here from far and wide for interment.

Another museum distinctly worthy of a visit is the Museum Arlaten, containing articles of dress, household utensils, farm implements, and arts peculiar to the district. There are several tableaux of home life, of decided merit and interest. The collection occupies a fifteenth-century palace, in the courtyard of which there has been partly unearthed a section of the Roman city, a basilica and a bit of a paved way.

Arles can well be proud in her possession of one of the largest and best preserved amphitheaters in France, used to this day during the summer for bull baits, not cruel but at times very exciting. This arena

dates probably from the second century and it is claimed accommodated twenty-six thousand spectators. It is a most impressive structure, especially if you climb to what remains of the top and look down over the arches and seating space to the arena where the Roman populace witnessed many a brutal and bloody scene. What we see to-day is a typical amphitheater upon which has been grafted medieval towers, for in the Middle Ages it was used by the Saracens as an inner fort within the ramparts of the city. This in time became filled in with dwellings, even to the spacious arcades and arches, until it was a veritable human warren.

Not far from the Amphitheater stands the ruins of the Roman Theater. In the Roman occupation, the type of entertainment given on its stage so shocked and scandalized a local dean, one Cyril, that he excited the Christian population to destroy the theater. They went to work with a hearty good will, stripped it of its marble, upset its columns, smashed the statuary and left it a dismal wreck. In 1651, interest was awakened in the mound of débris, and excavations were begun that yielded immediately the beautiful statue known as the Venus of Arles, now in the Louvre.

Of the Roman baths little but the ground outline and fragments of walls remain in a section of the city near the Rhone. Portions of the ancient walls and some of the remaining bastions may be seen from the modern boulevard that encircles the city. Arles, as viewed from the distance, is very impressive, massed

slightly above the surrounding country with its towers standing out against the sky. It is the center from which many excursions can be made by the aid of motor buses. I shall describe but one — that to Les Baux and St. Rémy by the way of the Abbey of Montmajour — an excursion of an afternoon.

Standing conspicuously on a hill not far distant from Arles, is an imposing romantic-looking pile of masonry set off by trees. It is what remains of the Benedictine Abbey of Montmajour, founded in the sixth century, rebuilt during the twelfth and fourteenth and added to in the eighteenth. As one approaches it from Arles, it becomes more and more impressive, until the road turns and swings around to its eastern side, when it loses much of its feudal quality. A stop is made and the tourists are herded and led by an old crone through its various halls and courts. The most attractive feature to me is its portal, reached by a long flight of steps framed by trees.

After proceeding over a low farming area for several miles, we turn into an ascending valley of weird aspect and gray-blue in color. The hills show much of their skin or rock through their garb of vegetation, — a scabby skin, tumbled, distorted and broken.

The cliffs that hem in this valley are an eroded mass. Across the narrow valley, rich with little farms, we see windows opening out of the sheer rock, and doors too, and now and then the yawning gap of what has been a chamber; while secreted in the cliff, more than one cliff dwelling is still tenanted. High above, on one of the dominating spurs of this

mountainous region, sits Les Baux, an astounding place reached by hairpin turns. It is mainly a great patch of distorted ruins clinging tenaciously to the steep sides of a whitish-gray ridge which holds on its narrow roof what remains of a once mighty castle.

The Saracens chose this strategic position for one of their strongholds. Later it became the capital of the Seigneurs of Les Baux, who proudly claimed descent from Balthazar, one of the Wise Men of the East, and used the Star of Bethlehem upon their shields. As they grew in strength, they added town after town to their dominion until they ruled seventy-nine. They claimed various royal titles, among them King of Arles, Emperor of Constantinople, Count of Provence and Prince of Orange. This powerful family held sway here from 960 A.D. to 1374. In 1630 Cardinal Richelieu included it among the strongholds which it were wiser for the State to destroy and thus remove from temptation. We can vouch that Richelieu made a thorough job of it at the time.

In its heydays, a court of love was held in this eagle-nest of a castle and the troubadours flocked hither to pour out in verse and prose their passion for the ladies of their choice. Many are the romantic stories and legends that come down from the age when Les Baux was all powerful.

To most of us who repeople in fancy the castle, the lovable and kindly King René stands out from the others, for his whimsical, dear and human qualities are in sharp contrast with the fiery lords of the land. Good King René, Duke of Anjou, Duke of

Lorraine, Duke of Bar, King of Naples and of Jerusalem were his titles — titles that were a burden to this gentle soul, who played at being shepherd, tramp, troubadour and painter, while France was a bubbling pot of intrigue and war. Would I had the power to depict him as I feel he was, sometimes in prison, sometimes out; sometimes in pocket, sometimes out; sometimes a reigning monarch, sometimes an idler at the court of love of Les Baux, sometimes unhappily a leader in battle, but always a child with song and sunshine in his heart.

To-day, on reaching its ancient gate, we pass through a bit of a village of humble homes. Here, in this small inhabited section of the present day, is an agreeable inn of some pretension, commanding an extensive view over the country below, with a kitchen made cheery with copper pots and pans suggestive of delicious things to eat. It is known as the Hôtel de la Reine-Jeanne.

As we wander amid the mass of ruins directly below the castle, we observe that many of the chambers have been hewn and exquisitely sculptured out of the solid rock. It is an extraordinary place with a wide view of the country lying far below. When we climb the perilous way to the castle top, we are not only astonished by the architectural difficulties that have been overcome to place such a huge affair on such a precarious ridgepole of rock, but at the beautiful view over fields and hills, into the weird, grotesque valleys which, it is claimed, inspired the descriptions for Dante's "Inferno."

Were it not for my extreme caution while descending from the castle, I might have stepped into a smoking chimney pot. Here and there peasants have built troglodyte fashion. Believing myself in some one's garden patch, I was amazed when I discovered it to be another fellow's roof.

From Les Baux, the car makes its way down into the valley on the opposite side of the castle, to a series of valleys, only to climb once more until we reach a section high above the world in general, where we gaze over a vast panorama.

A descent is then made to St. Rémy, on the outskirts of which is the site of the Roman town of Glanum Livii, demolished by the Visigoths in 480. The Tomb of Julii, richly embellished, and a triumphal arch with sculptured vaulting and reliefs representing captives, have come down to us in fairly well-preserved condition.

Our bus halted within good view of these historic landmarks. It was the last stop in the day's circuit and therefore a trying one, as every traveler knows. All my companions but one fairly tottered out of the car and wormed their way about at a funereal tempo.

I had been to St. Rémy many times, so I stayed in my seat, back of a little old lady from our Middle West, who was so busy talking to the chauffeur that she completely forgot about her sixty-franc investment to see the "Roman Remains."

"So you have six children — six," I heard her say, as she counted up to six on her fingers, for she didn't

speak a word of French. "Well, now, ain't that fine! I hear you Frenchmen ain't awfully keen on family life — a bad lot where women is concerned. I had half a mind not to make this trip when I heard I was to set beside the chauffeur!"

I was tempted to examine the Arch again. I yielded and ambled around until I heard "time is up."

"Oh, Mister, Mister," the little old lady called to me, "get me a postal card — I must have a postcard to remember it by." She stood up on the seat of the car. Her dried-apple face registered keen anxiety lest she should fail to get another picture to show the folks back home! Then, adjusting her glasses on her nose and focusing from the card to the original, she sputtered: "Well — I never — my gawd, and they call them people ancients. Why, their stuff's almost as good as ourn!"

Six-thirty found us at the Syndicat d'Initiative. The little old lady made pompous adieus to every one, especially the chauffeur. "Well," she addressed him, "I do hope you ain't givin' your youngsters that vile wine. We don't in our country and I'm sure them ancients didn't neither!"

"Yes," was his reply, for it was the only word he knew in English.

Some days later I saw this odd little creature at the Hôtel du Forum and thought I would speak to her. I said "Good morning", and asked if she was enjoying her stay at Arles. She scanned me sharply and said, "Yes, you have a nice little village here and you keep a nice hotel; I will say that for you!"

From St. Rémy, the return to Arles, a run of twenty-four kilometers, is quickly made, the road passing close to Tarascon.

Tarascon, the home of Alphonse Daudet's "Tartarin of Tarascon" that good friend of ours — the mighty hunter? — the mighty Alpinist? — the brave daring Tartarin? — the dear old humbug!!

Tarascon means Tartarin to most of us, yet for the artist, at least, this old city and its sister town across the Rhone, Beaucaire, hold much of interest in their castles and quaint streets.

Tarascon is but sixteen kilometers, ten miles, from Arles and but a short distance from Avignon. It is a railroad junction where one traveling to Nîmes makes a change, so by waiting over a train or so, both Tarascon and Beaucaire may be visited. The motorist will find the route from Arles rough and not particularly interesting.

I suppose the twelfth-century church of Sainte Marthe may be said to be the principal "sight" of Tarascon. It is supposed to contain the tomb of Martha and therein lies a story. Through this section of France, there is a legend that several of the characters of the New Testament, flying from the persecution of the Jews, came to Gaul, among them Lazarus, Sainte Veronica, Mary Magdalene and Martha. They are credited with all sorts of miracles. We also hear much of "Les Trois Maries", — Mary, sister of the Virgin, Mary, the mother of John and James, and Mary Magdalene.

In the year 113 B.C., a great wave of barbarians

A CORNER IN TARASCON

inundated Switzerland and by 110 B.C. was rolling down on Gaul, menacing the Roman province. The Romans sent Caius Marius to cope with the problem and through his cunning he enticed the barbaric horde into a strategic trap near what is now Aix, and then destroyed them. Caius Marius had with him in the campaign his wife Julia, and Martha, a Syrian woman, a prophetess, under whose advice he acted. At the foot of the cliffs of Les Baux, there exists a chapel above which, sculptured in rock, are three life-sized figures, claimed by the Church to be the Three Maries, but who are really Marius, Martha and Julia. Thus the three Roman historical characters are the keynote of the myth.

The people of Tarascon claim their town takes its name from a horrible monster that devastated the country for miles, and which Saint Martha bridled and slew. Saint Martha is without doubt the prophetess who directed Caius in his campaign, and the monster symbolizes the barbarians. In the time of the good King René, who inhabited the castle of Tarascon as well as that at Aix, when not in trouble, the Festival of the Tarasque was inaugurated. That was back nearly to the year 1400, when he erected the castle. During this festival which falls, I believe, on July 29, a procession led by mummers, attended by clergy, escorts through the streets the figure of a turtle-like dragon led by a maiden in white and blue. A copy of this dragon you no doubt have seen in the Museum Arlaten. There are high jinks on that day in old Tarascon.

The church of Sainte Marthe has a pleasing tower and Romanesque door. The interior contains good paintings and a tomb supposed to be that of Saint Martha, one probably taken from the Aliscamps at Arles.

The old section of the city is threaded by narrow streets and its houses are often embellished with sculptured bits or with medieval architectural features. The market district contains arcaded passages, and as I have said before, the artist should find a number of motives upon which to work. The castle, standing by the riverside, is an impressive structure, even restored as it is and used as a prison.

Across the river, reached by a long bridge, is Beaucaire, a gray mass stretching out below a great rocky knoll upon which sits a broken castle with triangular keep. The town contains many reminders of better days in turrets and graceful old mansions that stand out and relieve the dirty, down-at-the-heel aspect of the whole. The castle of Beaucaire was the principal scene of the romance of Aucassin and Nicolette, and dates from the thirteenth to fourteenth century.

CHAPTER X

Peregrinations about Nîmes

TWENTY-THREE kilometers north of Tarascon, on the main line of the Paris, Lyons and Mediterranean Railroad, lies Avignon on the River Rhone, having a population of nearly forty-three thousand. Avignon has for some years received much publicity as a tourist center. Much has been sung of its beauty, its historic interest and its climate as being all that could be desired.

To me, the early spring is cold and the wind that comes charging down from the distant snow-covered mountains takes all the joy out of life. To see the guests come down to dinner, fortified by scarfs and wraps, is enough warning that the "blow" is on and probably will continue for several days.

"There's the mistral again," I said one evening, — for such a wind as that should be called by its particular name! "It gets trapped in our court and whistles all around the house."

Just then we heard some one whistle a bar from "Il Trovatore", — "Oh, yes — minstral," repeated an Irish tripper, misunderstanding me. "Glory be to God — it's a foine name — that. Listen to the likes of it! Well, it might be a nasty wind, but it can whistle an educated tune!"

And the summers are so hot it's a wonder the dogs don't yelp with pain when crossing the street!

The main object of interest is the Papal Palace, a huge mass with severe lines, half fortress and half palace. Seven of the popes resided at Avignon between 1309 and 1377. The ancient ramparts that surround the city are picturesque and the broken old bridge of St. Bénézet, commemorated in song, has an appeal.

Bénézet was a shepherd and got it into his head that a bridge should be built across the Rhone, thus saving the hazardous boat journey. He came to Avignon to urge the pope and the bishop to see to it that a bridge be built, and was turned over to the governor to be whipped for his foolish idea. The whipping only made him more determined about the matter, and when he came to town he talked bridge to any one who would listen. He collected people on the street corners and let his fancy have free reign, and by and by the citizens talked "bridge" and in 1177 the idea materialized. Not only that, but later Bénézet was made a saint.

The street-corner episode of the sainted shepherd reminds me of the story of that good soul who lived through the greater part of the Johnstown flood. He experienced the anxiety of the days before when it was a question whether the dam would hold; he witnessed the night riders as they came tearing down to warn Johnstown that the dam was giving; he saw the deluge come upon the city, saw the awful chaos, saw death all about; then it claimed him. It was a

mighty experience and when he got to the gates of heaven he told St. Peter all about it. When he reached the heavenly streets, he collected people at every corner and went into graphic accounts of it, but there was one flaw in the pleasure he took in relating his experience. Wherever he collected a crowd to hear his tale, there was a little old fellow with a long white beard dressed in a blue robe that shrugged his shoulders and said, "Oh shucks!" Finally our friend lost his nerve and hunted up St. Peter. He described the old chap and asked the good saint who he was. Peter said he did not know for there were many that answered the description. Then our friend caught sight of the individual and pointing, said, "There he is now." "Oh," said Peter, "that is Noah; he thinks himself the authority on floods."

Just across the River Rhone lies Villeneuve-les-Avignon, a brown old town fast dropping into decay, full of picturesque detail. It is dominated by a hill upon which sits a most romantic looking medieval castle or fort of the thirteenth century, known as Fort St. André.

Avignon is a center from which numerous Paris, Lyons and Mediterranean Railroad autocar excursions may be made to various points of more or less interest, of which that to Vaison, with its meager Roman remains, and on to Orange, with its superb Roman theater and triumphal arch, is the most interesting. If you would partake of an extraordinary meal, then take the trip to the old hill town of Gordes and dine at the Hôtel Renaissance. I am going to make your

mouth water by telling you of what the table d'hôte lunch consisted on the day I dined there. The *hors d'œuvres*, each in a separate dish, were of ten or more varieties, — tender ham, tender tongue, stuffed eggs, tunny fish, sardines, a marvelous vegetable salad, cole slaw, paté of game, grated eggs with truffles, olives and other things, — and one is expected to try each. Then the lunch began in earnest with an omelet with truffles — thick with truffles — cut in thin pieces steeped in butter. Next came roast pheasant, done to a turn and covered with a most wonderful sauce also thick with truffles. This was followed by six varieties of cheese, then a compote of fruit — ice-cold — in which I discovered green and white plums, red and white pears, red and white cherries, quince, apples and many other ingredients. After this, cake and coffee. I forgot the nuts and the generous supply of wine of the country. The cost of the meal was one dollar, including tip!

Nîmes lies forty-two kilometers to the southwest of Avignon. For those making the journey by rail, a change of trains is made at Tarascon, the entire journey being accomplished in about one hour and a half. Soon after leaving the Rhone at Beaucaire, the extremely fertile country is protected on the north by hills. The contrast of the raw cold winds of the Avignon district with the balmy soft air of the country about Nîmes is not only reflected in our spirits, but in the vegetation, if the journey is made in April.

I have always had a warm spot in my heart for Nîmes from the first day I saw it, now many years

ago. To me it is a comfortable and friendly city, with an air of cheer about it. It derives its name from the Celtic "Naimh", a fountain or spring, for here the Gauls settled about an ever-flowing source of pure water, preserved to this day in a setting so beautiful that it remains one of the chief charms of the city.

The Romans came into possession of this Gaulish town in 121 B.C., and, delighting in its location, set about to embellish it with all the usual beautiful civic edifices of their day. Extensive ramparts enclosed it, temples to Augustus and Apollo were erected, a theater, circus, amphitheater, bath, forum, capitol and a Campus Martius were constructed. It had become a city beautiful by 150 A.D., called Nemausus. Fate was kind to Nemausus. For a long period it prospered exceedingly. Then came successively the Vandals, Visigoths and Saracens. It became a part of the kingdom of Acquitaine for a time. Next the counts of Toulouse held it until 1227, when it became a part of the French kingdom.

Today Nîmes has in its seventy-eight thousand inhabitants nearly double the population of Avignon, and can boast of possessing a lovely small Roman temple in nearly perfect condition, dating from about the year one, A.D. It also has without doubt the best preserved amphitheater in Europe, although slightly smaller than that at Arles and considerably smaller than those at Rome, Verona and Capua. It could seat twenty-four thousand people and dates probably from the first or second century A.D. Like the arena at Arles it was filled with dwellings in the Middle Ages.

In 1809, all construction other than Roman was removed and so we again have the arena as it was in the days of its prime. Bullfights are held here during the late spring and summer and if you are fortunate enough to attend one, I assure you that for an hour or two there will be excitement, but not of the beastial sort one sees in Spain.

The opening of the season is marked by a "free for all." You too may join in the competition to pluck the paper rose from the bull's horns — if you dare.

The beast comes upon the scene in much the same spirit as a comedian. He is alive to the sport, knows how to give you thrillers and senses he's not to be killed. He has a "know it all" smirk on his face — so look out!

First you tease him, make queer sounds and gestures, then dash for the barrier, for he's scraping the earth with his forefoot and ready to chase you with terrific speed!

You should see the competing youths suddenly make for the fence and fly over the top to safety as the bull comes tearing after them — head on — sometimes with such force as to lift the barrier boards out of their sockets. The would-be heroes just about make their escape and the audience screams with excitement.

At the end of the fight, when I was there, a peasant who had not the courage to enter before got into the arena and tried to play toreador with what he thought was a tired bull. He assumed the famous Valentino pose, hurled his coat in the eyes of the animal and

said in the flat accent of the south, "*maintenant a moi*" (I dare you!). The bull sized him up carefully, lowered his head and answered the wager. Well, I never knew a human being could run so fast! Every one rose with excitement. He made his leap for safety and, in the "nick of time" landed beyond the barrier with a long rip in his breeches, only to receive cheers of derision as a reward.

There are numerous Roman remains in and about the city, among them the Porte d'Auguste, one of the city gates, still standing on the boulevard. In the Jardin de la Fontaine there is a temple, connected without doubt with the former baths. A great Roman tower on the hill back of the city, known as Tour Magne, was probably part of the system of ramparts, and here and there other fragments tell of the beauty of Nemausus, besides its Maison Carrée.

One steps out of the railroad depot on to a broad avenue leading to an esplanade and to a boulevard with inviting cafés screened by trees growing in tubs. To the left stands the attractive Palais de Justice and just beyond, the Roman amphitheater. To the right is a statue of Alphonse Daudet, who was born here in 1840.

Passing the amphitheater, we come to the Boulevard Victor Hugo, broad and straight, with the Tour Magne rising directly at its end. In its square on the boulevard, is the Maison Carrée, the most perfect Roman temple in Europe. It stood in the forum along with other buildings, the foundations of which still remain. For a time it served as a church, then as

warehouse, only to degenerate into a stable from which it was finally rescued and restored in 1824 to its present condition. To-day it is used as a museum of antiquities. To us it seems very small, but we must remember that worship was then individual and not congregational, and the people went alone or in small groups to take sacrifices to the altar, not to gather as in the Christian manner and share in the service.

At the end of the boulevard lies the lovely Quai de la Fontaine with a picturesque canal running through the center of the way, the whole arched with splendid trees, which leads us to Jardin de la Fontaine. This is the loveliest spot of Nîmes, a public park holding a series of ornamental basins that catch the overflow from the deep, mysterious, pool-like spring flowing from an underground source at the bottom of a hill. From the pool have been recovered quantities of Roman, Gallo-Greek and Gaulish coins thrown there by the inhabitants of the past as an act of sentiment or worship for the nymphs, as to-day, also for sentiment, tourists throw into the greenish crystal-like waters coins of various lands. The fragments of a temple and bath stand close at hand. The garden rises at the back in a series of terraces set off by the picturesque trees, lovely shrubbery and vine-grown masonry.

A boulevard encircles the older city of Nîmes, which is divided and subdivided by a perfect network of narrow streets lined with old houses and containing numerous interesting vistas. Near the center is the Cathedral of Notre Dame et St. Castor, not of particular interest in its more or less mutilated state.

There are several hotels at Nîmes. The Hôtel du Luxembourg is popular with tourists but I think is expensive for what it has to offer. The Hôtel du Midi et de la Poste I found dingy and depressing. The Hôtel du Cheval Blanc et des Arènes, opposite the amphitheater, is comfortable, with pleasantly furnished rooms having a full view of the great Roman arena. The table is distinctly good, while the rates are moderate.

The Paris, Lyons and Mediterranean Railroad excursion buses are to be found, as usual, in front of the railroad station. Of the excursions, Aigues-Mortes, Pont-du-Gard and Uzès should not be missed.

The way to Aigues-Mortes is south over a wonderfully cultivated plain, the road gently ascending until it reaches a surprising elevation. Looking back towards Nîmes, one is astonished at the vastness of the view terminated by the mountain barrier of the Cévennes on the north. Vineyard after vineyard is passed until another great expanse of country comes into view to the south, terminated by the delta of the Rhone with its lagoons formed by the change of the river's course through the ages. Richly fertile lands slope to meet low swamps of little use to man or beast, but a paradise to the bird kingdom, and then comes a higher district, beyond which lie great sheets of water.

The district has a scarcity of trees, but the road is often arched by the plane tree, planted to offer shade from the scorching summer sun. The tall plumelike cypresses, a feature farther north, have disappeared

but occasionally a group, a line or a solitary poplar breaks the expanse and the graceful decorative umbrella pine appear sometimes singly, sometimes in groves, but usually in twos and threes.

The few little towns and hamlets that are passed are not interesting or pleasing, but just gray notes in the green, until Saint-Gilles is reached.

Saint-Gilles is a town of great antiquity, probably once occupied by the Phœnicians. The name is in honor of a hermit saint whose chum, a pet doe, was wounded by Wamba, king of the Visigoths. The king was greatly mortified and distressed by his misdeed and gave the district to the church in atonement. In the early part of the twelfth century, the first priory in Europe of the Knights of Saint John was founded here. Ramond IV of Toulouse began the present church. It was fortified by the Huguenots in 1562 and was all but destroyed in 1622. The famous west front, however, escaped by a miracle. The rest of the present edifice is mainly of the seventeenth century except for a crypt.

I hope the hermit saint was not as dirty as this town of over six thousand population, but I doubt it. The chief feature of Saint-Gilles is the lavishly decorated portal of its eleventh-century church, recalling that of St. Trophime at Arles. Behind the church are an isolated tower and ruins belonging to the former edifice and numerous stone coffins, but the direct path to them is so defiled by man that one hardly dares to venture on it.

Saint-Gilles has a rather nice old gate, a number of

THE GATE OF SAINT-GILLES

the street corners contain shrines, and the streets, especially the narrow side streets, suggest pictures. Its most pleasing section is the little square in front of the church. The magnificent portal with its queer old pillars supported by lions, the relief and statues, intermingling the Byzantine with the classic, is the brilliant, sparkling gem of it all, for the rest of the structure is not impressive.

Leaving Saint-Gilles, it is not long before we enter the region of marshes, and by the causeway that traverses this water-soaked district rises a fine old defensive tower. In April, when I made the journey, the air was full of great cobwebs which caught on the car, on the telegraph wires and brushed one's face. It is a phenomenon peculiar to the section. By and by, firm ground is reached, and farmhouses shaded by lovely umbrella pines become prominent in the landscape. Soon we come upon a lonely tower standing astraddle of the highway, an outer defence of Aigues-Mortes, and close at hand we see that curious and fascinating medieval town rising from low, flat fields with its walls and towers, suggesting a tangible, ghostly city guarded by the soldiers of the Cross.

Aigues-Mortes, which signifies Dead Water on account of its location on one of the stagnant lagoons, is the finest specimen in existence of medieval military architecture.

St. Louis, in 1244, made a vow to assemble and lead a mighty crusade against the infidels, but when he looked about for a port on the Mediterranean for the concentration of his forces, he found none that he

was free to command, as all favorable harbors were under the jurisdiction of local rulers. He decided to use the low marsh district of Aigues-Mortes which belonged to the abbey of Psalmodi. At the time it contained an ancient fortification, Matafera, a great tower, built some five hundred years before as a defense and refuge from the Saracens. (Oh, those Saracens!) He built a canal to the sea five miles in length, collected his Crusaders and sailed with the Seventh Crusade in 1248. In 1267, he began the present fortifications, using the tower, now known as the Tour de Constance, for one corner of the great rectangular stronghold. In 1270, he sailed from here on his fateful expedition to Tunis, leaving the completion of the fortification to his son Philip the Bold. The embrasures were altered later, when firearms came into use, and finally the moat was filled in. In the preservation through the centuries of this monster structure, we have the greatest curiosity of France of its kind, superior to Carcassonne in several features. The impressive walls, six hundred yards long and three hundred and thirty across, rise to-day from twenty-five to thirty feet high and contain fifteen towers and ten gates with the Tour de Constance reaching an elevation of one hundred and eighty feet.

It is from without that we catch the spirit of it all. A short walk from the modern little town that has come into being with canals and bridges near the chief gate of this age-weary place ends amid fields directly below the battlements and close by the lagoon. The inner wall has numerous stairways that

AIGUES-MORTES

lead to the top of the ramparts — and if one is in the mood, one may enter the Tour de Constance.

I once wandered about the side streets until I stumbled upon warfare. A band of very red North American Indians of about twelve years of age was protecting a bit of the ancient walls from fierce lemon-yellow Indians. It was a crafty fight I saw. The warriors, decked out with many feathers, swords, daggers and pistols, had, without doubt, studied diligently the strategy of battle from the American movie film. All went well until one little warrior wanted his mother, who came and laid hands on a chieftain and cuffed his ears.

Not far from Aigues-Mortes, directly south, within four miles at least, is the small fishing port and bathing resort of Le Grau du Roi, where the auto-buses halt that you may dine — and dine well — at one of the large restaurants fronting the modern canal that subdivides the village. There is much local color along the quays of the canal, flanked by shops, hotels and cafés on one side, and an interesting collection of buildings on the other with a lighthouse predominating. Many picturesque craft, with lateral sails, lie along the stone quay, while, if you are fortunate, you will find the sea beyond covered with them, their butterfly sails spread to the wind, returning to port after the morning catch like a great flock of homing birds.

The town is rather primitive and holds nothing of a startling nature, but has a sand beach, with others in the immediate neighborhood. A long stone pier

extends seaward, where old men gather to gossip and women and boys fish with long poles. From here, one looks across very blue water to the long reach of the French and Spanish coast, and sees the Pyrénées rising skyward. Le Grau-du-Roi is easily reached by train from Nîmes, as is Aigues-Mortes, a distance of twenty-nine miles traveled in one hour and a half.

Another excursion that will add treasures to your mental storehouse is to Pont-du-Gard and Uzès. We pass one or two quaint towns that enliven our interest, — wander through vineyards and soon enter the valley of the Gardon and almost immediately come upon the great Roman aqueduct of Pont-du-Gard.

Many of the Roman ruins that one feels called upon to visit in Europe and Africa bore me. There is no mystery, as for instance, at Carnac and Les Eyzies. We understand the ground plan of their towns and cities, the public buildings they erected, their *thermæ*, like unto our "City Clubs", with gymnasium, baths, reading rooms, and recreation halls, — the amphitheaters to entertain the populace, — theaters, forums, commemorative arches and temples. The amphitheaters often impress me, the theater of Orange thrilled me, but this mammoth aqueduct, now of lovely golden brown, reaching from hill top to hill top and spanning the pretty river, simply overwhelmed me.

Pont-du-Gard may be but a fraction of an aqueduct built by Agrippa in 19 B.C., to conduct water from the Eure, near Uzès, to Nîmes, a distance of over twenty-five miles, but this awe-inspiring bridge is

one of the grandest Roman structures in existence. It is a thing of grace and beauty. Three tiers of arches, one built upon the other, reaching an elevation of one hundred and sixty feet and with a span of nearly six hundred, connect the flanking hills of the river.

Its setting, its glorious color set off by the green hills and the river, the pictures its arches frame of an old mill downstream and of a hill town beyond, all go to make a perfect composition.

A drive of some miles brings us to Uzès, some distance from the main road, sitting on a hill in a hilly country. It is a jolly medieval town of not quite five thousand inhabitants, with a château of romantic aspect in its center, and a twelfth-century keep which rivals in height and beauty that of the twelfth-century campanile of the cathedral not far distant. The fine old château, the residence of the ducal family of Uzès to this day, is approached by a portal of the eighteenth century through the Hôtel de Ville, which masks it from the modern boulevard. The residential wing is beautifully embellished. There is a chapel, in the crypt of which are the tombs of the ducal family.

In the section about the ducal palace are numerous interesting old streets studded with comely old mansions and homes of the less pretentious folk of past generations. There is a market square surrounded by arcaded sidewalks and if you will poke about the narrow ways, you will come upon numerous features of interest. My impression of Uzès is of an unusually picturesque old town where an artist might find

numerous motives and steep himself in a charming atmosphere. The Hôtel Béchard looks as if it might be most comfortable. Uzès is one of those places that one either has to sketch in a few words or describe with much statistical detail, and such detail bores me — and I hope it does you.

The road from Uzès to Nîmes runs for a time through a defile and later mounts high and commands a vast view to the north where rise the peaks of Cévennes. We come to Pont Saint-Nicolas, a superb old bridge, peculiar as to form, with triangular recesses overhanging the river and forming bastions that might have been used in defense of the château above. Then follow a series of hairpin turns that lead through woodlands down to Nîmes.

CHAPTER XI

On to the Massif Central and Le Puy

Do YOU realize there is a section of France full of geological marvels, scenic, picturesque and fascinating, little known even to the French and practically unvisited by the tourist — a region vast in extent, — the oldest geologically? Do you realize that in this section not only time has engraved its history, but for at least one hundred thousand years man has left records?

It begins not far to the north of Nîmes and occupies the south central portion of France. It is referred to as the Massif Central and includes the Cévennes and the wild bleak region of the Causses. It is a land of scenic valleys, great plateaus commanding vast distances, odd mountain spurs, castles, châteaux, ruined strongholds, cliff caves of prehistoric man, cliff châteaux of medieval days, cliff dwellings of the past and of the present, dolmen — the stone tombs of a mysterious race — rock art galleries of the Reindeer men, underground rivers, deep gorges and ravines weirdly sculptured by the elements, great caves — fairy lands of stalactites, crystal caves like unto jewel boxes, and potholes resembling mammoth wells.

"How can one see all this?" you ask. Well, by railroad if you have patience and are willing to change

trains often at junctions, but the ideal way, of course, is by automobile over good roads, for unlike the railroad route which follows the valleys where possible, you travel over the highlands as well as the lowlands, and see intimately and in detail. Let me warn you that I found April cold and uncomfortable on the plateau. At an elevation of four thousand feet, snow lay by the roadside. I do not want to give the impression that the mountains are of great height, or that they resemble the Alps in contour. The highest peak is less than six thousand feet and roughly the general elevation is between fifteen hundred and four thousand feet.

My method of travel has been through the medium of the automobile hired at various centers. You may be interested to know the details concerning the arrangement I made in regard to this particular trip.

First, as it is essential to collect all the data you can of the district, I read S. Baring-Gould's "The Deserts of Southern France", "Cliff Castles and Cave Dwellings of Europe", and "Book of the Cévennes." Baedeker and Muirhead of course both give their customary brief facts about the principal towns and railroad routes, and now and then, by searching, you will find a section or town treated elsewhere.

Having read of the district and made notes as to what appealed to my fancy, my next step was to lay out a route by map and the Guide Michelin, ascertaining distances between the towns I desired to make my headquarters and noting the hotels and their degree of comfort, which a glance at the Miche-

lin gave. The itinerary thus drawn, I found out the total distance and added to it the shortest return route for the chauffeur after he was dismissed. Now, having the total distance in kilometers and the approximate number of days, I was ready to bargain for a car and driver, on the basis that distances were to be computed by the Michelin and not by the speedometer. I found that for a small car, six cents a kilometer, the driver supplying oil and gasoline, was ample; for a comfortable modern touring car, eight cents, provided I guaranteed one hundred kilometers a day, whether a run of that distance was made or not. In addition, I made the chauffeur an allowance of two dollars a day for his personal expenses, including the garage, and on dismissing him, gave about a ten per cent tip if his conduct was satisfactory.

Let me advise you to have it clearly understood at the hotels, on registering, that the chauffeur is paying for himself. I wish to call attention to the fact that for the use of a car for one hundred miles a day for fourteen days, it will cost you hardly two hundred and twenty-five dollars, including the chauffeur's keep and tip. That means traveling twenty-two hundred and forty kilometers, including the chauffeur's return to his base. By the use of a car you save yourself perplexities, fatigue and the annoyance of railroad travel, and naturally you may loiter along the highway to your heart's content and see vastly more.

Starting from Nîmes, a good way is to enter the region of the Cévennes and visit Le Puy and St. Agrève, then make your way down to Langeac on the

River Allier and up to St. Flour. From St. Flour over a very high country to Mende and the region of the Causses, then on to Florac and through the scenic gorges of the Tarn to Millau. From there to Albi and Cordes, then, making a loop over the Montagne Noire, drop down upon Carcassonne and back to Albi by Revel, Lavaur and Gaillac. Continue on to Cahors and enter the gorges of the Lot and Célé, where there are ancient cliff strongholds, and so to Figeac, Gramat and Rocamadour. Using Rocamadour as a base, explore the caves and underground rivers, visit Souillac, Sarlat, Domme and numerous medieval towns and castles, before running north to Brive for a rest. Then enter the land rich in the remains of prehistoric man, cliff dwellers and crystal caves. It may take two weeks to reach Brive, but I think the journey will repay you.

The first day's motor trip should be a delightful one, for the scenery is well diversified and the route winds through smiling valleys to high plateaus commanding wide views over agricultural regions to distant mountains. If we leave Nîmes at nine in the morning, we shall have ample time to loiter along the way, lunch comfortably at Villefort in the Hôtel Balme, and reach Le Puy before six o'clock. The distance is one hundred and twenty miles, the roads excellent, but the way mostly upgrade.

Shortly after leaving Nîmes, the numerous towns present a less slovenly aspect, and the people have lighter complexions. They have a different air about them. They seem of purer blood, more akin to the

French of the north. The country also is sterner than that to the south. The color of the towns has changed from a grayish to a brown tone. At first, the landscape is lonely and contains few trees, but that soon gives place to a fertile basin containing numerous towns pleasant to look upon. These little towns, not all of which are upon the road, dot the broad countryside and are seen afield, surrounded by expanses of green. La Calmette is the first town, but it calls for no comment here.

Le Brignon, not far beyond, with a ruin and a tall tower, a neat kindly main street, with comely houses from which narrow ways amble through arches uphill to an old section, is to me the most interesting of the towns on the way to Alais.

Alais, with a background of hills closely hemming it in to the north, is a self-respecting city of commercial importance on a bend of the Gardon. The cathedral with its massive Gothic tower is worthy of inspection.

After Alais comes the mountainous region of the Massif Central; the country grows bolder and the scenery finer. Climbing a series of steep grades, we pass little towns and occasionally look down upon one nestled in a sunny and charming valley. Now and then ancient châteaux are to be seen, the most impressive of which is that of Portes, a great feudal pile standing to the right on a hill, commanding a view of much magnitude. Then for some time the region has great charm, but the magnificent view of mountains and valleys near Concoules becomes most

impressive. Villefort, the halfway point of the day's run, is a quaint brown old town with more than one interesting house and street vista. The hour without doubt will be around noon and I feel sure the Hôtel Balme will provide a good meal. Villefort is an excursion center for the Lozère Mountains and the gorge of the Borne.

Leaving Villefort, at an altitude of close on to two thousand feet, the road begins to zigzag its way up a steep grade, and in a very few minutes the town is to be seen lying far beneath, while the view over the vast mountain district is superb. I feel that this section and that between Alais and Génolhac is alone worthy of a trip from Nîmes. After a few miles of fine scenery, the landscape flattens and Langogne appears in a pleasant rolling country at an altitude of three thousand feet. The town has little more than three thousand inhabitants and seems an active back-country industrial place, ancient in parts, with five rampart towers. It has a summer colony and the hotels, although rather primitive, are noted for their cooking.

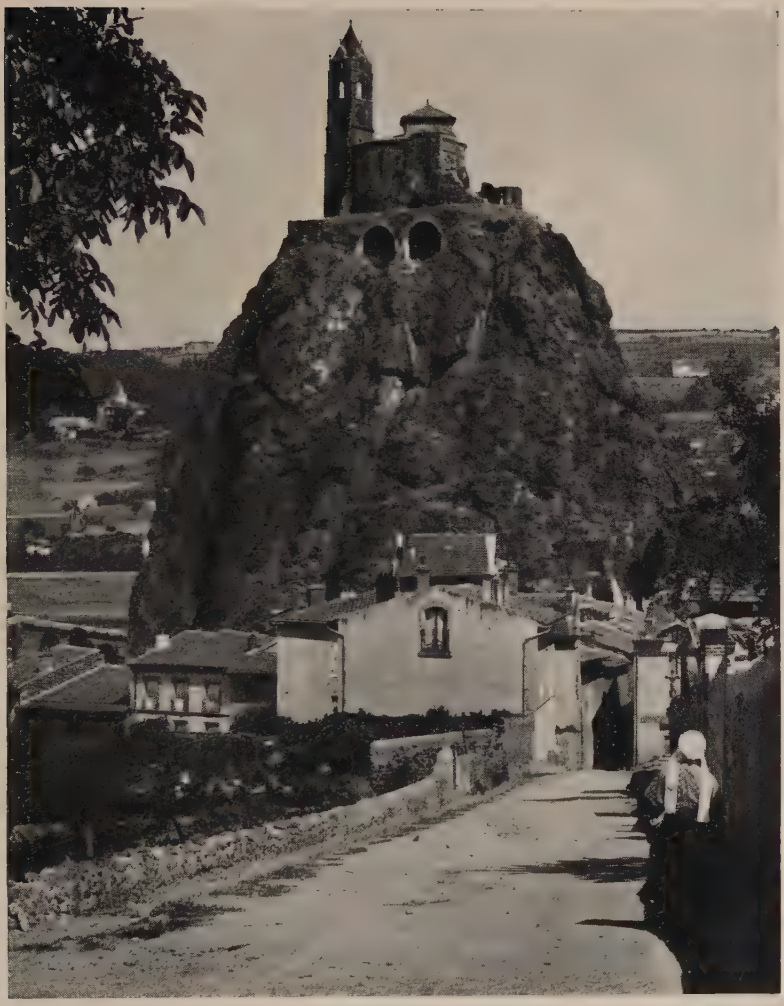
From Langogne, the road climbs to Pradelles — a distance of not quite five miles — a rusty brown town of old houses sitting on a shelf of an all but treeless plateau. The road continues steadily uphill, until some four thousand feet are attained and there begins a land of wide distances, covered with snow when I saw it, with great broken clouds through which the sun sent rays of copperish light on distant peaks. It was a weird scene and desolate but full of grandeur.

A few miles of this and then appear the outer lips of the great volcanic bowl that contains in its hollow the city of Le Puy, unique in contour. As we begin to descend into the great saucer, we see about us for miles upon miles rectangular patches of brown, of red and green, which are interpreted as farms and pastures. At the last dip into the inner depression of the crater the cold is modified to a mild yet stimulating temperature. Far below, in a setting of green, is a brown patch which gradually turns reddish, as the tiled roofs of Le Puy slowly develop in detail from the mass. All about the sides of this great bowl is the quiltlike pattern of brown, red and green, with white threadlike roads leading down from the crater's lip, above which the mountains rise. Well, I think this day of motoring will not be forgotten and there is time to rest a little at the Grand Hôtel before dinner.

Before exploring Le Puy take the road that leads up towards Polignac, and when you have climbed almost to the top of the inner bowl and have come to a rocky mass similar in formation to the Giant's Causeway at the north of Ireland, look down upon the city and the world about it. The panorama is magnificent but that is not all, for from here one sees best the strange protrusions from the old crater bed about which Le Puy and the neighboring village of Espaly cluster. Out of the earth's surface have been pushed odd deformities of rock, one suggesting a finger, another a small Gibraltar, and the rest elongated warts.

What wonder that man of the past saw something queer and uncanny about the location and made up his mind to venerate it, make of it a religious center. Nothing is positively known as to prehistoric man's doings, but there is a legend that on the great rocky mass where the cathedral of Le Puy now sits towering above the old town, once stood a great dolmen that "drove the fire out of the sick." On Mont Anis, upon which the old town clings below its cathedral, are Roman remains, and at the foot of the finger-like rock close by are others. What we see to-day is a fantastic combination of the work of nature and man. The highest central mass, the Gibraltar-like mound, is capped by a great gilded statue of the Virgin and Child over fifty feet high, cast from the guns captured at Sebastopol. On a shelf of this mound is the particolored cathedral, with a façade of black and white volcanic stone, flanked by ecclesiastical buildings.

Flowing up the hill to meet them is the feudal town, with the modern city on the level country at its feet. Close by, capping the isolated projection I have enlikened to a finger, is the tenth-century church of St. Michel d'Aiguilhe, reached by two hundred and seventy-one steps cut into the rock which rises perpendicularly two hundred and eighty feet; below is a small hamlet. Two rivers wend their way through the city, and a mile or so distant is the village of Espaly with its projection, bearing an enormous statue of St. Joseph and Child. Thus we have Le Puy, the fanciful city, the city of odd contour, the city of projections — volcanic and weird — an



A FINGER-LIKE PROJECTION OF LE PUY

ancient town, a holy city in a bowl, basking in the sunshine, two thousand feet above the sea.

Its one-time rival, Polignac, on its platform of rock, with precipitous sides — another freakish trick of nature — with a romantic mass of débris of what was the feudal stronghold of a great family, lies not far distant.

The final approach to the cathedral in Le Puy is by a wide and very long flight of steps, that finally tunnels under the edifice and enters it to the right of the altar. An extraordinary approach and an impressive one! The present unique and altogether remarkable structure is in the Romanesque style and dates from the twelfth century.

If you will select a seat where you can best see the altar and the coming and going of the white-capped women, and rest after the climb, you will notice enshrined a copy of the famous black Virgin, the object of adoration of pilgrims and natives for centuries. The original image of cedar wood was swathed with inscribed papyrus, and the face was black. St. Louis undoubtedly found it in Egypt during his crusade, and believed it to be that of the Virgin and Child. More likely it represented Isis and the infant Horus. The image was destroyed during the revolution and the present one is a copy from memory. I think the memory is at fault, for it is hardly likely that the original was so "all dressed up with nowhere to go" as the present one.

At the rear of the church, is a series of lanes and courts, the architectural features of which are almost

theatrical of aspect. By following a steep path, the great statue of the Virgin and Child is reached, where an interior stairway ascends to a chamber within the head.

All about this fascinating hill section numerous old crones are seated in the sun, making the lace for which the city is noted.

Le Puy is well known to artists and abounds in pictures. The local Syndicat d'Initiative, during the summer months, organizes excursions and the Paris, Lyons and Mediterranean Railroad runs autocars from Grenoble to Le Puy and Le Puy to Vichy.

One afternoon while at Le Puy it was my whim to explore the high country to the southeast. I came at last upon an ancient château with the "earmarks" of the twelfth century, situated in a woodland park. It intrigued my picture-seeking eye, and venturing within its gates I was soon met by a young man who courteously asked the wherefore of my visit. Upon learning of my photographic quest, he insisted that I see not only the exterior but the interior of the feudal stronghold as well. He proved to be the present possessor of a title, long, long honored in the Cévennes. He showed me a banquet hall, with a fireplace large enough to roast an ox. The low, vaulted ceiling was decorated with frescoes of blue background and golden stars. The narrow windows were set in massive walls three feet in thickness. He conducted me through halls and chambers, up great staircases, to a gallery hung with portraits of his ancestors, who, he explained, as a rule had met their

end in unpleasant ways, through fire, the noose, sword or dagger.

Coming at last to a most comfortable salon with Louis XVI furniture and embroidered brocades, I was introduced to his wife and child. Here we chatted over wine and cake before a grateful fire on this cold April day. We talked of France and travel in various lands, of pictures too, and of many things, among them the heroism of his great, great grandfather who lost his life in warning my lord of Polignac that dire trouble was in wait for him.

At last I ventured to ask him why he had shown such marked hospitality to a casual stranger. He answered me it was always a pleasure to entertain, but judging me to be an American it was a double pleasure. He had come to know many of my countrymen during his aviation days in the war. They had awakened in him, he said, a strong desire to visit and know America.

About thirty miles due east of Le Puy, at an altitude of over three thousand feet, is St. Agrève, a kindly old town to which I fled from the heat of the lowlands a few years ago. It is rather primitive but has a busy life for so small a place. It sits on a mountain top and commands a view of the snow-capped peaks of the Alps. I found the Hôtel Porte to be of the most modest sort, but clean and comfortable, with a good table. I settled here for three weeks, for it was cool when Paris and London were like a furnace, and though I look back with pleasure upon St. Agrève I associate it with a fire.

In the wee hours of one morning, I was awakened by the drum of the town crier. My window looked upon an Old World street at the back of the house, and I saw in the moonlight men and women materialize from dark doorways, hastily adjusting their clothing as they hurried toward the Grande Rue. I decided to investigate also, so dressed and descended. What I saw was a long chain of townsfolk passing leather buckets full of water, the line extending from the public fountain to a large wooden tank some distance up the street. I hurried along and saw half a dozen youths vigorously working an antiquated see-saw fire pump, placed astraddle over the wheelless wooden tank. Before I could find the fire, one policeman ordered me back to the hotel while another placed me in the bucket line. I stood between a nun with a flaming, bleeding heart on her breast and a blue-frocked farmer. With the right hand the full buckets were passed forward, and with the left the empty ones returned. Perfect silence reigned except for the low murmur of "*s'il vous plait*" and "*merci*" as the buckets sped onward. Soon the signal "*fini*" came down the line and the crowd melted away as silently as ghosts. The next morning I found the fire had been in the basement of a grocery where gasoline was stored. A cat was asleep on the doorstep and customers were being served as usual. I thought of the gongs and whistles of our fire apparatus, the police, the ropes and noisy pushing crowd. If it had been in one of our small towns, the shop would have been gutted and every one worn out with excitement.

The route to St. Flour, from Le Puy, leads over hill and dale for a distance of about sixty miles, and commands a series of grand panoramas over farmlands as enchanting as any section of France, barring parts of Haute Savoy. The country has not the theatrical quality of the Riviera, of course, nor the weirdness of the gorges that we shall visit, but it is goodly, sweet and peaceful. It is sparsely settled; the little red-roofed towns are far apart and neither of importance nor pictorial interest, but nearly every mile counts for its scenic beauty.

About twenty-two miles from Le Puy, the edge of the plateau is suddenly reached, and from a great height one looks down upon the broad and fertile valley of the Allier, where lies Langeac, a spot of brown by the river side. The descent is at first steep, the view of valleys and mountains beyond indescribably lovely. Finally a quaint suspension bridge leads into Langeac, a town of, say, forty-five hundred inhabitants with a fifteenth-century church and a pretentious Hôtel de Ville. There is ample time to wander about the quaint quarter close by the river and near the church before lunching at the Hôtel Brugerolles. Photographically speaking, the town is rich in pictorial material.

On leaving Langeac, the road at once ascends sharply again to a great height above the river valley, and the farms, fields and pasture lands below seem miniature affairs, with the Cévennes rising beyond. St. Flour can be seen miles before it is reached, sitting commandingly on a precipitous rock, three hundred

feet above the River Lander. It is a romantically picturesque old town, with its cathedral towers and ancient houses crowding to the cliff edge. There is a modern section below the old town, close to the river, and by the railroad station is a hotel of modest pretension. I suggest we pass over the bridge at the bottom of the cliff and make our way up the steep incline to the mother town, of close on to five thousand inhabitants. After threading narrow streets of ancient houses, we find ourselves at the Hôtel de la Poste, fronting the cathedral square, a small, primitive but neat inn whose back windows overlook the valley.

The day's run has been over good roads and, excluding the time spent at Langeac, has not been over three hours in duration.

St. Flour grew about the tomb of St. Flour, the Apostle of Auvergne, who departed this life in the fourth century. An abbey was founded here in the eleventh century, which later became an episcopal chapter. The present cathedral was begun in 1396. The town contains numerous old houses, but with one or two exceptions, rather more severe in line than picturesque. The few streets are intriguing and there are two or more small squares that are rather nice. Back of the cathedral is a terrace, nearly three thousand feet above sea level, which commands a remarkable panorama of the neighboring country. The most beautiful of the old-time mansions of St. Flour stands next to the hotel, a lovely relic of the Renaissance, now occupied by the local printer. St.

A QUAINT SECTION OF LANGEAC

Flour is an agreeable stopping place for the night if you wish to travel leisurely, but if time is of value, why then Mende, fifty-four miles beyond, can be reached before dark.

A run of seven and a half miles out of St. Flour and the road descends by spirals to the bottom of a deep ravine. Spanning this cut is the famous Viaduc de Garabit, a narrow, long and very high railroad bridge that made me dizzy to look at and thankful I did not have to cross. It was built by Eiffel, after the plans of a local engineer by the name of Boyer, in 1882–1884.

Soon we are running along a ridge with views to the right and left over a wilder region than any encountered since leaving Le Puy and under less cultivation. St. Chély d'Apcher, lying at an altitude of three thousand two hundred and sixty feet, is the first town of any size, an old fortified place which the English tried in vain to capture in 1362. It has the usual brown aspect, but nothing about it to tempt investigation.

Serverette comes next, a pile of most delightful old houses clinging to a knoll overlooking a stream. Then by the way of St. Amans on its plateau, to Rieutort, a town of sixteen hundred people at an elevation of thirty-six hundred feet; thence down to Mende which lies in the valley of the Lot, at the foot of the Causse de Mende. The way is so steep, the valley so far below, that one breathes easier when the car keeps as near the center of the road as possible. Soon the jumbled, compact group of gray

slate roofs that compose the little city of Mende come into view, with the graceful cathedral spires rising above the houses. The situation of the town, standing twenty-five hundred feet above sea level and containing a population of six thousand, is impressive, with the Causse de Mende like a mighty wall rising eleven hundred feet at its back.

I like Mende. It has an air about it that is agreeable to me; it seems an Old World intriguing sort of place that has fallen out of step with the modern rush of things. It is surrounded by a broad boulevard occupying the site of its former defensive walls. Inside of the boulevard is a network of streets bordered with ancient houses, some of which are delightful. Some jut out story by story, as they do in parts of Brittany and the north; others have various features that please the eye. In the Rue Notre Dame, there is a fountain with a black Virgin enshrined above it. Close by is a nest of ancient houses approached through a mysterious arched passage, which seems to be a veritable warren of old crones who sit before their doors and predict direful things about their neighbors. Art motives a-plenty in them and their surroundings. Narrow ways frame vistas of the beautiful north tower of the cathedral. The cathedral is interesting both without and within, although it is not one that causes a special thrill.

I want to say here that although Hôtel de Paris et de la Poste does not promise much at a glance, I secured a very comfortable room and bath and enjoyed the table. Within, it is interesting and neat.

A STREET OF MENDE

By the way, before I forget it, the roads between St. Flour and Mende are of hard gravel and in good condition, as they have been ever since we left Nîmes and will be throughout the trip. As a rule, the routes are plainly marked in a manner America would do well to copy.

CHAPTER XII

The Land of the Causses and Tarn

FLORAC is one hour distant from Mende, and from there one enters the gorge of the Tarn. Just beyond the old city is a region of queer castle-shaped rocks that protrude from the abrupt walls of the Causse de Mende on one side and the Causse de Sauveterre on the other.

The Causses of France are a vast region of elevated limestone formation cut by rivers into deep valleys and spectacular gorges. These gorges are often magnificently wrought and fantastically carved by time and water. The plateaus are frequently eaten into by underground streams which form caverns and caves, the earth's crust resembling Swiss cheese. The top of the causses are at times veritable deserts in aspect, extremely hot in summer, intensely cold in winter. Those who try to eke out an existence on them have a weary battle in a lonely country sprinkled with the tombs of dolmen builders, but the dwellers in the deep valleys and the cracklike gorges find protection from the winds and bask in the sun amid an abundance of vegetation.

As an excellent illustration, the River Lot has cut its way through the plateau forming a valley over thirteen hundred feet deep, as rich in verdure as it is impressive scenically.

Sixteen kilometers out of Mende we ascend to a great height and look down upon a scene that makes our head swim. Far below is the river, and we can see the zigzagging road clinging to the side of the rocks, worming itself to the valley bottom. For six kilometers this stupendous scenery persists, the towering sides of the cliffs forming imaginary feudal strongholds and rock towns suitable for some race of giants. At the foot of the descent lies Florac, a small town of fourteen hundred souls in a narrow valley with steep sides. Over the town hangs one of the gigantic castle-like rocks and below it, a small château with rounded towers reflects itself in a stream. Florac's picturesque location is its chief charm, for although it contains a few odd corners and mills that will interest the artist, it has little to offer the tourist. The château — castle I believe it is called — now used as the town jail, is the most delightful thing about the place. The doorway of the sixteenth-century Convent of the Presentation is also worth study. The town was noted as a center of persecution of the Camisards early in the eighteenth century, and a few of the houses have a white cross painted upon them to denote that the owners will not fraternize with Protestants.

Florac is on the River Tarnon, about one mile from its confluence with the Tarn and that mile has to be retraced before the road branches off to Ispagnac, where the gorges of the Tarn begin. The scenery is "sweet pretty" as far as Molines, four miles from Florac, a little town with a few delightful

old houses that suggest those of England rather than France. A little to the left of the hamlet, in a green meadow-like country, a graceful old Gothic bridge leads to the village of Quézac of Black Virgin fame. I say fame — because once upon a time a blackened image was unearthed here which was coveted by the neighboring town that demanded it for its church. When it was loaded upon an ox cart the oxen knelt, and no coaxing could make them proceed, — a sure sign that the Black Virgin was sacred to Quézac. Close by on the hillside is the inhabited Château de Rocheblave of the sixteenth century, above which stands a ruin of the twelfth. The road passes beneath them and enters a narrow gorge where rock pinnacles take strange shapes and colors — reddish brown, gray and yellow — with the green of foliage adding splendor. A bit beyond is a large cave called the Baume de Salpêtre. The road clings to the side of the cliffs and often tunnels its way through great rocky buttresses. Ascending gradually above the river, we look down nearly three hundred feet to a most picturesque, cliff-hanging village known as Castelbouc, the houses pressing close to the edge of a shelf as if peering into the stream, while on a crag a ruined château broods over the scene. Then comes Prades, cuddling about its old castle, and shortly after, the delightful and most picturesque town of Ste. Enimie. The run from Florac has taken one hour, and if it is about noon the hostess of the Hôtel du Commerce can probably produce trout and other appetizing things from her larder for lunch.

THE LITTLE CASTLE OF FLORAC

Scattered along the way between Nîmes and Le Puy are several ruined châteaux, and again between Le Puy and Ste. Enimie, they are an occasional feature in the landscape. Each of course has a story, if it could but be dug out, — often a story of war, of struggles between barons, of feuds between its lord and his serfs, of religious strife, and the doings of those dreadful and reckless freebooters, the Routiers, often called the Free Companies, who hired themselves as mercenaries to England or France, whichever paid the most.

The eleventh and twelfth centuries saw the development in France of the residential fort, built as a stronghold for local or national chieftains. Little by little, different architectual improvements were made, called into being by the mode of attack, until elaborate castles developed. About these strongholds villages grew, the inhabitants owing allegiance to the lord of the castle, he undertaking to protect his vassals from robbery and outrage.

With the coming of gunpowder the castle lost its prestige as the stronghold of the powerful overlords, but there was a need in the provinces and mountainous country for the local chieftains and feudal lords to intrench themselves. Like eagles these overmen chose, where possible, rocky pinnacles or steep hills on which to erect their towers and protected mansions, while at their feet clung the humble homes of their retainers. Thus the château came into being. The owner was supposed to protect the community, the countryside and the passes from the

enemies of his superior lord and sovereign, but only too often he became the terror of the district, misused his vassals, fell upon and robbed the traveler and merchant, engaged in warfare with the neighboring barons and played the devil generally.

The English king fell heir to a great part of France and fought for more, and from 1152, when a large section was nominally under the English crown, trouble was on foot. The Hundred Years' War, lasting from 1336 to 1443, played havoc, awful havoc, with this section of France. The Routiers, when unemployed, captured these strongholds and committed all sorts of foul deeds.

Before then, from 1204 to 1244, Pope Innocent III, in his crusade against the Albigenses, poured into the land a horde of ruffians that pillaged château and village, leaving murder in their wake.

Here, and in the section to be visited, the inhabitants often took to caves and caverns in the soft rock when things grew unbearable. They built also in the niches of the cliffs and when besieged or worried by enemies, drew up their ladders or destroyed other modes of approach and sat tight, unless starved or smoked out. Thus you see these charming river valleys, gorges and ravines have their story. It was centuries before the château began to feature itself as a home, drop its defensive aspect and beautify itself with architectural embellishments.

I found that the Hôtel du Commerce at Ste. Enimie not only served a good meal with excellent wine from the adjacent vineyards, but contained

clean and comfortable rooms of a simple sort. All about the town rise great cliffs, and clinging to the rocks above the valley is the Hermitage of Ste. Enimie, modernized. I was so much taken with the town and its setting that I cared nought about the good lady, Enimie, the daughter of Clothaire II and sister of Dagobert, who was cured of leprosy by the waters of the Fontaine de Burle, situated close by. She founded a convent here in the sixth century as a votive offering for the miracle that had befallen her. Around the convent, which sits at the top of a hill, the town grew. Later the convent became a monastery, and now all that is left is the chapter house.

Below this building, yet also high on the hill, nestling among a jumbled mass of old houses overlooking the river, is a dear little church, a sort of double-decked affair, for the slope of the ground is such that on one side you walk into a balcony, very small and crude, and look down on the altar and the body of the church, while on the other side you enter the church proper. To me this little church had more beauty, more spiritual atmosphere and the feeling of faith than a dozen cold cathedrals like that at Mende or St. Flour. It is often so, I think. The humble parish church, simple in architectural line, crude in construction, often breathes peace and the mystery of the eternal question. When I saw it, the old women of the town were devoutly decorating its altars and miniature chapels for Easter, spreading household rugs, polishing metal work and placing

wild flowers from the adjoining fields about the interior.

Near by, but lower on the hill, there is a jolly old structure that is probably all that is left of some former château, and in a maze of streets that run up and downhill, there are numerous old houses, some of which are adorned with turrets. Beyond the town proper, exceedingly steep vineyards slope to the Causse. Not far away are a number of dolmens and a cromlech, the only one, I believe, in the department of Lozère. Ste. Enimie is a good center from which to investigate the Causse Méjean, reached by one of those hairpin roads for which France is so famous. The Causse is wind-swept and mostly barren, but up aloft, some thirty-five hundred feet, are occasional small communities that somehow manage to exist.

From Ste. Enimie, hundreds, no, thousands of tourists, in the course of a year, embark in flat-bottomed boats for the voyage through the gorge of the Tarn. It is claimed that from a boat the finest views are obtained and one sees much more in detail. It may be so. I have never had the experience, but what can be seen from the motor road is indescribably scenic.

On leaving Ste. Enimie, the road makes uphill and pierces a great rock by the means of a tunnel lit by windows cut in its face, through which we get a lovely view. As we proceed, the scenery becomes grander and more awe-inspiring until St. Chély-du-Tarn with its beautiful Cirque is reached. Soon we

come to a bit of a hamlet, Pougnadoires, tucked in and under great rock formations that are suggestive of ghoulish monsters, camels' heads, human profiles, castles, towers, spikes and ever so many other things. I was so fascinated with the grandeur and strangeness of it all, with its glorious coloring — yellow, orange, red, lavender and purple, that I utterly forgot to photograph it. The very charming fifteenth-century Château de la Caze, overlooking the river and situated in parklike grounds shaded by graceful trees, is soon reached. It is now a hotel with modern conveniences and tastefully furnished rooms in keeping with its past. Here one finds round towers, turrets, moat, bridge, and an interesting portal that leads to a vaulted corridor off which are the dining room and salon. Up an old spiral stairway is another vaulted corridor lined with comfortable bedrooms. It is one of those romantic old places with an atmosphere and charm that offer days of pleasant rest for those who have the time to linger, and, if my memory serves me rightly, not unduly expensive.

The ruins of the twelfth-century castle of Haute-rive next attract attention, and then, between wall-like cliffs, by the rushing river's side, lies the town of La Malène, connected with the opposite shore by a bridge. The town has a small château with old houses crowding about it, and on a hill above the road is a quaint old church, very "nice" inside, in a primitive way. By the roadside, facing the river, is the Hôtel Ormin Monginoux, a country inn with atmosphere, clean and pleasant, with good food and

excellent wine. There is a café adorned with a large assortment of weapons and trophies of the hunt. The proprietor, an ex-soldier in the foreign service, has been a mighty hunter, but just the same, he does, you know, recall Tartarin. It matters little whether one sleeps here or at the Château de la Caze, only if one sleeps at La Malène, there is the village to explore in the morning.

I think, without doubt, the most magnificent section of the gorge is between La Malène and Les Vignes, a distance of about seven miles, for here is concentrated all the varied features of color and formation. The tremendous rocky sides of the gorge often overhang, and tucked underneath, one occasionally comes upon old cliff dwellings. In the narrowest section, the great height, the effect of sunlight and shadow, the rapids of the river, form a scene most beautiful and wonderful. The Cirque des Baumes, nearer Les Vignes than La Malène, is the scenic gem of the gorge, its great climax as it it were. Near by are some prehistoric dwellings.

Les Vignes is but a small place with a couple of good hotels, where those interested in trout fishing gather. Beyond, near Le Rozier, although the scenery is fine, it gradually loses its awesome quality until it becomes a pretty, hilly to mountainous country.

As we approach Le Rozier, the valley is much wider and towns nestle about it, some on hills, some precariously perched among the crags. Old châteaux are seen here and there. One stronghold of the past, fastened on a crag, is a broken shell and the crouch-

ing village, at its feet, a mass of ruins. Shortly we enter Millau, about one and a half hour's motor journey from La Malène.

Millau, a city of approximately sixteen thousand population, has nothing pleasing about it. Even its fourteenth-sixteenth century church I disliked. The Hôtel du Commerce has a comfortable air but I thought the table poor and the service far from satisfactory.

From Millau to Albi is sixty-seven and a half miles, or say less than a three hours' journey, mostly over a mountainous country. The valleys and the sides of hills are cultivated, but above lies a desolate region. St. Affrique, a city of little interest, numerous hamlets and a few moderately interesting villages are passed. St. Sernin, a hill town, quaint to look upon, is flanked, and then begins a stiff climb up a mountain. On reaching the summit we run along a high elevation commanding distant views until we come to Alban, about eighteen miles from Albi. From there we descend gradually to Albi, seeing, miles before we enter its streets, its great cathedral towering about the old city, sleeping on the River Tarn.

Albi has had for years a hotel with a personality, in the Hostellerie du Grand-Saint Antoine. Some years ago I think it was at its best, for the proprietor, who had been a chef of the King of Spain, was then younger and more interested in building a reputation for the ancient inn. The sign over the door, the dishes, the medallion decorations about the walls, illustrate the doubtful taste of that long-bearded old

chap St. Anthony, who preferred the company of his favorite pig to that of the sirens the kindly devil sent him in the wilderness. These various decorations embody the devil, a nude woman, and Anthony clasping the pig to his bosom.

A few of the front rooms are tastefully furnished. The table is disappointing, considering that the house has received the "cordon bleu." There is a garden at the back that is pleasant to dine in, but I rather think the traveler would prefer more sanitary arrangements and a trifle fewer medallions. However, there is a friendly interest shown by the host and hostess to the wayfarer that is pleasing and I assure you the wine of Gaillac is not to be forgotten.

Albi, the Gallo-Roman capital of Albigenses, now a city of nearly twenty-five thousand population, increasing in commercial importance, seems to have drifted along in a fairly peaceful manner until the outbreak of the Albigensian Heresy.

Through the early history of the Church, there were several sects in Europe who could not see eye to eye with the traditions and dogmas laid down by Rome. During the Crusades, the French came in contact with Oriental philosophy and culture, and through this intercourse and the belief of certain immigrants from Bulgaria, there arose in Southern France a heretical sect that became known as that of the Albigenses because of the number of adherents in the neighborhood of Albi — although Toulouse might well claim to have been the center.

The Albigenses Heresy was a rebellion against the

doctrines, corruption and evil practices of the Church of Rome. As they had no special rites, no theologians or teachers, it is difficult to know what their faith was, except that they interpreted the Scriptures in a different way from the Church, — rejected the sacraments and desired to reëstablish the primitive simplicity of the religion. They were known among themselves as the "pure ones." The new doctrine spread rapidly and received strong support from numerous persons of distinction, among them Raymond VI of Toulouse. It was at first condemned by the Council of 1165 with little effect other than to make it more popular. The authorities at Rome at last awoke to the fact that it was a real menace to their power. Pope Innocent III sent one Peter of Castelnau as legate to reproach Raymond VI. Peter insulted the count and his court, and sometime later met his end by a dagger thrust from one of the gentlemen in waiting. The enraged pope launched a crusade against the Albigensians — a crusade in which the cruel Simon de Montfort came into prominence with his motley band who drenched Languedoc with blood. A great crisis of the struggle took place at Carcassonne in 1240.

Albi was taken in 1215, and although by 1282 the sway of Rome was once more supreme, its bishop, the contemptible Bernard de Castanet, began the mighty structure, the cathedral of Ste. Cécile, as a fortress church on a huge scale, and he and his successors, protected by its well-guarded walls, imposed their will upon the helpless citizens of the city, hold-

ing them often in durance vile, confiscating property and taxing them without mercy.

The mammoth, red-brick cathedral, towering so high above all other things of Albi, with its military architecture and mighty keeplike tower, is one of the most effective architectural monuments of Southern France, severe as its exterior is. Within, it is one of the most gorgeous churches I have ever seen, a vast hall subdivided by a rood screen of exquisite lace wrought in stone and embellished with statues. The walls of this great church are covered with lovely frescoes, rich in color as a delicate bouquet, while the choir screen and stalls are added gems to the beautiful whole.

Close by the cathedral is a great fortified structure of the thirteenth century, the palace of the archbishop, with a massive square keep which is now a museum. Below its adjoining terraced garden flows the Tarn.

Across the Tarn — a broad river here — two bridges stretch themselves by means of graceful arches to the Fauberg de la Madeleine. The oldest, Pont Vieux, goes back to 1035 and once upon a time held houses and a chapel, but they have disappeared and only the bridge, much altered since the Middle Ages, remains. The other bridge is modern, but it blends well with the scene. From the old bridge one looks uphill to the ancient city, with the Archevech or archbishop's castle and the cathedral amid their setting of houses. From the modern bridge, one sees the waters of the Tarn flowing over a dam, the cheery old bridge, and

the city profiling itself beyond. By descending to the bank beyond the new bridge and looking through the great arches, you frame, as it were, a picture not only of Albi but the river front of Madeleine with its intriguing architecture. The spot I describe, this vista seen through the bridge, I recommend to the artist.

There are numerous old mansions in Albi, some with loopholed towers built in the days of insecurity, some half timber and half stucco, so old and weary that they lean upon each other for support in their advanced age.

Sighted about two miles from the city, over rolling country encircled by bands of light brown dirt roads and sparsely planted farm lands, like a single red poppy growing out of a dust heap, I saw a church — and, strange to say, one that called to me strongly. I could learn nothing about it — neither from my chauffeur nor from the guidebooks. Worst of all, I lost the memorandum of its name given me by a little choir boy. I shall refer to it as "The Nameless", and better so, for its atmosphere is hardly coherent with an allegiance to any one dogma. It is rather steeped in the inspirational. The people from the countryside have zealously placed votive offerings there and come to sing their praises humbly.

You cannot miss it. It is a pilgrimage church. The roads leading to it are almost always peopled with little groups of pilgrims, — children carrying bouquets, sacred hearts and lunch baskets; old ladies knitting stockings and chanting hymns; sisters of charity garbed in cerulean blue with large white

coiffes that flap as they walk like the wings of giant moths.

The improvised picnic tables and chairs, flimsily constructed on either side of the portal, are a great contrast to the exterior of the church which, though considerably smaller and less imposing, has the feudal character of the cathedral at Albi.

I opened the door, — hesitated. The recess was all darkness but for the flickering light of a long candle, illuminating the faces of an old priest holding a prayer book — three peasants, a choir boy and a little white bundle lying on the table. Overhead, the molding of a Gothic arch caught the dancing reflections. The scene, with its intense black shadows relieved by the softly candle-lit faces, red and rough and sturdy like the bark of a tree, was suggestive of an exquisite canvas of interesting contrasts rendered in oils with a palette knife.

"*Entrez* — come in quickly — it's all right — and close the door; I keep losing my place." The old priest, continuing his chant, looked over his spectacles and then down at the choir boy who was holding the light. "A little higher, my child," and then, teacherlike, as if to catch him not paying attention, "What is the next word after 'Deus'?" And the little assistant answered correctly, whereupon he was complimented by "*Bien, mon enfant — alors.*" Then everything went amiss. A draught came through the crack of the door, a squeal issued from the white bundle, loose pages from the prayer book scattered, the light dwindled, the old Père Joseph made the

sign of the cross with the wrong holy ointment, the peasant women bent to protect the new-born babe from the cold, and the choir boy singed the peasant man's whiskers in trying to hold the light nearer the priest.

"This business with infants is distinctly annoying," the old priest thought aloud. "There, that is all, take your baby, I'm finished," and feeling for the bottles of holy ointments, he fumbled around and muttered until he found the right cork for the right bottle. Thus ended a baptism.

The intimate and intensely human episode has etched itself deep in my memory.

CHAPTER XIII

Cordes, Carcassonne and Medieval Towns

SOME sixteen miles north of Albi, situated on a conelike hill, is Cordes, the most interesting thirteenth-century *bastide* of Languedoc, founded by Raymond VII of Toulouse in 1222. The *bastides* are thirteenth and fourteenth-century fortified towns of South Central France, laid out in a rectangular pattern about a square, often surrounded by arcades from which the principal streets lead. The thoroughfares are straight and form blocks, as in our modern cities. They were built to pattern, sometimes to replace towns destroyed by the Albigensian wars, or dropped into a landscape for political or strategic reasons. They often remind me of the papier-mâché toy towns that the Germans manufacture so artistically.

Cordes is very quaint, with three lines of crumbling ramparts and several gates. It has a magic ability to send the mind back to the middle centuries to dream of the days when knights rode abroad.

The first time I visited it, some dozen or so years ago, the chauffeur stopped the car at the foot of the very steep hill, and after a breath-taking climb I entered the enclosed triple-walled old stronghold by the means of double gates, which surely no car

could squeeze through with safety. Since then, a gate at the other end of the town has been rendered passable for automobiles and one has no difficulty in penetrating to the center of the *bastide,* where very fine specimens of fourteenth-century houses abound. Here is a little square containing an ancient "covered" market, in which there is a well three hundred and twenty-six feet deep and, close by, an iron cross which Pope John XXII demanded the citizens to erect as a penalty for having thrown three inquisitors into the well in 1234. I wonder the town is not covered with crosses, for it was a handy way of getting rid of undesirable and dangerous Church representatives of the past!

A step or two beyond, a tree-shaded terrace overlooks the ramparts, old roof tops and a great stretch of goodly country traversed by white roads to distant hills.

The town possesses, in the church of St. Michel, with its comely tower which rises far above the existing supporting masonry, a treasure temple of soft light and tapestry color that breathes of spirituality. Its form, its decorations and the sunlight that filters through its richly stained-glass windows, making colored patterns upon the altars, exalt the inner self. The slighting of this little church by guidebooks cannot alter one's spiritual reaction of it. I consider this parish church, unsung as it is, mightier in its quiet sweet way, in the message it gives, than many an over-written cathedral!

Near the old market is the most imposing of

all the houses, now the Hôtel de Ville, in which has been guarded for centuries a chained book dating from 1273, containing the laws of the village.

Each of the gates makes a picture and the streets suggest good compositions. I think Cordes would make a delightful loafing place — perched on its hill-top above a lovely land, like a Maxfield Parrish town! I feel that for those who desire to dwell in such an old-time atmosphere, the "Hostellerie du Vieux Cordes" would be a "find."

The proprietor is one of those rare souls who is materializing his "big dream." I found him rooting in an old stone pile beside a ruined house. I helped him back to the hotel — relieving him of some of the Gothic capitals and broken Madonnas he had resurrected. He is playing with the shell of an ancient inn, with the taste of an artist and the instinct of a collector. A part of his collection of antiques is splendidly arranged in the court and about the two wells which it contains.

"And this is Louisa, my best friend and guardsman," said he, pointing to a pigeon, who made an awful lot of noise about our arrival. "Just step into Madame's room and see what my friend will do."

I did, and couldn't get out fast enough to protect my face!

The front rooms are tastefully and comfortably furnished. The back chambers, facing a vast panorama, are being restored and decorated with antique wall papers, found heaven knows where, — bits of rare carving, old furniture, valuable old engravings

ONE OF THE GATES OF CORDES

and color prints. There are dining rooms reserved for those who appreciate the atmosphere of the inn, where for a moderate price the proprietor delights in serving delectable special dishes that you will never forget, — yes, and served in antique dishes on genuine Paisley tablecloths. It made me hungry to look in at the kitchen, get the odor of good things to eat, cooking in shiny copper pots. We went into another room facing the court.

"And this is 'Mignon'," he said, gently caressing an embroidering machine about five feet long; "she has helped me realize my dream in the old days and now I shall let her have the best room in the house and rest for the balance of her days!"

Carcassonne is south of Albi, a distance of not quite sixty-six miles, which can be covered easily before lunch. As far as Castres, the road runs through a rolling agricultural district. Castres is an up-and-coming cloth manufacturing town of nearly twenty-two thousand people. It contains a tree-arched boulevard lined with pleasant homes; the center of the city looks prosperous, the shops busy and successful. The Romans had a camp here and later, about 617, an abbey was built. The citizens embraced Calvinism and that got them into trouble with the Catholics. However, it was a stronghold of the Protestants from, say, 1595 to 1678. The wives of Raymond V of Toulouse and Raymond, Viscount d'Albi, held a Court of Love here which was frequented by the most famous troubadours of the twelfth century.

Eleven miles farther on, or thirty-seven from Albi,

lies Mazamet, another busy town of eleven thousand inhabitants, largely engaged in wool spinning and leather dressing. It is a town of modern aspect, sitting in a wide fertile valley at the foot of the Montagne Noire, a great hill mass which all but reaches an elevation of four thousand feet. As we descend the other side, we behold the white-capped peaks of the Pyrénées rising across the wide tranquil valley below, and near the bottom, a brownish, circular spot amid the green of the valley is Carcassonne.

The massive walls of this ancient city, with their towers and bastions, rise from the hill upon which it is situated for all the world like a picture in some book of fairy tales. One has to rub one's eyes to believe that he sees aright; for here is a medieval city in external form as Philippe le Hardi left it in 1280 — an unique stronghold, complete in itself like a stamped-out toy castle. Imagine a dream castle that contains within its walls a whole city of crooked streets and age-weary houses, a château of theatrical contour and an ancient church — a jewel casket containing precious colored glass so exquisite that you will always remember it.

The new city lies on comparatively flat ground and was laid out by Saint Louis in 1247. It is called the Ville Basse and with its regularly laid out streets, the main arteries of which are crowded with attractive shops, little suggests its age.

Separating the Ville Basse from the fortified town above, known as La Cité, is the River Aude, spanned

FROM THE WALLS OF CARCASSONNE

by two bridges. From the Pont Vieux, one gets the most comprehensive view of this wonderful arrangement of defensive walls and towers that has come down to us through the many centuries. In one form or another the fortress has looked down upon the little river since the Visigoths founded it on Roman remains in 418 A.D. Saint Louis restored it in the thirteenth century, Philippe le Hardi strengthened it, and between 1855 and 1879 the celebrated architect Viollet-le-Duc, who considered it the most perfect and picturesque medieval stronghold in Europe, put it in order again as Philippe le Hardi had left it. It has double walls with fifty-four cone-roofed towers and bastions, the inner wall much higher than the outer. It is approached by a winding road that leads to a moat and drawbridge defended by massive twin towers, through which we pass to a well-defended space between the walls; then comes another tower-gate through which the city itself is entered.

Inside are old-time houses and streets, but La Cité of late years has lost much of its ancient quality. Its one great enterprise is the exploitation of the tourist. The Hôtel de la Cité, excellent and expensive, has grown, since I first knew it as an attractive inn overlooking the ramparts and the Ville Basse, to a large caravansary, which, with its garage and appendages, has crowded out much that should have been preserved.

Automobiles in the past were not encountered in the streets and should not be allowed within the gates to-day, as they detract from the harmony and

atmosphere. The comings and goings of thousands of tourists is telling sadly upon this delightful double-walled city and has evolved the "dainty" tea and souvenir shops, hardly compatible with the ancient scene.

The walk on the ramparts around the city, affording beautiful views of the surrounding country and the inner town, would be delightful if it were not for the military guard who must accompany all visitors and pours into unwilling ears a mass of statistics.

The picturesque medieval foot gate, at the opposite side of the city from which we entered, and the château form the grand climax to the dramatic whole.

Here was enacted one of the most treacherous and dishonorable episodes of the Albigensian Crusade under Simon de Montfort and the vicious Papal legate. After negotiating an honorable surrender of the city, the defenders were put to the sword, for, said the Pope's representative, "God will know His own."

In this double city of close upon twenty-eight thousand population, of the various hotels I suggest the Bristol et Rest Provençal near the railroad station, for the management is Swiss, the rooms clean and comfortable, while the food is a change from that usually served. The proprietor, by the way, is an artist of exceptional merit.

On leaving Carcassonne, one may return to Albi by another route, longer by some twenty-five miles, but distinctly more enjoyable. At first the road leads through the broad peaceful plain between the Pyrénées and the Montagne Noire. Gradually it begins to

mount, not noticeably perhaps at first, — until suddenly we become conscious of the plain below and the white heights of the Pyrénées beyond. Several little villages passed make no marked impression upon one's mind until Montolieu is reached, — an attractive old town situated on a ravine, which can be enjoyed from the bridge as it is crossed. Running on through a pretty country, the road mounts gradually to Saissac where the fragments of two towers rise near the roadside. The town sits at the southern foot of the Montagne Noire, and as we leave, we look down on an impressive ruin of a great abbey or castle. It is all rather intriguing.

The way over the Montagne Noire, I found severe and unfriendly of aspect, but near the foot lies a lake — a rarity on the route.

Not far from the bottom of the mountain is Revel, a *bastide* dating from 1332, with a population of about five thousand. It is a good example of one of the "built to order" towns of the fourteenth century. Unlike Cordes, its central square is surrounded with arcaded sidewalks upon which the principal shops open. In its center is one of those delightful ancient wooden market houses, with a roof of garnet-colored tiles that sags with age, supported by a tower-like stone building that forms the central core. On the square, bordered by rather jolly old buildings, is the Hôtel du Centre and, if you are as fortunate as I, the lunch will be added to your growing list of "events." By chance, I became a "guest from over seas" at a provincial wedding. Nearly sixty of us sat down

to great loaded tables in a spacious room — tables heaped with wonderful things, — *hors d'oeuvres* of many varieties in great dishes, mounds of tempting pastry, fruits beautifully arranged, many kinds of wine, and flowers, flowers everywhere. There was great grandmother, grandfather and grandmother, and a few surviving souls of their generation, the parents of the newly-weds, the relatives, rich and poor, children, some in high chairs, the neighbors, and at the head of the table, the bride and groom, looking rather embarrassed at the publicity of it all. First we had delicious calves'-foot soup, then sampled the various *hors d'oeuvres*. Next came *fillet de boeuf* with mushrooms, followed by *paté de fois gras, paté de perdrix*, roast chicken with truffles, cheese, fruit, ice cream and cakes. As the feast progressed and the different vintages were drunk, good cheer and peace with the world settled over all. Even great grandmother made a point of telling jokes of her girlhood days. The bride and groom cheered up, and when I made my adieux and voiced my good wishes, love of humanity beamed on every face.

Often in these little towns of France the table is a joy, but alas, should fate turn the tourist stream their way, bringing Americans and English to them, somehow all would be sullied, the food would deteriorate, the wine lose its bouquet and the freedom of spirit and charm of atmosphere depart. We of the United States who boast of freedom are far from free in our mental outlook or government, and when we travel in numbers abroad, we stifle and change

these Old World nooks. It is sad but so it is. Look at the well-beaten paths and compare them with the places by the wayside.

Revel, with its spirit of sunshine, contentment and leisure, is noted for its peppermint liqueur, but outside of its square contains little of interest.

For the next twenty-four miles the road, often arched by trees, winds about, uphill and downhill, through a bonny country, passing Puylaurens, the birthplace of Guillaume de Puylaurens, the historian of the Albigenses Crusade, St. Paul, and a few smaller places that arrest the attention for the moment, and finally brings us to Lavaur, on the Agout, the ancient "Vaurum." Here the Albigenses had a stronghold, an ancient fortress, whose chatelaine, the Lady Guiraude, was ordered to be thrown alive into a well because she made a brave resistance to the demands of that "gallant" Christian gentleman, Simon de Montfort. Here was born the Comte de Las Cases who accompanied Napoleon to St. Helena and afterwards wrote his reminiscences of that final period of Bonaparte's career.

Lavaur is approached from the opposite bank of the river. You know on sight it is going to be a town of distinction. Close to the stream there is a tree-shaded park, and above the green of it rise the great towers of the church of St. Alain, formerly a cathedral and a fortified one at that. It draws you like a magnet, for its rich soft color of old brick and its great towers indicate that it has a quality other than the classification of "thirteenth century." No matter

what its age or what particular style of architecture it may be tabulated under, who cares — if it be lovely to look upon. What difference does it make whether a picture be done in oil, water color, or by the etcher's tools, if it be a thing of beauty? Are we to go about the world only to put names of styles and dates on what we see, or are we to enjoy to the utmost that which appeals to us?

Years ago, in my youth, I used to "drag" tourist parties over what was called "The Grand Tour." Many of my flock, whom I believe had little background to understand what they saw, or to sort "the chaff from the wheat", conscientiously worked out the money they had invested by following the guide through miles of picture galleries and church interiors, — making notes of what they were told they should appreciate. Others refused to be bored by any such performance and drank deeply of the atmosphere, color and form of old Europe or new, whichever they pleased. I remember one woman becoming rebellious in Italy.

"More old rocks!" she said. "Darn the things! What do I care about this Roman rubbish! I have seen mountains of the stuff! I will not spend my time this way! I want to see the shops and the people!" We thought her very odd, but I think now she was wise beyond her time.

But Lavaur has its church "to do." I am not going to tell you much about it. It appeals to me greatly as it rises aloft from its cobblestoned square and overlooks the near-by mansions, dreaming in

their dotage of what Lavaur has seen. Its principal tower makes one think of Albi, but is thicker and shorter. The other is tall and slender, a medley of soft color, supporting an ancient clock guarded by a knight of metal, who has struck the hours through many generations of men. Inside the church you have a feast of color, pleasing arches, lovely chapels, rich glass and fine carvings. It is all warm, spiritual in a human way, and lovely. Let this suffice.

The back streets of this town of five thousand people will reward you if you will leisurely stroll through them. In the quarter occupied by the poor, I once found a lane upon which decrepit houses fronted, each having a bird cage hung near the door, in which canaries were singing in the sunshine, except one, in which an old lady with a practical turn of mind had a hen.

From Lavaur to Gaillac is another beautiful run of sixteen miles in the late afternoon sunlight. It is such a pretty land!

Gaillac is also approached from the opposite banks of a river, the Tarn in this case. It is a striking town as thus seen, piling up above the steep river bank with its roofs and towers silhouetted against the sky. It has the color of old mellowed brick, that will gladden the artist. It contains many motives, many vistas, many time-worn mansions. Its two principal churches, Saint Pierre and Saint Michel, of the thirteenth century, have fortified towers. Much of it reflects itself sleepily in the river just above a dam and waterfall, where the water is quiet before it goes turbu-

lently on. It is a town of a little over six thousand people, with narrow streets and venerable houses often enriched by lovely portals and windows. It was built about the abbey of Saint Michel, in the tenth century, and seems to have played no important part in history. The wines of Gaillac, white and red, are justly held in much esteem, and if you would sample them, visit the vaults of the abbey of Saint Michel not far from the bridge over which we entered the town. As Gaillac is but less than fifteen miles from Albi, I suggest it to the artist.

A half hour's run through pretty country brings one to Albi once more and the Hostellerie du Grand-Saint-Antoine.

A day's rest here gives an opportunity to feast upon the exquisite beauty of the cathedral, before going on to Cahors, sixty-eight miles to the northwest.

The journey is uphill and downhill, the hill section of less interest than the dale. Cordes is passed again, and occasional châteaux and manor houses, and various small towns, of little interest except St. Antonin and Caylus.

Just before reaching St. Antonin, we come upon a fine specimen of a dolmen, known as the Rochers d'Anglais, situated at a crossroad, on a great hill amid a lonely country. It is a fit setting for the tomb of some chieftain of a mysterious people that dwelt here long before the beginning of French history. Why it is known as the English rocks is hard to tell, except that everything out of the usual is laid to the English occupation.

St. Antonin is approached by an abrupt descent into the valley of the Aveyron, with its steep rocky cliffs. Its position on the river is finely chosen, and it rises as a delightful mass of old brown houses with garnet-colored roofs. Its greatest gem is a finely sculptured twelfth-century mansion, now the Hôtel de Ville. It contains numerous medieval houses and narrow streets. Like so many towns of France, it sprung up about a monastery or abbey, in this case a monastery founded by Pepin le Bref in 763.

Between St. Antonin and Caylus the scenery improves, the way leading through a comely valley. Caylus is another town with a picturesque situation and contains numerous fourteenth and fifteenth-century houses. Overlooking it, protecting it in former days, is a castle, now a rather romantic ruin.

Three kilometers beyond is the pilgrimage chapel of Notre Dame de Livron, an ancient, captivating affair of quaint architectural beauty, enhanced by exquisite glass. It stands at the end of a lane to the left of the main road, close by some military barracks. An underground river debouches close by it, forms a pool, then flows on.

The road, which has been good all the way, now becomes a country affair as it proceeds toward Limogne. I do not mean by this that it is in wretched condition, but that it is not so hard and is narrow. The district is sparsely populated, woodlands are plentiful and one senses the remoteness from cities. Limogne is a simple little village but on its outskirts

is a large and fine dolmen in a grove of trees. The Carte Michelin shows it plainly marked, as it shows all spots of unusual interest, but for all that I asked the district policeman and, trying to follow his directions, got completely lost a mile or so from the road. I was about to give it up when I came upon a shepherd and explained to him my plight. He knew naught of dolmens, but when I drew a sketch of what it must look like, he brightened up and said he would show me some old rocks that foreigners came to see. He led the way to a grove about a quarter of a mile from the highway and there, sure enough, was a particularly impressive specimen.

From Limogne to Cahors is a distance of twenty-three miles. As far as Arcambal the way lies among the hills, — the road having many sharp curves. Arcambal, on the River Lot, has an impressive seventeenth-century château and the region abounds with dolmens. Less than five miles on is Cahors, but let me beg of you not to cross the Tarn at the first bridge, but run on, following the curve of the river, until you see the Pont Valentré, most glorious of medieval bridges, and then cross to the city.

This Pont Valentré, with its six pointed arches and three defensive towers rising one hundred and thirty feet above the river, is the most magnificent fortified bridge that has remained in existence in France or Europe! You pass through the machicolated portal of the first tower, proceed on an incline to the central tower, with its figure of that interesting gentleman, the Devil, and so down and through the

machicolated portal of the third, into the city of many medieval houses.

This superb bridge was begun in 1308, and here it has stood through the centuries, reminding us that Cahors, lying in a depression or saucer, nearly bounded by the river, had in its middle life taken warning from the experiences of its youth when Rome ceased to father it, and the Visigoths, Franks, Vandals, Saracens, Normans and English had each, in turn, tortured it. The bridge and the city walls, however, did not save it from days of trouble, for it suffered during the religious struggles. Henry of Navarre, whom it defied, took it and sacked it for its insolence.

I think Cahors is worthy of at least a day's investigation, a day not spent in strenuous sight-seeing, but in poking about quietly wherever the fancy takes you. It has hardly over eleven thousand inhabitants, and limestone cliffs just across the river hem it in on three sides. The Hôtel des Ambassadeurs, centrally located, has comfortable rooms and a good table.

On one of the streets I found an elderly soul in trouble. He looked like an American, but spoke a strange tongue; he seemed to be asking questions of a group of kindly people gathered about him. The more he spoke, the deeper became the mystery. All listened earnestly, looked at one another and shrugged their shoulders. He was pitifully confused, and at last murmured to himself, — "Can no one understand?"

"English!" cried a youth. "Can I be of service, Monsieur?"

The old man beamed relief and asked the way to his hotel.

"What language were you speaking, Monsieur?" inquired the young man.

"Japanese," was the reply.

"Why Japanese in France, Monsieur?"

"It is the only foreign tongue I know; I am as God made me, — a very absent-minded, foolish old man, and ridiculous at times — my friend."

"Ah, Monsieur, speak English next time. It is better."

The cathedral of Saint-Étienne, although severe and on casual inspection seemingly "just one more", is unusual in design and of decided interest to the scholar. It was built at the end of the eleventh century and belongs to the Romanesque-Byzantine period, like Périgueux and Angoulême. In fact, it is the earliest of the domed churches of France, Saint-Front of Périgueux coming later. It has undergone, of course, various restorations and some changes, but remains much as it was conceived, — Romanesque in its main construction, to which at a later date Gothic features were added. To me it is much more interesting than the cathedral of Périgueux, the restoration of which has robbed it of all spiritual atmosphere and left it an architectural text book.

Cahors has the earmarks of a fortified city. Such of course it was, and its seeming security led its citizens to build homes embellished with architectural

details of the times. The streets between the Boulevard Gambetta and the River Lot contain so many quaint and often lovely specimens of its golden past, that you will enjoy "doing" them systematically, and if you have a camera or sketch pad, there is much to record that will pay dividends in after years in the currency of pleasant memories associated with your pictures. There is the Château Royal, now a prison, and close by, the palace of the cruel and avaricious Pope John XXII, who was a native of Cahors. Another native of quite a different character was Gambetta, who was born on the Rue du Lycée in 1838. But the main attraction at Cahors is, of course, the bridge.

CHAPTER XIV

An Extraordinary Region

THE valley of the Lot is a vestibule, as it were, to a region of France where there are concentrated more diversified and astonishing features than in any other section.

Not only are there cave dwellings, cliff forts and châteaux on the route, but veritable marvels of nature, and Rocamadour is in the very center of such attractions.

The fine modern road from Cahors through the valley of the Lot, as far as its junction with that of the Célé, follows the Roman highway that in sections pierces great rocky buttresses in the manner we have seen along the gorge of the Tarn.

During the period of the English occupation, the "Captains" allied to the English cause built fortresses suggestive of swallows' nests, and towers and châteaux along the valleys of the Lot and Célé, in order to command the road.

Not far from Cahors we come upon a square tower resting upon a shelf above the road, with an overhanging cliff all but touching its roof. The thing looks as if it were held in a rocky jaw. Just on the opposite side of the road is another stronghold, the two forming a barrier that boded ill for the enemy

and the poor wayfarer of the past. At Vers, not far beyond, are the remains of a Roman aqueduct that supplied Cahors with water from a spring at Polemic. The scenery becomes impressive, the cliffs rising alternately first on one side of the Lot, then on the other. About twelve miles from Cahors is St. Gery where there are a number of subterranean hiding places and a tumulus near the village. Between St. Gery and Bouzies, the road runs under great precipices of colorful limestone, tunneling itself through otherwise impassable barriers. Now, we must be on the watch, for after we have passed through the third or fourth of these rocky arches, we shall see, by looking back, plastered on, patched on, clinging on to the great buttresses above the road, an extraordinary castellated fortress, very small to be sure, but having excavated chambers behind its outer walls. It is to-day a most romantic thing to look upon, commanding the ancient "Défile des Anglais", as the pass was called, but I assure you that after Perducat, the Bastard of Albret, an English captain, and Bertrand de Besserat had succeeded in lodging it in the crag sometime about 1380, it was far from a laughing matter to the merchant of the times, for here he was made to pay a heavy toll or was robbed. To-day it is inhabited by birds and seems inaccessible.

The way winds on, passing hamlets and at least one large manor house before reaching Bouzies, not quite twenty miles from Cahors. Near Conduché, which possesses a sixteenth-century château, it turns

north to Cabrerets, leaving the Lot and entering the valley of the Célé, which from the geological standpoint alone is interesting. The cliffs, as in the valley of the Lot, seem unable to make up their minds on which side of the stream to make their homes, so try first the right bank then the left, and finally settle on both, forming gorges. At the entrance to Cabrerets an inhabited château is strikingly placed above the road. Cabrerets is a small village with an old bridge spanning the Célé. By all means leave the car, cross the bridge and look back upon the colorful cliff overhanging the route. Here, stuck on to the rock above the road, is another *chef d'oeuvre* of our friends Perducat and Besserat, known as the "Devil's Castle" or "Château du Diable", a good name for the fanciful old bird's nest, now a mass of ruins. Bertrand de Besserat held it from 1380 to 1390, but by the end of that time, the neighborhood had had its fill of him and besought the Seigneur Hebraud de Saint-Sulpice to help them persuade the gentleman to move onward, which was done with the due violence of the day. It has a tower about twenty feet in diameter and a frontage of seventy feet. Part of it is carved out of the cliff. Below and about it are cliff houses, some inhabited to the present day.

Proceeding on the winding journey up the valley we have a tree-bordered river, and steep cliffs with houses peering down from a rocky shelf. The river makes a graceful curve at Sauliac and the valley takes the form of a cirque. Here, in the midst of fine scenery, is a castle dating from 1460. A mile or two

farther on, we enter Marcilhac, a town of interesting roofs, towers and a ruined church, and run on — passing St. Sulpice — to Brengues.

The bishop of Cahors, at the time the English captured the city in 1361, would have nothing to do with them or their ways, and as for swearing allegiance to the King of England, that was adding insult to injury. He had a castle at Brengues to which he moved and from which he governed the diocese. His successor intended to follow his example, but after scarcely a year's occupancy, the English under Bertrand de Besserat captured his "perch in the sun." Perducat d'Albret next held it, and soon decided it would be safer if Bertrand and he hung one of their bird's-nest affairs on the cliff. This time they built far above the river, near the top of the precipice. Heaven alone knows how many broke their necks in sticking the castle into the hole, or how the survivors got up and down. I believe it is quite out of the question to enter the place to-day.

These captains were busy men, and, what is more, had a mania for caverns; could not sleep or eat, apparently, until they had filled every hole in the district with some sort of fort. Perducat seems to have been the leader in the art, for after a bit of "high finance" at Corn, which he captured and sold for a comfortable sum, he recaptured it, and set to work to build defenses in the caves above it. Next he fixed up those about Espagnac, Brengues, Marcillac, Sauliac and so down to the Lot, until he had a collection worthy of any connoisseur.

After passing the "castle in the air", Espagnac is reached, and shortly after Ste. Eulae, a fascinating grouping of old houses with high, pitched roofs, huddling comfortably about what I take to be a priory church with a lovely tower. The town, in its setting among tall graceful poplars, is startlingly beautiful.

The castle of Roquefort, which Captain Perducat took, is on the road to the next village, Corn, a short distance away. Just off the main road, there are some of his pet caves, in which may be seen remains of fortifications. Now, the cliffs begin to recede and soon we enter the city of Figeac, in time for lunch.

Figeac certainly is beautifully located. It lies in a bowl, closely hemmed in by rich green hills from which lovely specimens of the poplar rise like plumes. The Célé makes its way through the bowl and city. The setting is worthy of the jewel, for Figeac is a delightful medley of ancient garnet-colored roofs of various forms, as viewed from its upper terraces. Its narrow crooked streets contain lovely old houses with Gothic and Renaissance features. It is rich in choice architectural vistas. It is a jolly, friendly town lying principally in its hollow, but encroaching on the hillsides by means of steep lanes bordered with old walls, on which flowering weeds grow.

In the heart of the city is the church of St. Sauveur, which has a distinctive personality. It is stately within and although showing the various changes that have taken place during its history, it appeals strongly to the sense of the artistic. It was begun

in the eleventh century and formerly belonged to a Bénédictine abbey.

If you wander from the central section of the city through the crooked streets and byways, perhaps you will find a section where a stream flows by some quaint houses. If a motive for a picture is desired, it is here. After you have explored the numerous nooks and corners of the lower town, climb to the church of Notre-Dame-du-Puy and look down. Notre-Dame-du-Puy, which dates from the twelfth century, I believe, also has an appeal with its immense altar piece dating from 1696.

The city goes back to Pepin le Bref, who established a monastery here in 755. The English took Figeac, took it twice, in fact. The Protestants in the sixteenth century fell upon it, pillaged it and left their "earmarks." Figeac can boast of being the birthplace of Jean-François Champollion, the first to decipher hieroglyphics.

If you feel that an hour or two spent in rambling about this city of mellow-aged houses is sufficient, you can run on to Rocamadour, a distance of twenty-eight miles, visiting Assier and Gramat on the way.

Assier has a church and a château built by Galliot de Genouillac, who was grand master of Artillery under François I. The church, — why the church is just another church. It is adorned rather oddly and contains the tomb of De Genouillac. The château, partly in ruin, has a façade with medallions and a grand staircase. Near the railroad station there is a dolmen.

Gramat is the center for numerous extraordinary

excursions, but Rocamadour, six miles beyond, is preferable. The old town of Gramat is considered to be very interesting, but it struck me as a ramshackle, sordid sort of a place. What I wish you to see are two tumuli, lying in a pretty field to the right of a good country road about a mile and a half to the east of Gramat. They are merely oval green mounds, but the one close to the road is a fine specimen. As you stand on its top, the stone roof can be seen wearing its way to the surface.

If the earth had been removed in the past, for agricultural or other purposes, the tumulus would become a dolmen, for when a rocky tomb is uncovered, it is so called.

One cannot help but wonder what old chieftain or great man of the tribe was buried in the chamber below; whether he was a terror to the younger members, and if, when he was put to rest, the earth was piled up good and high so that they were sure his ghost could not get out and cause more trouble.

It may be that, in this case, one or more of his servants had the hard luck to be buried alive with him, so as to attend to his wants in the "land of shadow." It is very probable, for the mound is fairly large. No doubt his people brought food and drink for a while. I think he must have been one of H. G. Wells' "old men" — the sort that put a wholesome fear into the hearts of the younger generation and claimed all the pretty women. When he died, there was a big celebration, procession, and feasting at the entombment. What do you think about it?

ROCAMADOUR HANGING TO ITS ROCK

The distance between Gramat and Rocamadour is about six miles and the route is through a bleak country of stony fields enclosed by numerous high stone walls. It is all very much a *causse* of aspect, and the scattered farmers have a time of it to eke out an existence. This is in the section of the *gouffres*, — great natural holes in the earth, often in the form of a well or pothole. If you will look at a detailed map of the district about Gramat and Rocamadour, you will see how rich the neighborhood is in these strange phenomena.

After about five miles, we come to a small straggling village called l'Hospitalet, where there is a tower, a part of the medieval pilgrim rest house, now in a state of ruin. Almost immediately, we make a sharp turn and enter a tunnel. On emerging, we find our road a broad descending ribbon-like trail, clinging to an abrupt cliff. Far below is an exquisitely green flat valley floor a few hundred feet wide, bounded on the opposite side by another cliff, nearly a duplicate of the one we are on. Underneath this carpet of green flows an underground river, and above, on the surface, a little stream. Hanging by the means of terraces to the cliff we are to descend is Rocamadour, one of the oddest towns in Europe. It sits midhigh above the valley floor, — a fanciful, romantic village clinging to the rocks. Peeping over the edge of the plateau directly above it is the palace of the bishops of Tulle. Topping the village, partly built into the living rock, is a great square structure enclosing the basilica of St. Sauveur and other

religious buildings. Below are garnet, moss-grown roofs of the ancient houses. The scene is as astonishing as it is beautiful.

Halt the car midway in its descent and look at this pilgrimage town from the middle distance. Surely the bleak barren aspect of the plateau above is not found here. The scene before us speaks of sunshine and homely comfort. It is picturesque in the extreme, and very Old World. It is just the place to make headquarters for the leisurely investigation of a wide country, for any one of the inns can make a traveler comfortable, can even supply, perhaps, a room and bath if ordered ahead.

Before entering the town, it is well to recall that Rocamadour gets its name from Saint Amadour. The story goes that Zacchæus, the Publican, a follower of Jesus, after the crucifixion, joined with others in an expedition to evangelize Gaul. With him was his wife, Sainte Veronica. Zacchæus, taking the name of Amadour, made his way to Soulac, where Sainte Veronica died.

Saint Amadour journeyed to the northward to continue his work and founded an oratory in what is now Limoges. As age approached, he grew restless and rambled to the south as far as this pleasant valley, where he died in a shelter of the cliff and was entombed in a cavern.

Rocamadour is one of the oldest pilgrim shrines in France, and, during the Middle Ages was visited by several royal personages, as well as by many notable and historic figures. For centuries the devout

have made their way here to pray at its shrines, and it is said many have been the miracles that have occurred here. Rocamadour (Saint Amadour's Rock) has five decaying old gates along its principal artery of fifteenth-century houses.

Just before the crumbling outer gate stands an ancient stone cross, and not far from this narrow gate, is the Hôtel du Lion d'Or, popular with tourists. Farther along the way is the Hôtel Notre Dame, with a terrace opposite, overlooking the valley, which I found very comfortable, with hot and cold running water in the chambers, electric light, and one or two rooms connecting with a private bath.

It seems to me, by the way, that Rocamadour is the logical place to dismiss the car and send it back to Nîmes or wherever it was picked up. The distance covered since leaving Nîmes has been approximately nineteen hundred kilometers. The return journey for the chauffeur is four hundred and twenty, or total for the car twenty-three hundred and twenty. Here you should be able to pick up another car at a reasonable figure — say, six cents a kilometer, as I did — and use it for the various interesting excursions to be made from your inn.

If you are going to spend several days and are willing to dispense with running water in your chamber, live simply but well, there is a small inn fronting a broad terrace, just under the cliff supporting the bishop's palace. I have heard glowing accounts of its quaint charm and table. What I saw of its dining room suggested good cheer, and the view from its

shaded terrace is superb. It strikes me as a splendid rest retreat, once you get up to it. The rate quoted me was half of what I paid below, or say roughly, one dollar and thirty cents for a room and three meals. If this appeals to you, do not get the places mixed up with the inns on the terrace near the Basilica, but go through the tunnel under the church.

I would like you to note especially the composition formed by the outer gate, ready-made for the artist; the crumbling bit of wall with the bishop's palace seen above, the vista of the street seen through the arch and the soft color of the scene.

Opposite the Hôtel Lion d'Or, just within the gate, is a café shop with a balcony overlooking the valley where you may sit over your coffee or liqueur. Some years ago this was a much more primitive affair, with a kitchen having an open fireplace where meats were roasted upon a spit and copper pans and pots abounded. I made a picture of it as it was then and was surprised to see a copy of it this year at the café. Times have changed since then, for a white enameled stove sits enthroned in the old fireplace and the balcony has grown in size.

Continuing down the street, you reach another gate, then a third, where close by, a great stone stairway leads up to the precincts of the basilica of St. Sauveur by the way of a terrace. Just before you turn to mount this long, long flight of steps, a tedious climb I assure you, note the cranelike derrick of the inn above that serves as an elevator for household supplies.

On the terrace are various small shops that contain religious emblems and souvenirs, and from the garden at the rear of the near-by inn, there is a view of another section of the valley.

Another stairway leads to a court where on two elevations are grouped the sanctuaries of Rocamadour in an astonishing manner. I think the first object that strikes the eye will be a great sword thrust into the wall, supposed to be a copy of Roland's "Durandal", brought here after his death and stolen in the twelfth century. This, together with a statue of St. Dominic and an ancient chest, form a piece of decoration hard for the artist to resist.

One's first desire will naturally be to enter St. Sauveur, which is of unusual form, dating from 1160. Its rear wall is formed by the cliff. There is something very lovable about this old church, decorated with paintings and inscriptions referring to noted pilgrims. Below is the crypt of Saint Amadour, which is used as a chapel. Opposite are chapels and a rest house.

A stairway leads to a terrace and here, close by the tomb of Saint Amadour, is the Chapelle de la Vierge, decorated with a fresco of the "Three Dead Men and Three Live Men." The cliff itself forms the rear wall, — a wall black with the smoke of votive candles and hung with chains and crutches. The chapel, much changed and modernized since its erection in the fifteenth century, has the aspect of a jewel box of gold, relieved with rich colored glass through which the sunlight plays. The Black Virgin above the altar

is the sacred treasure of this casket chapel and it is claimed has wrought miracles and protected many a soul. The walls of the building are thickly studded with votive tablets, frames containing bridal ribbons, pressed flowers and numerous offerings of gratitude for the blessings bestowed by the Virgin.

We are not done with stairways, for another leads still higher to the Couvent à Marie and to the very old Chapelle St. Michel, hewn in the rock.

If you make your way to the top of the cliff and ring at the portal of the palace, the guardian will permit a visit to the walls that enclose its garden, from which is a view of the roof tops and all that Rocamadour contains.

By descending to the street again, and wandering past the further gate, you will come to an old mill and some cottages in the valley, and if you go up the opposite cliff there is another comprehensive view of this marvelous old village.

Of the different excursions, I think I should choose that to the Gouffre de Padirac first, which lies some eight miles to the northeast. In a desolate region, you come to a great hole in the ground, over one hundred yards in circumference and two hundred and fifty feet deep. You descend by means of a stairway to the bottom of the pit and, looking up, you will get the impression of being in a great urn, the mouth of which is smaller than the body. From the top, ledges of jagged rock and drooping foliage hang most artistically. The bottom is a mass of uneven débris with a drain hole in one corner; down this a series

of stairways leads until a long narrow passage is reached, which extends for a thousand feet or more before coming to an underground river. You now enter a boat and for a quarter of a mile or so drift through a narrow way lined with great fantastic stalactites, coming at last to a tiny lakelet where the boat lands, at three hundred and forty feet below the earth's surface! Proceeding on foot through a maze of caverns, the way at last begins to ascend and finally enters a great domed chamber. The giant stalactites resemble huge wet blankets, great cauliflowers, strange sea forms, hobgoblins, witches and anything into which the mind wishes to translate them. The whole wonderful cave is awesome and uncanny, the silence intense, in spite of the steady drip, drip of water. Some thirteen kilometers of this sort of thing has been so far explored, but the public is restricted to a small section, on account of various difficulties and dangers. The river passage has some fourteen "carries" alone, and only the section shown by the guides is lit by electricity.

If you are not fatigued by the visit to the Gouffre de Padirac, the grottoes of Lacave can be included in the same afternoon's excursion, for although they lie to the northwest of Rocamadour, a road leads to them without returning to the village. If the start is made from the inn, the road climbs steeply and soon looks down on the flat green valley, then reaches a point where a river emerges from the underground world. To reach the valley of the Ouysee, there is some very giddy roadway to travel, well

cared for, but poorly protected from unseemly, nay, ghastly drops to great depths — if things went amiss. The scenery is awesome, but it is a relief to the nerves to reach the valley bottom and see the yawning mouth of the grottoes.

A long artificial shaft leads to a series of stairways, which end at last at the entrance of some dozen electric-lighted chambers full of delicate, colorful stalactites and stalagmites. While Padirac has an underground river at work carving new wonders, here water has accomplished its task and gone, leaving effects more delicate and more charming. The grouping of the stalagmites suggest human figures — a conclave of monks, a gathering of weirdly hooded women, Rodin-like groups, oriental figures, stunted Japanese trees, and delightful crystal forms. One has to see these well-lighted formations to get any idea of their exquisite beauty.

The two caves are quite different of aspect. Padirac contains gigantic formations; Lacave small and startling ones, — while the roofs of the chambers shine with crystals. On no account should you miss seeing both, and remember, if they leave you with an appetite for the exploration of other *gouffres*, why, there are plenty in the district.

Before going farther afield on excursions from Rocamadour, I wish to call to your attention the Puy d'Issolu, close to the village of Vayrac, about sixteen miles northeast. It is a small limestone plateau almost cut off from the surrounding country by precipices. It is claimed to be the site of Uxellodunum,

where the mighty struggle between the Gauls and Cæsar took place. Here the Gauls built a fortress to which they fled in times of stress and here they made their stand against Cæsar. It was so strongly guarded by nature that, for a time, the Romans were brought to a standstill, until Cæsar bethought him of trying to cut off the water supply by mining the source.

The Gauls hampered the operation to such an extent that the Romans had to construct a great platform, sixty feet high, upon which they built a tower to keep the besieged at a safe distance. The first tunnel did not tap the supply, but the second succeeded and that finished the story, as far as the Gauls went, for they surrendered. Cæsar ordered the right hand of each of the defenders struck off as an example to all that it did not pay to defy Rome. Little is to be seen on the "Puy" to-day — the merest fragments of the walls amid modern surroundings.

While we are speaking of ancient defensive works, did you ever hear of vitrified forts; in other words, glass forts, welded together as a unit mass by intense heat? Baring-Gould states there are some in America, and others are to be found in Scotland, Germany, Belgium and several parts of France. Close to the village of Gandumas, just north of Excideuil, there is a "glass castle" on a bend of the River Loue. If you will lay a ruler on a map so that a straight line may be drawn between Angoulême and Brive, about two thirds of the distance from Angoulême is

Excideuil, and thus you can find Gandumas. Brive, is about thirty-six miles from it. It is locally known as the Saracen's Castle. I gather its age is somewhat a mystery to scholars.

The first excursion afield from Rocamadour, I think should be via Gramat, Thégra and Loubressac to the Château de Castelnau, returning by the way of Bretenoux, St. Céré and Autoire, a loop of nearly sixty-five miles to the east of our chosen base.

Loubressac is a primitive village situated on a hill with a large and fine château, owned and maintained, I am informed, by a well-known gentleman of the Parisian theatrical world. The château and town overlook a lovely valley, on the farther side of which, standing conspicuously on a hill, is the romantic-looking Château de Castelnau, owned by another well-known gentleman of stageland.

Castelnau is one of the most delightful old strongholds you have seen. It stands half in stately, picturesque ruin and half lovingly cared for by a man who possesses the taste and artistic knowledge to preserve that which has crumbled and that which exists intact, as one would treasure a rare painting by an old master. Its thirteenth-century donjon, its ramparts, its fourteenth-century residential wing are of the color of burnt sienna with a touch of deep orange. It is set off by parklike grounds, where in April lilacs drawing their nourishment from reddish soil show their appreciation of mother earth by adding her color to their own, producing a blossom so deep and beautiful in hue that I have not the power

to describe it. Within are rooms beautifully furnished in keeping with the precious setting. It has not the museum-like quality of the castles of the Loir; you feel at home in its atmosphere and envy the man of Paris who may come and go at will.

Four miles from Castelnau lies the very picturesque *bastide* of Bretenoux with its jolly old square and two gates. It sits on the left bank of the Céré, doting in its old age. If you are an artist, you will love it. It is very small, but the square, with its arcades, central cross and surrounding picture-book houses, is going to furnish you with a motive — so go prepared.

A few miles beyond is St. Céré, with twenty-five hundred inhabitants, situated on a canal. Here we shall turn toward Rocamadour and soon pass another impressive château, known as the Château de Montal, dating from 1523, recently restored and now the property of the State.

The valley of the Autoire is the grand finale of the excursion. First, we have the exceedingly picturesque village of Autoire with its high, steep-pitched roofs running at all sorts of angles. I have referred to the toy towns the Germans mold so beautifully and artistically with steep irregular roofs, dormer windows, turrets, great houses, small houses, spires, church and all that. You have seen them? Well, if you have, imagine one placed amid majestic scenery, — at the bottom of a *cirque*, the cliffs dropping sheer, a waterfall tumbling to a green dell from grayish-brown rocks high above, and in the face of a mighty cliff, one of those crazy birds'-nest

châteaux pressed into a hole, and you will get the idea of Autoire and its setting. This unattainable ruined stronghold is known as the Château des Anglais and I have my suspicions that Perducat saw the hole and the temptation was too much for him, — or perhaps Besserat saw it first. Not far distant, is the Gorge d'Autoire, a terrific chasm in the *causse*.

As you have explored the country to the east of our cliff-hanging village, so by all means you must investigate the district to the west. The roads are good, but part of the route proceeds through the wild region of the *causse*, cut by deep valleys, where driving must be done with care. The excursion I have in mind goes to Souillac, Sarlat, Beynac, La Roque and Domme, returning by the way of Gourdon, a distance of nearly eighty-seven miles. On leaving Rocamadour, the high country traveled on the way to Lacave is again traversed but just before reaching the grottoes, after having descended to the Ouysse, the road shoots up a steep hill to Belcastel, a hamlet presided over by a sightly château situated on a cliff overlooking the lovely valley of the Dordogne. Running over an elevated region, with three châteaux, a few hamlets and the town of Pinsac, the descent is made to the Dordogne and Souillac.

Souillac has scarcely twenty-five hundred inhabitants to-day, but contains several features of interest. In the center of the town, fronting a rather nice square, is the ruined belfry of the old parish church which entices the photographer to record it and its setting. The chief architectural treasure of Souillac

is its Romanesque-Byzantine abbey church of the twelfth century. The finest view of it is from the rear, where its Oriental features suggest themselves strongly. The unique sculpture inside the west door is extremely interesting. Not far away is an old stone market house and the town contains numerous picturesque motives.

I have not a high opinion of some of the citizens of Souillac. I left the car in the square in front of the Hôtel Modern and proceeded on foot to look for pictures in the side streets, asking the driver to meet me at the church. The narrow shopping artery, close to the ruined church tower, I noticed was exceedingly muddy. The car did not arrive and I set out to find it. I did. It had become mired in a bog hole in the "Fifth Avenue" of the town, so narrow here that a Ford would block the way.

The chauffeur was helpless, for the front wheels had almost disappeared. Would the general loafers help the poor devil? Not they, nor the proprietors of the shops! Neither did they give the man a word of warning about the soupy slough which looked as if it had been there since Adam was a little boy. They made things cheerful by coarse jest and laughter until they were well paid to rescue the car from its undignified position. The time consumed made it expedient to lunch at the Hôtel Modern instead of at Sarlat as intended. Not only was the lunch good, but a radio tuned to a London station broadcasting an exceptional quality of music made the hour a pleasant one, soothing our rumpled tempers.

On leaving Souillac, we follow the pretty valley of the Dordogne with its gorgeous tree forms and graceful curving river, — composing a pastoral scene of much beauty and peace. Finally, we turn inland and so come to Sarlat, which has a population over twice that of Souillac.

Sarlat? Why, Sarlat is a town after my own heart! I would put it in the category of Figeac, rich with a gorgeous array of fourteenth and sixteenth-century houses. There are lovely façades, fine doorways and windows, turrets and towers. I think the inner core of the town is superior in pure picturesque quality to Figeac — but not the setting. In front of its former cathedral, the church of St. Cyprien, is a beautiful Renaissance house, dating from the days of François I, in which Étienne de la Boëtie, who became the bosom friend of Montaigne, was born in 1530. Near the market is a house of the fourteenth century, with lovely flamboyant windows. Near by stands the Hôtel de Brons, another gem dating from the time of Henri II. St. Cyprien goes back originally to the eleventh century, but was changed somewhat in the fifteenth. In a garden on a hill back of the church is a strangely shaped mortuary chapel that reminds me, for all its rather decorative quality, of the Orient, or to put it less vaguely, a cigar half thrust into the earth. It is a Lantern to the Dead.

The town grew about an abbey founded by Pepin le Bref. The founding of abbeys seemed to be a fad of his, just as Perducat specialized in blocking up caverns. Pepin and his brother Carloman were the

sons of Charles Martel. On the death of their father, Carloman received the eastern part of the Frankish realm and Pepin the western. They interested themselves in reforming the Frankish Church. In 747, Carloman became a monk, retiring from the world, and Pepin the master of the realm — by sending Childeric III to a monastery and assuming the title of king.

The Hôtel de la Madeleine, although simple, has an air of comfort about it and I have heard it is clean and the table very good. Sarlat surely deserves the attention of artists who delight in medieval settings.

The run to Beynac is short and here we have one of the finest specimens of a thirteenth-fourteenth century castle. Its situation on a rocky seat above the Dordogne, with a village at its feet, is all that can be desired. Beynac was one of the four great baronies of Perigord. At least six romantically situated castles and châteaux can be seen from the bridge below Beynac to the southern bank of the river.

Following the river in a southerly direction, we come upon high, eroded cliffs. At the entrance to La Roque a picturesque château sits above the road. The village just beyond backs up to a cliff, honeycombed with cavities containing dwellings, the rock forming floor and roof. The town is a veritable delight, dilapidated and slovenly as it is. It is a strange combination of cliff dwellings, of steep, moss-grown roofed houses lining the road by the river, intermingled with great rocks, fallen from the cliff above.

Add to this the peaceful river and green valley with plumelike poplar trees, and you have a scene that you are loath to leave. It will well repay you to investigate La Roque in some detail, climb to the houses in their rocky nests and see what the inhabitants are about.

Shortly after leaving La Roque, on a table-land high above the river, is the charming golden brown *bastide* of Domme. It sits on the very edge of a precipice, overlooking the lovely valley where the Dordogne makes an S curve. As we ascend we get a beautiful view of the district, but a finer one is obtained from the little park between the town and precipice. Beneath the *bastide*, the rocky foundation contains grottoes that may be visited if desired.

Domme has the usual central square of a *bastide* town, containing a market house much like a dwelling, with a balcony formed of heavy curved timber nearly black with age, supported by four columns. The surrounding houses are kindly and "homey" old things and one or two can boast of a tower and and even a turret. The streets amble away, lined with stone houses, their age dating many centuries back. Part of the ramparts still exist and two great gateways are intact; one of these has two towers. Within are chambers rudely carved with crosses, figures, initials and names of those who guarded the walls in the past. Some of the names are French; others, English, for the English occupied Domme three times. The old town must be cool in summer. I imagine the Hôtel de l'Abbaye, with its fifteen

rooms, might put one up very comfortably if he were content to loaf and make sketches in a very primitive but quaint town of thirteenth-fourteenth century dwellings. I left it, like Sarlat, with regret.

Before we know it, we are at Gourdon which sits on the top of a hill. The only part of the place I found of interest was the section about its church at the very top of the town, which is approached by narrow steep streets. The fourteenth-century church has a good rose window and about it are a few interesting houses.

The return route lies through St. Projet, a pretty hamlet with a lovely stone cross, then up and down grade and around curves, sometimes in the valley, sometimes up in a bleak and all but sterile country. You no sooner get up than you start down, to repeat the process over and over. Beyond Couzou, the barren, unfriendly aspect is at its worst. The gray rocky outcrop of the *causse* is everywhere and by nightfall this elevated region has a weird atmosphere. Suddenly comes a hair-raising descent into the valley of Rocamadour by the means of the cliff opposite the town. We look down upon the palace, the village and peaceful inviting valley; next we are abreast of it, then below, crossing the valley floor to mount to the main street and our inn.

From Rocamadour you can take the train directly to Brive, as we could have taken it from Figeac to Rocamadour, but it is preferable to go by car and send it back.

If Rocamadour is left at a comfortable hour in

the morning, Brive is reached in ample time to settle in your rooms before lunch. The route is not spectacular, but the roads are good as they have been all through this long trip. Alvignac, a pretty little town near which is a thermal spring with a large modern hotel is passed; then Martel, a picturesque town of towers and roofs with a fine fifteenth-century church more or less fortified. Next comes Cressensac, a place of little interest, then a region of young oak noted for the excellence of its truffles. All about Rocamadour truffles are found and we have been for days in the land of *paté de fois gras*. Beyond, lies Noailles with its castle, the seat of the Dukes of Noailles, and within a quarter of an hour from there, we enter Brive whose Hôtel de Bordeaux makes a home of unusual comfort.

CHAPTER XV

Brive and Haunts of Prehistoric Man

THE wise traveler stops to rest at times in some spot where the temptation to "sight-see" is at a minimum, and where living conditions are conducive to relaxation.

To me, Brive is such a place. It is old, but it is encircled by the modern. It is peacefully and pleasantly located in a valley rich in beautiful tree forms and green fields. Its hotel is most comfortable. It is the sort of place where you can read novels and forget for the time that you are upon the trail in a foreign land. After a few days, the cobwebs will disappear from your mind and the weariness from your body. You will wake up some morning to remember you are in France and again hungry for adventure.

I am going to lead you from Brive to a residential section of prehistoric man. Then, rapidly as may be, leave this section of France and journey by automobile to the seacoast to linger at La Rochelle. But on the way lies Périgueux, Brantome, Angoulême, Cognac and Saintes before that wonderful old seaport, La Rochelle is reached, with its fleet of fishing craft decked with sails like unto Joseph's "coat of many colors."

Brive has excellent railroad facilities. You may take a train before noon and reach Paris in the evening in time for dinner. You may journey directly to Clermont Ferrand, Limoges, Périgueux, Bordeaux, Figeac, Toulouse and ever so many places. It has a population of nearly twenty-five thousand and a mild climate which has been likened to that of Pau. A few palm trees seem to thrive exceedingly well, which bears out the statement that its winters are not severe.

The compact inner town is surrounded by a wide boulevard that follows the site of its former walls. This core of Brive contains the usual features of an old French town — a market place with a fine church of the twelfth century — interesting streets and old houses more or less feudal in appearance. The encircling boulevard is more modern of aspect and contains some very comfortable homes. Beyond this dividing line, a newer Brive is growing afield. By the river lies a park inviting quiet afternoon saunterings.

The city has an extensive trade in fruit, vegetables and truffles, and carries on a busy life of its own — seemingly self-sufficient. On the third and eighteenth of every month it has its Fair. These are the times when Brive comes into its own — Brive, bursting with activity — Brive, exhibiting its wealth from the country about to the sunlight that bathes its little old streets with an invigorating glow.

At dawn the city awakens and it seems as though every one is busy collecting things they might sell.

There are grand parades of peasants, leading oxen that slowly haul the loads to market. Some of the farmers come afoot, carrying baskets of crisp fresh vegetables, cream and eggs, or driving horses, cows, sheep, lambs or pigs.

The city folk display their wares — from every article of clothing to the smallest detail of building material — from the simple hoe to the Ford tractor. A huge junk pile of discarded pots, bedsteads, stoves, old railings — metal of every description, — accumulates until it towers high above the vendor who buys it for a song and, in turn, sells it at a seeming profit.

The market stretches from the church portal, crowds every bit of the square and spreads in all directions through the narrow streets to the broad avenues — to every open place — even into the park. The big auction square is so filled with cattle that the people become an insignificant factor. If you worm your way about the animals, you will see the peasants in their smocks, the gentry in their "Sunday best" — the rich and the poor alike, driving hard bargains. To see the horses go up for auction is indeed pathetic. It gives one much the same feeling as the slave auction in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." A poor peasant may gently pet his old equine friend, while another will forcibly open its mouth to examine its teeth.

There is no such feeling in the hog section. The pink color of this congregation is what strikes you. They are the biggest, fattest, laziest specimens I have ever seen, but clean, so clean they look as

though they have been scrubbed for weeks. "Hogs in the nude" best describes them.

Yes, there is nothing lacking here, and the great questions in Brive that day are, "to buy or not to buy — to sell or not to sell."

The Hôtel de Bordeaux seldom has American guests, but on my visit we were well represented, — I, for one, and an old New Englander who "didn't believe in liquor", with her niece. The old lady was a delegate to some anti-liquor demonstration somewhere and said she never tasted wines. "They are the snare of the Devil."

One day I found her quite depressed. "Can you help me," she begged. "My niece is very ill with a cold."

"Give her some whisky," I advised.

"Oh, I just couldn't do that," she lamented, "but — if — say, I have a flask of whisky — fine old rye whisky my brother gave me in the States."

I poured out a man's drink, gave it to the patient and told her to stay in bed. A few minutes later, I was called to her bedside.

"Oh, my niece is delirious — she's in high fever. Shall I call a doctor?"

The niece was muttering, "The woom's goin' wound and wound, up 'n' down."

"It is nothing," I said; "your niece is intoxicated. She will be better shortly."

"Oh — to think I have come to this," and she looked at me half thankfully — half reproachfully.

"Shame on you for having such strong whisky and debauching your niece," I taunted.

From Brive let us set out a little before nine for Les Eyzies. The route as far as Montignac is beautiful. The country is vividly green, the hills graceful in outline, and the trees luxuriant and lovely of form. At Tursac, some ten miles from Montignac, we first see ancient cliff dwellings.

I have described various river valleys and gorges lined with limestone cliffs. We have seen how these palisades have been eroded into curious shapes and how the elements have eaten out the soft chalky material in much the same way as insects excavate wood. The cliffs before us are composed of horizontal strata of both hard and soft material. The soft has been dug out by ice or water, leaving the hard intact. The result can be likened to horizontal grooves scooped out by a gouge. There are two theories to account for the formations in the section about Les Eyzies. The first is based on the hypothesis of three glacier periods — each ice sheet cutting deeply into the rock, and between each two ages, an era of tranquillity. The second is that of a gradual uplift and the action of the river upon the unequal composition of the strata. Either of these explanations would seem to account for the grooves, but we must consider the caverns formed by the action of the river and by rain upon the plateaus above, seeping through the sievelike rock, forming interior reservoirs which work their way out to the stream. However, the carving out of this district was done, and man found in these elevated grooves a safe place to build his hut, the hard shelf forming a firm foundation

and the shelf just above protecting his roof from the rain and separating him from his overhead neighbor. It suggests building in a shallow bookcase, each shelf containing one or more residences. As time went on, the inhabitants faced up the space between the shelves and pierced them with doors and windows, so that the whole looked much like the wall of the cliff, except for the artificial openings. This being accomplished, one took one's ease in one's hole and looked down upon the lovely valley. In some instances man excavated into the soft chalky stone for more room and perhaps dug a shelter for a cow, rigging a windlass and hauling the cow up from "green pastures" of a night, and lowering her again in the morning — sort of fishing for milk, as it were. Here lived the ancestor of the present valley dweller, sheltered by his rock abode, at a safe elevation from man and beast. But, alas, sometimes his shelf gave way and down came "Humpty Dumpty and all" into the river or valley.

All this reminds us of our cliff dwellings in Arizona, except that in this section of France man continues to dwell in many of these grooves. It is rather comfortable to have an awning of rock act as an umbrella, if you are sure the rock is sound and will not play you a scurvy trick by toppling over. The caverns were certainly a godsend to that poor, almost brainless thing — early prehistoric man — who was glad to find some hole to shelter him.

It is but a short run from the first of these rock habitations to Les Eyzies, a small place with a châ-

teau-like affair stuck into a shelf, at the back of the village. It is now a museum of things relating to early man. There are one or two very modest inns that offer food and shelter.

Across the river a mile or two distant, where the cliffs tower majestically, you will see, under an overhanging rock, a modern cliff dwelling. A guide will show the excavations, just beyond. We enter a moss-grown cavern, the floor of which has been cleaned and is as fresh as when prehistoric man first discovered it. A cool little stream, our ancestors' water supply, trickles from an abundant spring among the rocks at the back, and forming a gutter, finds its way to the daylight. It suggests a love nest without modern improvements, — a love nest of Adam and Eve sort of people. Here, as told by the débris, we have the story of man from prehistoric times very nearly to the present, recorded by the strata so plainly that any one can read.

The far-sighted archæologists have dug a vertical shaft from the present floor level of the cavern, to that of the Magdalenian age, exposing the strata, like a cut through a layer cake, thus leaving the débris in its original position. Starting from the bottom, we read up, Chinese fashion, beginning with the Magdalenian deposit, reddish in color, containing traces of crudely formed stone instruments; then a barren layer followed by a section richer in stone implements that are more advanced in conception; thus, strata by strata to an age when man began to carve on bone and stone the low reliefs of the

animals he knew, and play with design, and develop an advanced state of realistic art.

The different layers indicate in sequence an inferior development, a barren space, a highly, artistically developed one, and so on up to historic man from Gallo-Roman, medieval to modern times, with the trace of a Roman arch and the foundations of domestic buildings of recent centuries.

Toward the end of the last century, there came to this section a wandering workman, known as Père Galou, who became fascinated with the neighborhood and, settling here, led a sort of hermit life in one of the former cliff dwellings. He supported himself by excavating in the caverns, selling what he found to tourists. Just before the Great War, he bought a plot of ground at the foot of a great cliff which had yielded much that pertained to prehistoric man, and demanded that he be buried there after his death. He used to say, "I can see those scientists puzzled when, a few hundred years hence, they find my skeleton. They'll try to make out that I was a prehistoric chap, but what a lot of trouble they'll have to work things out."

Undoubtedly if the kitchen floor of one of the present cliff dwellers were cut through to a depth of some thirty feet, we would have another page open for our perusal. If Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn had spent a summer at Les Eyzies, we would have to-day so many caverns, prehistoric abodes, crystal caves and other wonders to visit that we should have to remain a week or more to do them justice.

TYPICAL CLIFF DWELLINGS

The owner of the modern cliff house hard by the excavations which we have just inspected has recently opened the most beautiful crystal cave in France, and perhaps in all Europe, and when you have entered it, you will believe it is Aladdin's cave. It is astounding! The glittering magnificence of it is awesome and the formations marvelous.

Retracing our steps, passing the town and continuing upstream, we come to a cave where the Reindeer men once worked by artificial light, to beautify the long tunnel-like passages, painting the animals they knew and hunted; painting them in red and outlining them in black. It is a rock art gallery and when you look upon the excellence of the work, you think "shame" on many a Parisian art student.

The cavern of prehistoric man is not the only one in the neighborhood, nor is this art gallery a lone specimen. All about Les Eyzies, the cliffs contain holes filled with the remains of habitations of the past. They have been used as shelters by the man of, let us say, one hundred thousand years ago; later by the Reindeer man, the artist of, perhaps, twenty-five thousand years ago, — and so on down to our times. In other words, this peaceful, sheltered valley has a fascinating tale, almost unique. The village of Les Eyzies is an ideal spot for those interested in antiquarian lore and geology. What fun it would be to spend a month or so hunting over the region, properly equipped with ropes and geological hammers.

Leaving the section, we shall start out for Péri-

gueux via the valley of the Vézère, the first part of the way clinging close to the cliffs which at times overhang the road. At Campagne, there is a magnificent fedual castle, dating from the tenth century, which for nearly five hundred years has belonged to one family by the name of De la Borie. It is impressively located in a park and is the most striking object on the afternoon's route. The fine scenery ends at Le Bugue, a considerable town but of no special interest. Here we cross the river and travel for some twenty miles over an elevated country that is monotonous and thinly populated.

I hardly know what to write about Périgueux. I think this city, often visited by the "church hunter", one of the unpleasant places of France, though I don't know why it affects me as it does. Perhaps it is the cathedral and the stuffy hotels.

As you look at the city from across the river, it is impressive. It stands on an elevation, grouping itself about the cathedral of St. Font, a strange Eastern-looking structure standing out conspicuously. Just across the bridge, there are one or two beautiful old houses that should be carefully preserved, but are molding away in wretchedness. Naturally you expect much of the cathedral. What it may have been I cannot say, but after Abadie, Brugère and Bœswillwald "restored" it in the nineteenth century — restored it by taking it down block by block and rebuilding it as they thought it might originally have been or ought to have been — it is a fit architectural specimen for a schoolroom perhaps,

but one of the coldest, barest illustrations of what a temple erected by man to his Deity should not be. It is finished according to rule and might just as well have been built of cheese as stone, for all the spiritual inspiration or emotional reaction I get out of it.

Périgueux is very old, probably the center of a prehistoric community. The Romans settled here and built a temple, arena, and other public buildings. The Tour de Vésone is partly Roman and the public garden contains fragments of the arena. The older section of the city provides some fine specimens of domestic architecture. There are one or two picturesque squares near the cathedral and the more modern center on a bright day may, by chance, look cheerful.

At Périgueux I came upon a "church hunter" and her meek, tired husband. She was in search of new fields to conquer. I mentioned Les Eyzies. "Why, Anna, that was the place I had beef stew," he exclaimed, "and you saw the ghost of an Indian."

The beef stew sounded reasonable, but the Indian seemed a misfit.

"Do be still, my dear," scolded his bigger half; "was the church Byzantine? I cannot seem to visualize it."

Nor could I — thank heaven.

The route from Périgueux to Angoulême shortly turns into a country road that leads to Lisle and then travels on to Bourdeilles with its picturesque bridge and its two castles on a knoll in the midst of the town. One is a feudal stronghold and the

other of the sixteenth century, built by Jeanne de Montbron in order to entertain that intriguing old devil, Catherine de Médici. But after all the bother, Catherine never came. The scene by the river is striking, as viewed from the bridge: the castles upon their rocky perch, a group of cottages below, a mill and the stream. The bridge, too, is oddly constructed, with triangular recesses projecting over the water that may have served as part of the outer defence of the town.

From Bourdeilles, the short run to Brantôme follows the River Dronne. The cliffs on the way are eroded in a manner that well illustrates the three-glacier theory. At the entrance to Brantôme, a row of dwellings is built under overhanging cliffs, the rock forming the roof of two-storied buildings, while square-shaped excavated cavities form stables and storerooms. This section is extremely odd and interesting and I advise you to leave the car and study it.

Just before the Dronne is crossed to the town proper, which sits upon an island in the stream, we come to an abbey said to have been founded by Charlemagne. The bell tower is detached from the church and sits at a lower level. A long flight of steps leads to the abbey, which, with the cliffs at its rear, makes a dignified grouping. However interesting the exterior may be, the restoration under M. Abadie has again harmed the interior beyond repair. Back of the edifice are some grottoes, said to have been used by the Druids, and one of them became in early Christian times a hermitage from which the

abbey grew. It contains a crudely sculptured "Last Judgment."

Brantôme is certainly a dear little town, pleasingly embellished by pretty balustrades bordering the river, which now and then give place to picturesque landing steps. Graceful trees reflect themselves in the water, through the branches of which enticing vistas are caught that coax you to photograph them. This island town contains some fine old houses and street vistas, but what we are interested in on our arrival is a place to refresh the inner man, and luckily, Brantôme has in the Hôtel Chabrol an inn noted far and wide for its table. After you have partaken of the lunch, which of course will include an ample portion of the paté of game for which the house is celebrated, you will not wonder that so many residents of Périgueux haunt the place at noon.

It is not necessary to speak in detail of the route between Brantôme and Angoulême, a run of thirty-six miles.

The long, gray, dirty street of Angoulême entered from the south, is not impressive. When, however, you have resigned yourself to the monotony of it all and come to the conclusion that the writer fellows and tourist agency have again led you astray, things begin to take shape and look better. In its heart of hearts, Angoulême is a dignified, aristocratic city, beautifully placed on a hill overlooking a very charming plain.

The entrance may be through the scullery, but the front rooms and garden of this cathedral town

of thirty-two thousand inhabitants are stately. The feudal-looking but modern Hôtel de Ville arouses interest, for embodied in the new is the old, in the form of two towers that once were a part of the castle of the Counts of Angoulême which stood on the site. In one of the towers, Marguerite, sister of François I, was born.

This section of the city, to the parklike ramparts with their beautiful view, contains, to my mind, all that is best of Angoulême, but there are numerous fine-looking homes and in the back streets, many old houses.

The treasure of the place is the magnificent façade of the Romanesque-Byzantine Cathedral of St. Pierre, a masterpiece of twelfth-century sculpture. The beauty of the front of this superbly placed church overlooking the ramparts is such that you expect the interior to have all the warmth and grace of its period, but one hasty glance tells you Abadie has made of it a cold, dead thing by "restoration."

Angoulême contains at least two pleasant hotels in the Nouvel and the France. Both set a very fine table and have comfortable rooms, some of which connect with private baths. One becomes aware, however, by the rates that it is in the tourist track.

On leaving Angoulême, the way descends to the valley of the Charente and after awhile climbs to an elevated rolling country beyond. At the beginning of this gentle ascent, the city is best seen in all its grandeur of setting. The road continues broad and finely graded; the country open and distinctly beau-

tiful at times. Hiersac and Jarnac are passed through on the way, the latter a rather comely old town, principally noted for the battle in which Louis I de Condé was slain in 1569. As we proceed, vineyards become frequent in the landscape and we realize we are approaching the land of the Bordeaux wine.

The speedometer shows forty-two kilometers when we enter Cognac with its eighteen thousand inhabitants and cast anchor, as it were, in its large, friendly central square. For some, Cognac will be known as the home of Messrs. Martel and Hennessy of the "Three Stars." For others, as the birthplace of François, the son of Louise de Savoie, a poor relation of the French court and wife of the disinterested Count of Angoulême. He might have married a woman of wealth, Marie de Bourgogne, except that Louis XI desired to keep him humble. Louise, however, became a widow at eighteen and because her purse was meager, lived modestly for one of her rank, bringing up her son and daughter as best she could in her comparative poverty. She was deeply interested in arts and letters and gathered around her many a painter and writer, until Cognac became for a time a miniature Athens. Her one ambition was to see her son King of France. She did what she could to that end, hampered as she was, and after many years of waiting, fate so ordained that the son did become François I. Then poverty vanished and the purse strings opened, the gold pouring out, as we all know.

The church of St. Léger, easily found, was formerly a part of a priory founded in 1041. To the west of

it and in the section sloping to the Charente, are several jolly old houses, while lining the river are the brandy warehouses. Near the bridge is the château with an interesting portal where François I was born. It is now a warehouse devoted to brandy and near by is one of the former city gates.

From Cognac, it is a run of seventeen miles over an open, rolling, smiling land of distant views, to Saintes, entered by a long, gray street lined with the ordinary small city houses. The Charente, which here makes a curve, divides the city into unequal parts. The uninteresting portion is the section just referred to. At the river is an arch that once stood on a Roman bridge, known as the Arc de Germanicus, erected in honor of Tiberius and Drusus Germanicus. Alas for the Roman bridge; it was demolished in 1845 during "city improvements."

Saintes was the capital of the Santones and the Romans appreciated its position and general aspect, so it became Roman and needed only an amphitheater, a theater, some temples and baths to be homelike. This matter was attended to and an aqueduct thrown in for good measure, to keep the place healthy. The inhabitants of the Middle Ages prized the Roman structures because of the building material they contained. It was so much more easy to dismantle temples, and so forth, for their church and house-building programs than to excavate stone. I believe they also helped Bordeaux in its need with some of the material.

The most impressive Roman remains of Saintes is

its amphitheater, which is located in a small valley at one side of the town. It is a stately, delightful ruin, through the arches of which one sees the city and the lovely tower of St. Eutrope. To me, it is the most picturesque arena we have seen on our wanderings. It was built probably during the first century and held its thousands of spectators when any particularly gruesome performance was booked. The thoughts of what took place in the line of amusement are beyond the comprehension of the modern mind, until we think of the "thrillers" produced by the American motion-picture industry for the world's gaping morons. To-day, during the summer months, plays are occasionally given which are attended by all the population of Saintes and the countryside. In the not distant past, it was jammed full of houses like the amphitheaters of Arles and Nîmes, and that partially saved it from being totally demolished for building material.

Next to the amphitheater, the most beautiful object of Saintes is the tower of the church of St. Pierre. I fell in love with it, raved over it and swore roundly because I could not find a way to include it in a picture. The church of St. Eutrope has also a beautiful tower and contains the largest crypt in France. St. Eutrope, you may remember, arrived in Provence with Lazarus, Martha, and the three Marys, and landed where the little town of Saintes Maries now stands. He wandered to the capital of the Santones to become its first bishop. He converted Eustelle, the daughter of the Governor, an act that

so mortified her father that assassins were hired to put him beyond further mischief. The marks of the ax are to be seen on the good saint's bones to this day.

The church of Nôtre Dame is also much admired for its fine façade. Saintes contains other well-disguised Roman fragments and a few interesting architectural details.

The way to Rochefort which lies about an hour's run from Saintes, passes through a homey, tree-shaded section of the city that is a strong contrast to that which we beheld on our entrance.

Rochefort is most unattractive. It is a modern, fortified place of thirty thousand inhabitants and was built on the demand of Colbert in 1666 as a naval base or military port. What I saw of it bored me, — a large square with uninteresting shops and streets laid out in a rectangular pattern and lined with mediocre houses.

Seven miles or so to the south is the fanciful, walled town of Brouage, which Richelieu desired to make more important than La Rochelle, the Protestant city that gave him so much trouble. In his day it was a port, but the building of the coast by the ocean currents has left Brouage stranded far inland. Samuel de Champlain, the founder of Quebec, was born here.

On leaving Rochefort, we go northward and soon come upon the sea. After a few miles, we turn off the main highway to look at the growing beach resort of Chatelaillon. It has a number of summer cottages,

a hotel or two and a fairly good beach when the tide is high. It has no special interest, so we swing back to the main road, less than half a mile away, only to leave it again to look at Angoulins, smaller and of less appeal, except that its little church is rather nice. Curiosity being appeased, a short run brings us to La Rochelle, thirty kilometers from Rochefort.

CHAPTER XVI

La Rochelle and into Brittany

IF YOU should ask me which of the many places on our long route I look back upon with the greatest fondness, I would answer without hesitation, "Moret, Talloires, St. Paul and La Rochelle." When I grow restless and feel stifled with the routine of things American, its rushing, matter-of-fact life, its congested cities, its political questions, its crime, its taboos and all that, my mind wanders to delightful, restful places, where the atmosphere is in direct contrast. If it be France I think of wistfully — then, in the inner shrine of my memory I have Moret, the quiet little Old World town; Talloires, the mountain village amid glorious scenery; St. Paul, the romantic, walled, hill stronghold; La Rochelle, the medieval city with theatrical harbor setting; and Concarneau, the fishing port which we shall visit later. Each has its distinctive quality that signifies happiness and contentment to me — vacation days in the sunshine, amid the beautiful, devoted to my heart's desires — the making of pictures, leisurely strolls, reading, gossiping, or just living, drinking deeply of the subtle radiance that such dreamy, lovely spots have.

I do not know why the tourists miss these spots of contentment, but I am glad they do, for if many

broke away from the beaten path as we are doing, and found these oases, they would delight us no more. For like Carcassonne and Mont St. Michel, evil would befall them.

La Rochelle has escaped the trippers. Artists know it and love the kindly, well-arranged city. A few American and English occasionally motor through, bound for this point or that, but they are rarely seen about the streets or the harbor, in the beautiful park or on the beach. Yet La Rochelle is a place in which to loiter long. If you think of dropping into it merely for an hour or two, you might as well stay away. If you will settle down in one of its hotels, purchase a comfortable steamer chair and some books and spend days seated by one of the medieval towers at the harbor entrance, gazing upon the comings and goings of fishing craft decked with gorgeous sails, or sit upon the sands of the beach, why go! — and saturate your soul with what La Rochelle has to give.

La Rochelle may have been the Roman seaport of Portus Santonum. By the tenth century it began to develop as a port under the name of Rupella and later came into possession of Henry II of England as a part of his wife's dowry. John Lackland landed in its harbor when he came to dispute the territory Philip Augustus had seized. Louis VIII captured it in 1224, but the treaty of Bretigny passed it over to the English again in 1360, and they held it once more for a short time.

During the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth

centuries, it flourished exceedingly and was one of the great maritime ports of France. François I came in person in 1568 to suppress a row over the salt tax, and made a bargain with its citizens that for a cash settlement, he would forget the yearly tax. He had an exceedingly jolly visit and the population had something scandalous to talk over for many a day. In the early days of the Reformation, its citizens took a hearty interest in Calvinism and fitted out privateers to make life disagreeable for Catholic vessels. They thoroughly enjoyed the sport and reaped much profit. After the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the city was swelled by refugee Protestants and, by its increased zeal, invited the attention of the Catholic party whose army laid seige to it unsuccessfully, and upon defeat grudgingly granted the Calvinists liberty to worship as they pleased.

During the reign of Henry IV things went along smoothly, but in the days of Louis XIII, the city again took up the cause of the Huguenots, blockaded Bordeaux, took the outlying islands of Ré and Oleron and fell upon and captured various vessels of the royal fleet. Richelieu decided he had had enough of La Rochelle and the sooner he taught her to mend her ways, the better. The people of La Rochelle called to their aid English sympathizers who sent troops under the command of Buckingham. A seige began during which the wily cardinal sank ships at the harbor mouth and built the celebrated mole that cut off the town from the sea. A year later the town surrendered, in October, 1628. Richelieu and the King

entered, the cardinal said mass at St. Margaret's and Louis XIII had a very pleasant visit. The city got off fairly easily, for Richelieu, after destroying most of the defensive walls, was inclined not to push things too far. The Protestant cause received a blow by all these doings and La Rochelle lost some thousands of its best citizens, many of whom fled to America. In Louis XIV's reign, the English and Dutch fleets caused anxious days and Vauban superintended the building of a new line of fortifications that was over three miles in circuit. These have all but vanished. Prosperity by now began to wane and La Rochelle gradually lost its commerce. The loss of Canada by the French hurt sorely, for the port had built up a large trade with that overseas possession. It was not until the middle of the nineteenth century that prosperity returned. The old harbor and docks were inadequate for modern shipping, so a modern harbor was constructed in 1891, some three miles from the old — a wise plan — for if La Rochelle had altered her lovely ancient port for the commercial age she would have destroyed her greatest charm. Now, out of the way of the city proper, she has a modern port with all the usual equipment of machinery, warehouses and railroad facilities — all the necessary ugliness far enough removed from the comfortable, smiling, friendly, Old World city, so you and I need not know that La Pallice, as it is called, even exists.

Its architecture reflects the influence of both English and Huguenot days, the English faintly, perhaps,

but the Protestant strongly. It is a city of thirty-two thousand inhabitants with numerous arcaded sidewalks that resemble those of northern Italy and give a decorative aspect to its streets, for there is enough variety of contour and arrangement about them to entertain and interest one. The red-roofed houses have gargoyles, usually in the forms of lions or dolphins. The roof lines are attractive, cornices often impressive and many of the façades have medallions with heads sculptured on them. Yes, the domestic architecture of La Rochelle is decidedly worth looking upon and I assure you there is street upon street of it to investigate. Not as quaint or as old as much we have seen to the south, but you are certainly going to find a warm spot in your heart for it.

Flanking one side of the city is a long, beautifully arranged park where trees grow, shading winding paths, and a motor road. A stream winds through this lovely green spot, now and again forming pools inhabited by swans. Seats are scattered conveniently throughout the section, where mothers sew and do fancy work while the children play, and lovers spend happy hours during the evening before going to the café.

The park extends to the *plage* of La Rochelle, with its dignified terrace and balustrade commanding the sands and the sea. Surrounded by trees is an inviting café offering inducements to those who thirst or would partake of dainties. Here the park turns and leads off at right angles, following the shore for

LA ROCHELLE

perhaps half a mile northward, passing a municipal casino on its way, where you may listen to good music, attend a theatrical performance and lose or make money on the activities of a little white ball.

The sands invite sun baths, the ocean sea baths, and rows of bathing cabinets are conveniently at hand so that you may don a costume in keeping, while chairs and beach umbrellas may be hired for a pittance, should you wish to loaf or read and now and then gaze out to sea and watch graceful fishing craft with gaudy sails pass in or out the harbor entrance, separated from the *plage* by a jetty.

Leaving the serenity of the beach, you pass over a moat and through an old gateway of the defensive walls and come to one of La Rochelle's principal treasures, a fortified lighthouse of 1445–1476, known as the Tour de la Lanterne. Its lower half is a strong round tower; its upper, a graceful crocketed spire like unto a church spire, delicate and charming, — a landmark to those following the sea. It forms a part of the ancient walls, now protecting a narrow street bordered by fishermen's quaint houses interesting to any artist. Over the wall, on the sea side, are shipyards where many of the sturdy craft of the port are built and repaired, and here along the sloping stone quay the artist is bound to be intrigued, for there are compositions of La Rochelle's narrow harbor entrance, flanked by medieval towers with odd, delightful craft in the foreground.

Following the wall we come to one of the guardians of the harbor, the Tour de la Chaîne, which in days

of trouble did its share in supporting a chain that was suspended from the romantic medieval-looking Tour St. Nicolas opposite, built in 1387, thus closing to unwelcome vessels the spacious and handsome basin-like port. Along the quay from the Tour de la Chaîne to the lovely feudal fourteenth-century Tour de la Grosse-Horloge, that guards the main entrance to the city proper, extends a shaded promenade where seats invite you to rest and enjoy the harbor view, the surrounding architecture with the church of St. Sauveur and its fine tower as a central note.

I want you to go to the base of the Tour de la Chaîne where broad steps lead down to the sea. I want you to sit idly on the quay and dangle your feet over the water, resting your back against one of the hawser posts. Here one is in the midst of the fishing fleet. There are black hulls, yellow hulls, blue, red and even white hulls, from which oddly shaped masts, booms and all that sort of thing, spring. Draped from the masts, half drawn, idly bellying in the soft wind, are blue sails, varying from light to dark in intensity; hues of rich yellow, red, pink, maroon like unto velvet, and perhaps even white. The mainsail is often of one color, the topsail of another and the jib yet another, while the hull adds a fourth. But this is not all, for each canvas is usually patched with soft, blending colors. But this again is not all, for the crew wears red togs or blue, terra cotta or yellow. Perhaps at noontime, their wives bring them luncheons, and often they are Breton women wearing the

costumes and lovely headdresses of Pont l'Abbé, Pont Aven, Concarneau or some other section of Brittany, noted for its costume.

At our feet is a busy scene; ships icing, ships landing their catch in neat baskets; swift, sleek sardine motor boats surrounded by eager women and men armed with baskets, anxious to purchase quantities of the little fish; gorgeous craft being warped in and out of their berths by small boys in small boats, with much hawling of ropes and hawsers attached anywhere to the quay, to the towers or to other bird-of-paradise shipping. For a background rises the lovely old Tour St. Nicolas, hardly a couple of hundred feet away on the other side of this narrow harbor entrance, the green trees of the arsenal grounds, another inner basin, a lighthouse, a bridge or two and St. Sauveur. This wondrous port is a flower garden as to color — a tulip garden of mingled hues.

If you would spend delightful days, send to Paris for books, buy a beach chair as I have suggested, and drive daily to the foot of the Tour de la Chaîne or the Tour St. Nicolas across the way and stretch out in the sun and watch the movements of this gorgeous fleet, look upon the soft-toned old houses, the lovely gate-tower of the Grosse Horloge and the flux and wane of the tide that lifts and drops the fleet even unto stranding it. When mealtime arrives, journey back through the old city gate, up the homey, arcaded Rue du Palais with its shops to your hotel and dine well on small lobsters and various delicious things that follow. Of an evening I suggest a

cocktail before dinner at one of the cafés overlooking the great Place d'Armes upon which your hotel probably fronts. At the quaint Hôtel de la Commerce et Palais, you may obtain spacious rooms with bath overlooking the square. Its table I found delightful.

Down on the quay, fronting the harbor, is a very popular café which provides good music of an evening, and if it be moonlight, I suggest you go there and look upon the harbor with its shipping and old towers in the silvery light. Fishermen and their wives and sweethearts stand in the streets in front of the sidewalk tables and listen to the orchestra.

In a pretty square, not far from the harbor, stands the fine Hôtel de Ville of 1486–1607, with its battlemented curtain and towers. The cathedral of St. Louis on the Place d'Armes is disappointing, but at its rear stands the tower of a former fourteenth-century church. The Place d'Armes occupies the site of the old castle, destroyed in 1590. The shops of La Rochelle are worthy of inspection and you are apt to find articles of decided merit at about half the price asked in Paris.

I have not spoken of the long jetty that stretches seaward, of the various waterways or inner basins, of the splendid, great, modern railroad depot, of the numerous churches and art gallery which you should visit. I have purposely tried to tempt you to this little-visited maritime city of color, and hope you may have the sheer joy of long hours of leisure in your beach chair, as I did in mine, with a book in hand and camera by my side.

There are excursions from La Rochelle by boat and by motor — by boat from the inner harbor to the islands of Oleron and Ré. The island of Ré has a primitive charm about it. Parts of it are extremely picturesque. A large pine forest stretches along the coast, which is cut out by capricious rocks punctuated by golden sands and shady creeks. There are a number of pleasant villages where the visitor may find welcome at small inns. There is a prison situated upon the island where convicts are collected from different sections of France to await transportation to the penal colonies of French Guiana.

I have spent days upon the Island of Oleron, and suggest that it might interest you, if in that tranquil mood that delights in the pastoral. It is rather charming, very simple, primitive in a way, with no distinctive features. Just a low flat island with fertile fields cultivated with early vegetables, and vineyards which produce a light and very agreeable wine. There are numerous oyster "parks", a few picturesque windmills of the Dutch order, and low white farmhouses scattered over the green fields, that in a way recall Bermuda.

As the steamer leaves the mainland, you get a wonderful view of La Rochelle with its towers, and then make for the little island of Aix, with its old fortifications and village behind walls. Passing at some distance from a castle-like fort, projecting from the sea, you enter at last the canal-like harbor of Boyardville, an hour and a half sail from La Rochelle. I think the wee fishing port of La Cotinière, lying

directly across the island, is the most logical spot in which to spend a night, a week, or month. It is a straggling village of low, quaint, white houses, built about courtyards containing brilliant flowers and low stone well curbs, — a village that faces a sand beach, a small harbor embraced by a stone jetty where fishing boats rest at night, and the sea. The simple but clean inn known as Hôtel de l'Horizon is kept by a former Parisian chef who makes a specialty of lobster, fish and other delectables. There is not a thing to do at La Cotinière but lie on the beach, walk along country roads, sleep and eat. Naturally your living expenses are very low, for unless you hire a car from St. Pierre, the largest town on the island, to tote you about, you have nothing to spend money on — except the dollar and a half a day the hotel demands for its hospitality.

St. Pierre is a goodly collection of houses located at about the center of the island. It has a bit of a park containing a fine old lantern to the dead — tall, very slender, very graceful, very lovely — with an altar at its base: a beautiful memorial to those who have passed before.

At one end of the island are lonely sand beaches and the nondescript town of St. Denis. Here is the Hôtel des Voyageurs et de la Plage where the table is average and the rooms comfortable. At the other end of the island, separated from the mainland by an eighteen-minute boat journey, is the small town of Le Château, the capital of Oleron, with a quaint tiny harbor. Not far away lies the commonplace town

of St. Trojan, with its beach, where off-islanders have built summer homes.

There is something attractive about the squat houses with outside stairways of the villages of Oleron. Something charming about its low landscapes, but there is nothing spectacular to see. You may return by the ferry from Le Château to the mainland at Le Chapus, thence via train to Marennes where the delectable oysters come from and on to uninteresting Rochefort and so back to La Rochelle. The railroad trip takes seemingly a week of Sundays, and although the country traversed is not without beauty, I would not go over it again for numerous shekles when the direct return to La Rochelle is so convenient.

We have seen what there is to the south of La Rochelle and now we shall investigate the region to the north. Near the city are various villages and hamlets of low white houses hugging the seacoast, the population of which concerns itself with oyster and mussel culture for which this region is famed. Beyond is the village of Esnandes with a queer twelfth- or thirteenth-century fortified church, suggesting a bunched-up castle. Then a great expanse of marshy country, bisected with a network of canals and ditches. Low dikes protect it from the sea and sleek cattle graze in contentment over its fields, where the brilliant poppy thrives with contrasting wild flowers amid very green grass. Windmills with great sails and long, low, white farmhouses, with red roofs on which yellow flowers grow, dot the

landscape. Bordering the farther shores of this sea of pasture land, on firmer land, are villages of white and soft-toned houses with the same light red roofs and yellow flowers, but at the base of the houses, if it be early June, are irregular patches of blue, purple and red flowers, not mixed, but each patch of color by itself as if carelessly spilt on the ground and house side from some paint pot. Haystacks are scattered about the fields and in the distance low hills form a barrier. Thus you have the region to the immediate north of La Rochelle, for there are no great towns, just this and nothing more.

Among my memory pictures of La Rochelle, there is a dramatic one. I see myself seated by the Chain Tower watching the landing of the catch from boats of brilliant plumage. Great baskets of fish are being transferred to fishermen standing upon the water steps below me and passed on to the quay above. Beyond is a pageant of color formed by half a hundred craft. By my side is an artist rapidly blocking in form and color, telling me as he works of his difficulties, owing to the ever-changing position of the boats. Two police approach. One stops by my side and points to a small steamer just leaving her berth at the farther end of the basin and says significantly, "Prisoners bound for the islands off French Guiana — forgers, thieves, murderers — bad men." Motioning to the tower he tells me the boat will dock for "one little moment" at its rear. The artist drops his brushes, the fishermen stop work and we hasten to the appointed place, arriving as the

steamer passes between the lovely medieval towers. As we look down upon her deck, we see, chained together in a great human ring, some score of ragged wretches, some hard and brazen who shout obscenities to the few pitying fisherwomen who have gathered; some silent and woebegone, taking their last look upon the land that has cast them out to a living death, and a few so stricken with grief that they hear not and see not. At the feet of each is a jug of water, under the arm of each a loaf of bread. Close at hand the guards stand silent. Leaning in a daze against the rigging, his haggard, white face streaming with tears, is a young man of a different mold from the others. His attitude, his expression and the tear-drenched handkerchief clenched in his hand tell of human despair. The ship glides to the quay, stops a moment for an official and moves on. Tears are in our eyes, as with a sigh we leave the scene to resume our occupation. The soft breezes bathe us, the sun shines with its splendor upon the harbor and city, and again the sailors sing at their work. But I shall never forget that poor soul by the rigging.

On leaving La Rochelle, I propose that you make the journey to Nantes by train, a ride of three hours and a half through a flat country that calls for no detailed description. Nantes, situated on the River Loire, has a population of one hundred and seventy-four thousand, with a history beginning before the Romans made it a great commercial center. I would describe it as a restless, active city of shops, without a main artery or any particular center. As a

whole, it lacks interest and outside of its ducal castle, cathedral, picture gallery and a few old houses in back streets, there is little to see. After La Rochelle, I found Nantes such a disappointment that it seemed somewhat of a task to leave my sumptuous quarters in the excellent Hôtel de France to investigate the city. Parts of the castle where Henry IV signed the famous Edict of Nantes are pleasing, but as a whole I was rather bored with it and the town. If this is the impression gained by several hours of wandering through its principal streets and squares, I am certainly not the one to write of Nantes.

Though Vannes is but a three hours' train journey from Nantes, we note a gradual change in the aspect of the landscape. Trees become more numerous, windmills a prominent feature, stone cottages with thatched roofs begin to take the place of the type of dwellings to which we have become accustomed, and now and then we glimpse a timber and plaster house.

Vannes has two good hotels, at least, from which to choose, the Hôtel du Commerce et de l'Epée and the Hostellerie du Dauphin, situated on the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville. I chose the latter and found the rooms comfortable and the table excellent.

Vannes was the capital of the Veneti, a powerful tribe which held in check Cæsar's invasion for nearly half a century. When at last the Romans had subdued Morbihan and possessed the city, they made of it a center from which six important highways radiated to other parts of Brittany. In the sixth century, it became the capital of an independent coun-

VANNES HOUSES THAT JUT OUT STORY BY STORY

try, only becoming again a part of the duchy of Brittany in 990. To-day it is a city of nearly nineteen thousand inhabitants, located not far from an all but landlocked sea, the Gulf of Morbihan, containing numerous small islands. Among them is the Ile de Gavr'inis, or Goat's Island, where there are some strange burial chambers dating from heaven only knows when. It was on this gulf that Cæsar is said to have defeated the Veneti who possessed strange flat-bottomed boats with tower-like superstructures.

Vannes is a rambling, quaint sort of a place, with numerous charming examples of old houses that we associate with Brittany, the sort that jut out story by story over the street and lend themselves so delightfully as motives to the artist. The district close by the cathedral is especially rich in them. There are remnants of its former walls and at least one impressive old city gate, while down by the river is a series of most picturesque ancient wash houses, where women kneel day in and day out, scrubbing clothes in dirty water, transferring billions of germs from one piece to another.

Vannes on a bright sunny day is good to look upon, but one is conscious that it lies in the tourist path, for there is that catchpenny and, may I express it? — grouchy attitude among its people that we have not encountered for many a long day. I found the shops seemingly had one price for the foreigner and another for the native. Even at the hotel one perceived the difference from the sunny hospitality to which we had been accustomed. The management

of the hotel was courteous, but busy. What I complain of in many a tourist-haunted town is the treatment one receives at the banks, where the tourist is deliberately "done" out of a considerable sum, contrary to the official rate of exchange for the day. I rather think the unprotected woman suffers more from this exasperating petty robbery, for that is what it amounts to. The management of the bank at Vannes seemed to me particularly cold-blooded in its high-handed methods and discourtesy. I will mention here, rather late in the day perhaps, that it is wise to avoid Toulon banks and to be careful at Carcassonne and Nîmes.

Some twelve miles to the west of Vannes, twenty-five minutes by train, lies Auray, a pleasant town of not quite seven thousand people. It is rather long in shape, somewhat scattered, covering considerable space. Part of it is on high ground and tumbles downhill to embrace a small harbor on the River of Auray. It is an excellent example of a Breton market town and should you have the luck to witness one of its busy, congested days, when the place is crowded with cattle, geese, hens and the hundred and one items that are exposed for sale about its squares and streets, you are going to be vastly entertained. The older folks wear the costume of the district from whence they come. The peasants pour into town before sun-up. They come on foot, driving cows, oxen and pigs, or in high-wheeled carts loaded with calves, chickens, vegetables, fruit, or whatever they have to barter. If on the day before market you

are perchance driving by the river or along the sea, you will observe old women scouring great hogs until they are as pink and clean as children on a Sabbath morn. It is one grand bath the hogs and the old crones both have, for Mr. Hog sees to it that his caretaker gets an equal share of the water. You will pass on the road women pulling hogs or hogs pulling women to market, accompanied by much squealing and high-pitched human protestation.

Auray has a comely old square about which are scattered some quaint houses, but the best of these old-timers are near the river. I think it was in 1907 I made a picture of some over-hanging houses in a street on the opposite side of the harbor — a picture that has been published more than once. I found the spot again this year. The houses still stand, not with the soft, dingy color of the past, but glaring spick and span in whitewash.

Auray is the scene of one of Brittany's greatest pardons, that of Sainte Anne d'Auray, which is held I believe on March 7, May 23, and July 25 and 26, that in May being the most spectacular and attended by a great gathering of pilgrims and tourists who come to the pretentious nondescript church of Sainte Anne d'Auray for the religious services and festival.

The pardons of Brittany are unique. They take place all over the ancient duchy, usually about some humble church near the sea, among the hills or in the intervening country. Those of the southern section are perhaps less affected by the modern trend of life than those of the northern half of this strange

part of France, where, in out-of-the-way places, the French language may not be understood and odd superstitions and bogey beliefs are rife. The local pardons are, without doubt, the survival of the Feast of the Dead, and are attended by the peasants for miles around in a sincerely religious spirit. They come in their finest costumes, often rich and gorgeous with brocade, sometimes heirlooms a century or more old. Their headdresses or caps, beautifully laundered and wonderfully fashioned, denote their home town by the design. On the eve of the Pardon, the pilgrims and residents attend a solemn vespers. Next morning is devoted to service and prayer, after which a procession is formed, escorting some sacred emblem about the church or village. Blessings follow and the afternoon is given over to social events, the evening perhaps, to dancing. The pardons vary as to procedure, those of the hamlet and village carrying out in a simple form homage to some saint or holy place, while those of the towns and cities are becoming more and more a "big time", with a religious excuse. There are, among the pardons, the Pardon of Horned Beasts, the Pardon of the Sea, the Pardon of Fire, the Pardon of the Mountains, the Pardon of the Poor, the Pardon of the Singers, and others. A list of these decidedly interesting events may be obtained by writing to the Touring Club of France, Number 65 Avenue de la Grande Armée, Paris.

The Pardon of Sainte Anne is based upon the discovery in 1623 by a peasant, of an image, probably of Gallo-Roman origin, which he concluded repre-

sented Saint Anne, the mother of the Virgin. This and a "miraculous" spring the Carmelites used as an excuse for founding a convent and church on the spot. Such is the background of the Pardon of Saint Anne, the yearly event of Auray.

Auray is close to a region of the most fascinating mystery to those of us who are interested in the weird stone monuments of an unknown people, and in the next chapter we shall visit it.

CHAPTER XVII

Lower Brittany

CARNAC was the Mecca of a race which has left behind it mysterious stone monuments which have been found from the southern shores of the Mediterranean to the Arctic Circle. England, Ireland and France are rich in these remains, while Tunis, Algeria, Spain, Holland and Germany have a lesser abundance. The old duchy of Brittany is teeming with them.

Auray is a logical center from which to make the excursion to Carnac. Let me advise you, if you hire a car at Auray, to proceed first to the little hamlet of Plouharnel and then to Erdeven. From Erdeven run on to Carnac. After lunch, visit Locmariaquer, whence a direct road leads you back to Auray.

This circuit of thirty-one or thirty-two miles is eight miles longer than the tourist trail, but you will feel well repaid for having made the detour. A glance at your Michelin map Number 63 will explain why by stars and print. On the Auray-Plouharnel road are splendid specimens of dolmens and a tumulus. On the Plourharnel-Erdeven road you will find a small alignment shortly after passing the railroad station, and at Erdeven are impressive alignments composed of 1129 menhirs, some of which are

very tall. The whole district is peppered with menhirs, dolmens, cromlechs, and various other stone remains.

On reaching Carnac, be sure to visit first the museum and purchase the booklet entitled "The Megalithic Monuments of Carnac and Locmariaquer" by M. Le Rouzic, then go to the alignments in the field of Ménec, sit down and support your back against a menhir, and read all about them.

If I were to revisit this impressive region again, I would select a time when the moon is full and settle down in the inn at Carnac or the Hôtel du Tumulus St. Michel close by the great tumulus of the same name, where there is a fine view over a sloping country to the sea, with the village of Carnac close by. Both of these inns are simple affairs, but I judge one would find them snug and comfortable. If you feel that a larger hotel of the tourist type is desirable, the Hôtel du Pavillon at Auray will probably be your choice.

If you prefer to make your visit brief, after arriving by the morning train at Auray, hire a car to "do" Carnac and Locmariaquer, see Auray in the afternoon and then go by train to Quimperlé, putting up for the night at the Hôtel du Lion d'Or.

The mysterious race of people who erected these huge stone monuments in the dim past made Carnac and the adjoining district a religious center.

The earliest of the monuments are the lonely undressed menhirs, or rough upright stones, occasionally between twenty and thirty feet high, which weigh

tons. Why they were placed about the country is a mystery. Were they boundary posts or monuments in honor of some great chief? Were they symbols of a phallic kind or of nature worship? That they had a religious significance in addition to any other meaning seems certain, for it is hardly a coincidence that almost all of the old churches and many of the peculiar crosses of Brittany are placed near menhirs.

Besides the lone menhir, there are alignments or groups of menhirs placed in one or several lines. Here at Carnac are the most important alignments known. There are three groups, in all 2813 menhirs, standing in dress parade like soldiers, and hundreds of others have been broken up for building purposes. These three groups are absolutely distinct from each other, having a separate orientation. One has eleven rows, another thirteen and the last but ten. The height of the individual stones varies from four to twenty feet, the larger menhirs being grouped at one end of the alignments. These arrays, standing like an army at attention in lonesome fields, are awesome and exceedingly impressive. To see them by moonlight enhances their effect of grandeur and mystery, and one is half willing to believe all the ghostly tales associated with them. It is, however, proved that the menhirs do not mark burial places, for excavations about their bases and beneath them have brought negative results.

The aisles or passages of the alignments were, it is believed, sacred pathways for a religious people who collected from afar at various seasons to engage

in mystic ceremonies, while their priests or holy men performed sacred rites in the cromlech connected with the alignments. The cromlech is a group of menhirs placed in a circle and at Carnac, by standing at a point in the midst of a cromlech, the sun may be seen to arise *above specific menhirs placed between the alignments*. Thus it would seem they were constructed for some definite purpose connected with sun worship.

The various kinds of monuments about Brittany and Carnac are not of the same age. Many of them are classed as belonging to the Stone Age, long before the use of metal was known, but it is proved that their religious use existed to the recent past, even as late as perhaps the fifth or sixth century, for the dolmens have yielded not only polished stone implements, but pottery, necklaces, bronze and iron utensils, Roman coins, statuettes of Roman origin, and even small bits of gold, acquired, without a shadow of doubt, from the Romans stationed at Carnac.

The dolmens are tombs built of several vertical menhirs, with a great stone roof forming a sort of table, and often entered by a gallery. There are simple dolmens, dolmens with galleries, paved dolmens sometimes decorated with odd emblematic carving, and dolmens having two or more burial chambers where not only a chieftain was laid to rest, but perhaps his servants, together with oxen and votive offerings. A dolmen covered with a mound of earth is called a tumulus. The tumulus of St. Michel you may enter, and note several burial

chambers in which, besides human bones, ashes were found, showing cremation was sometimes practiced.

In the Carnac district, the stone monuments are of nine types. M. Le Rouzic tabulates them thus:

1. Menhir — vertical, undressed stone, isolated or in groups.
2. Lech — a dressed menhir, usually with a cross engraved on its side.
3. Alignment — a group of menhirs in one or several lines.
4. Cromlech — a group of menhirs placed in a circle.
5. Dolmen — table-like monument formed by menhirs covered by one or more very large stones.
6. Allée Couverte — covered way composed of two parallel lines of menhirs roofed with large stones.
7. Cist-ven — a closed stone chamber smaller than a dolmen.
8. Galcal — an artificial mound formed of small stones.
9. Tumulus — an artificial mound of earth covering a dolmen, either circular or oblong. The tumulus of St. Michel, for instance, is sixty-five feet high and three hundred and seventy-seven feet in length.

That these people of the long past venerated their dead and believed in the immortality of the soul is a fact without question, and on the coming of the early disciples of Christianity from across the Channel, the cross was added in certain instances to the menhirs, which gradually gave place to the stone crosses peculiar to Brittany. For centuries there was

an intermingling of the religions, and to this day superstitions exist that have come down through the ages.

In the center of the village of Carnac stands a delightful parish church, the porch of which is surmounted by an eccentric modeling in stone, resembling a crown. Within, the church is adorned by a painted, vaulted roof, rich in colors, which, with a golden statue of its patron, Saint Cornely, creates an atmosphere that is friendly and warm. Saint Cornely is the protector of bulls and at the pardon of Carnac in September, not only are bulls present, but horses are taken into the church to be blessed.

A legend undoubtedly told to the inhabitants by the first Irish monks who preached the gospel in this region, claims that "St. Cornely was pope at Rome, whence he was hunted by Pagan soldiers who pursued him. He fled before them, accompanied by a yoke of oxen, which bore his baggage and on which he mounted when weary. One evening he arrived on the outskirts of a village called Le Moustoir, where he wished to stop; having, however, heard a young girl insulting her mother, he continued his way and arrived shortly at the foot of a mountain where there was another small village. He then saw the sea in front of him and immediately behind him soldiers in battle array. He stopped and transformed the whole army into stone. As a souvenir of this great miracle, the inhabitants of the surrounding country erected on the spot where he stopped a church dedicated to St. Cornely. That is the reason why these

long lines of stones standing to the north of the village of Carnac are seen, and why so often at night ghosts are observed walking in the alleys." *

This is the story the early Christian teachers tried to induce the inhabitants to believe. But who was St. Cornely? I think St. Cornely anteceded Christianity by many hundreds of years, perhaps thousands, and was one of the chieftains buried in one of the tumuli of Carnac, along with his servants and bulls; in fact, he was one of the great figures of the past, which the Irish monks in their day tried to explain away with a cock-and-bull story.

Locmariaquer, beyond Carnac, has a fallen menhir that originally reached to the height of seventy-seven feet, the largest known, but now it lies on the ground broken into four pieces. There are also two very remarkable dolmens which you should enter, besides numerous monuments of this mysterious period.

From Auray we shall journey on to Quimperlé, a distance of about thirty-seven miles or one hour by an express train. Although Quimperlé is an attractive town of eight thousand inhabitants, I hardly think it will detain us long, for all it contains can be seen in an hour or so. The Hôtel du Lion d'Or is comfortable and friendly, and if I mistake not was the residence of the abbot of the abbey of the Holy Cross. From its front windows one looks across to a hill thickly covered with time-aged dwellings, above

* Much of the above description has been obtained from M. Le Rouzic's pamphlet.

which towers the church of St. Michel, suggesting the style of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher of Jerusalem. In front of the hotel is an open space and the river. There is little to do but wander about the streets, hunting for picturesque nooks and corners, visit the abbey church of St. Croix in the lower town and climb the steep streets to the church of St. Michel above, which has an interesting exterior. A walk of two miles will bring you to the Chapel of the Château of Rosgrand, which contains a fine rood-screen. I cannot think of more to say of Quimperlé, except that Thursday is market day and Breton markets are always fascinating.

From Quimperlé we shall take the narrow-gage road that crawls through a New England type of country to Concarneau, crawls with much effort and with many piercing shrieks at road crossings. We shall leave the train at Pont Aven, eleven miles from Quimperlé, to see what attractions it possesses that made it for so long a haunt of artists. The country about it is hilly and rich in noble trees. The town sits in a valley and groups itself about an attractive square and the adjacent little River Aven, where small mills with big water wheels find lodgment. The river seeks an outlet in an arm of the sea that works its way inland between high banks for a goodly distance to greet the Aven, forming a bit of a port at the foot of the village. There is not room on the valley floor for all the houses of Pont Aven, so many are perched on the flanks of the embracing hills. In the midst of this prettily situated village and on the

square, is the establishment of Hôtel Julia, well known to the tourist world, once beloved by artists.

Years ago a peasant woman who ran an inn at Pont Aven did what she could for a group of artists, who found in the quaint little village of those days subjects in plenty. Their canvases and personal reminiscences brought others of their kind, and slowly the reputation of the comfortable quarters and excellent table that Julia provided went abroad — even as far as America. But that was not all, for Julia's personality counted also. Julia understood the artist as she understood her various guests in other walks of life. One confided to her joys and sorrows, and received in turn just the longed-for human response. With the painter folk she was especially gracious and lenient. If one could not pay promptly, she would wait until a canvas was sold, or perhaps take a picture in settlement, for with her insight into character, she instinctively knew the chaff from the wheat. Naturally she was beloved by the brotherhood of the palette and brush and prospered until the establishment grew and overgrew, so that larger quarters had to built and in time these also were enlarged.

I well remember, on my first visit to Pont Aven, some twenty years ago, getting off the miniature train and pushing my way through a cattle fair that packed the square. Pushing is the right word, for the beasts were so close together that I had a deal of shoving to do. Julia was shelling peas in the comfortable kitchen hung with shining copper culinary

utensils so dear to the French. She told me where I could find a room in the house and I went to it, bag and baggage, and settled down for a fortnight or more. The dining room of the main house had become an art gallery and the salon and dining room of the annex were in the way of becoming exhibition halls. On rainy days, some of us helped Julia shell peas in the kitchen, as it was the season for them, and we had them daily, along with crab-meat salad and other wonderful things that she knew so well how to prepare a little better than any one else. While we worked with her, others, with much hammering and sawing, were reconstructing ancient Breton furniture to add grace to the establishment. I can see to this day Julia (none called her by her last name) in her black costume and Pont Aven headdress, bringing through the square of a morning great daddy-longleg crabs. She was a kindly "good fellow" and made her large family of guests very happy. She died in 1927, at the age of ninety-four, and the hotel is her monument.

With the change of times and conditions, however, I doubt if I would want to remain long in Pont Aven to-day. At least, I felt this year I did not want to linger more than an hour or so, although I could have stayed weeks, if the spirit had prompted me. The hotel is still very comfortable and the town pretty, but, well — I cannot explain why, but it bored me.

I hired a car and drove to Port Manech and the *plage* of St. Nicolas, where Julia had a summer place

of fortlike aspect, the rooms opening onto a court. It sits high on a hill with the village lying below, fronting an inlet, with great hills tumbling up across the bay. On the way, I passed a menhir of unusual height, numerous stone crosses, groups of picturesque Breton houses and the village Névez, which contains a nice old church.

Between Pont Aven and Concarneau, the train ambles into Trégunc, where there are numerous prehistoric monuments — a lech some thirty feet high, a cromlech two hundred and forty-eight feet in diameter, and dolmens. The lech you should see, but I suggest you take a drive to Trégunc from Concarneau, a short distance, for it is much easier to find these scattered remains in that way.

The Atlantic Hotel in Concarneau facing both harbor and the open sea, is a good place to stay. To me, Concarneau means lovely sunsets, with hundreds of large fishing craft decked with gorgeous sails making their way homeward, silhouetted against a golden sky. Here we have the same pageantry of sails as at La Rochelle, with the addition of black relieved by white patches and occasionally a white topsail. At night the large bottle-shaped harbor seems like a garden thick with blossoms — so crowded it becomes with ships made fast to the quays, and ships moored in clusters about the medieval island town, which seemingly floats with the fleet just off the busy modern haunts of man.

While I cannot pretend the mainland town that stretches along the harbor and sea front is a place

of beauty, it does have a homely charm that gradually finds a place in your affections. Somehow you find yourself daily in its market square, lingering long on those biweekly mornings when market is in progress, to study Breton costumes and headdresses, which are of great variety at Concarneau, where the peasants from the surrounding districts gather and intermingle. The black velvet costume and remarkable, high, white, embroidered cap of Pont l'Abbé, the dainty, graceful lace caps of Pont Aven and Concarneau, decorated with colorful ribbons, contrast with some of the less fanciful headgear from other districts. The men are often in costume also, and with their large felt hats adorned with velvet ribbon streamers and decorative waistcoats, add a note to the interesting whole. You will long for some medium with which to record the scene, whether it be the sketching pad, canvas or camera.

The heart of Concarneau is the harbor front with its long quay, park and inner basin. Here you have the activities of one of the great fishing ports of France, with scores of ships with half-drawn sails over which are draped delicate-colored sardine nets of the finest mesh. Sailors in red, terra cotta and blue are everywhere at work; women in bright costumes pass and repass; old men no longer fit for sea lounge over the parapet that leads to the bridge of the ancient island city, with its walls and quaint clock tower over which you see the green of trees and defensive embankments of a remote period.

Artists are at work in the foreground, doing their best to catch the semi-transparency of misty blue nets, the velvet-like quality of sails, the form of hulls, the activity of the colorfully dressed fishermen and the soft charm of the walls and roof tops of the old city lying at anchor in the stream. At low tide the scene changes, for each ship grows legs to support itself by thrusting out props. But even the mud is full of color harmony, and the occupation changes to the scraping of keels and hulls, so that the flats below the quays are the scene of much grooming of sturdy boats.

The island city, so built that its ancient defensive walls drop vertically to the water, is a source of daily entertainment. You pass from the quay over a short bridge and enter an outer gate, to come immediately to an inner one that leads to the long main street lined by aged houses. They entice you on and on to a square, just off which sits the church on higher ground. The church will not hold you long, I think, for curiosity will tempt still further investigation until a water gate is found where old battlements hem in a bit of a landing place. Here, likely as not, fishermen are coloring sails with dye that is dipped out of great buckets and applied with brooms. Blue, red, yellow or maroon canvases are spread to dry over high gray old walls at the back, and drape themselves in long, graceful folds. Every fifteen or twenty minutes a Charon-like figure arrives in an open boat of the whaling variety, to ferry waiting peasants to the hamlet on the opposite bank of the

THE FERRY AT CONCARNEAU, WITH ITS
CHARON-LIKE OARSMAN

mainland. Hard by are some rocks offering a resting place, if the tide be low, where you may see the sheer walls of the town as they drop abruptly to the water — see yet undiscovered sections of the fleet and watch the passing of boats through the channel.

Taking the boat which "Charon" so skilfully sculls to the opposite mainland, you will land at a series of steps cut out of a ledge. Mounting to the top of the rock, you will stretch yourself out in the sun to watch the channel and the passing craft, the walls of the island town, the landing place with the drying sails, — all forming a stage setting.

As the hour approaches noon (for the morning lighting is the best), you will wend your way back to the hotel, perhaps have a cocktail before sitting down to a lunch of delicious fish or lobster *à la Americain;* may I add mutton chops or steak, followed by a sweet, cheese, fruit, and a little later, coffee on the terrace facing the sea.

This life of Concarneau that I have been sketching, this wandering about idly in the sunshine, watching the inhabitants, looking upon pleasant forms and drinking your fill of color, is a lotus-eating one, unless you happen to be an artist. If so, you will live keenly every moment and scarcely ever want to stop trying to interpret in your chosen medium the charm and atmosphere of it all. By the way, the hotel can furnish a few comfortable studios.

Concarneau is one of the delightful spots of the France I love so well, — the simple, colorful, unspoiled France which tourists have not marred, where

life goes on sweetly. I have spent happy days in this town of hardly over six thousand residents, busy over their sardine industry, mackerel and lobster fisheries. Its history is all but nil, for it has played no important part. It was thought expedient, however, to build a portion of the island fortifications in the fourteenth century, to which the Duchess Ann is said to have added one large bastion. It is true the English occupied the town in 1373, and in 1488 it was reduced by the order of Charles VIII. Religious troubles it had, of course, until Henry IV finally possessed it.

It is often hard to know just what to say of a place that contains so little in the way of "sights", yet so much charm to those who find pleasure in color — in shadows upon a wall — in the lines of a hull — the droop of a sail — the expression on a face, and joy in so many things where humanity exists without hurry and congestion. It is all in the point of view, is it not? For those who like the life of Trouville or Monte Carlo, Concarneau would be a bitter disappointment, as possibly would be other parts of the route we have been following.

Brittany is a strange country, inhabited by a people very unlike the rest of France — a people who have been affected by a civilization that existed, we do not know when or how long, affected by the strange monuments we have seen — a people who received in their midst the Gauls of Celtic stock who settled among them about the sixth century, B.C. On the coming of the Romans, Armorica, as Brittany

was called, became rapidly Romanized like the rest of Gaul and adopted the Latin tongue, but on the decadence of Rome came hordes of Celts, driven out of Great Britain by the Angles and the Saxons, bringing pagan ideas and their language. Later came the early Christian influence from the same islands across the way, and there was an intermingling of the new and very ancient religions. All have survived in the folklore and observances of the deeply religious inhabitants. French authorities tell us that it was not until the seventeenth century that paganism was even nominally abolished and only after local Christianity had assimilated a great deal of the ancient cults. I am not going into Breton history here, but have cited this in order to draw to your attention the mysticism and devotional affection in which the inhabitants hold miraculous springs, stones, ancient crosses, tombs, Calvaries and the religious enthusiasm displayed in all church observances.

Besides the pardons, there takes place during the last of June the *Fête-Dieu*. I have seen it on many occasions, but this year I was present at its celebration at Concarneau and later at Saint Malo. On the morning of the fête and religious procession at Concarneau, there was a great to-do. The citizens swept the streets and strewed the route with wild flowers. White sheets were hung smoothly at an even height along the façades of the houses and decorated with borders of flowers and green, making long white ways with touches of color. At ten o'clock the bells pealed forth from the ancient church of the island, calling

the worshipers to High Mass, and the townsfolk, dressed in their finest costumes, hurried hence, until they overflowed the church and stood without its portals, kneeling as those within knelt — praying when they prayed and joining in all parts of the service. Finally the bells rang out again, the procession poured forth, the beadle with a tall cross leading, followed by acolytes in red gowns and white lace vestments swinging censers. Escorted by priests came their dean under a golden canopy, bearing lovingly the sacred symbol of the Sacrament, followed by children and maidens in their Communion robes, carrying richly embroidered velvet banners. Without, the procession was reformed and added to, until it became a good half mile in length, with a band, companies of youths, nuns and the gaily bedecked peasants. Slowly it trod the main artery of the medieval town, crossed the bridge to the mainland and made its way along the quay between lines of devout citizens, who knelt as the holy symbol passed. Proceeding along the harbor front, with its colorful shipping, turning into streets that lead to the open sea, it finally paused for a service at the little chapel by the shore, where fishermen and their wives come to pray. Then moving on to an ancient cross, another pause was made to bless the sea and then, through bedecked streets, over a path of flowers, the procession made its way to the market square and so back to the island again.

Briefly I shall describe one motor excursion that I made from Concarneau. The object of the trip was

to search the coast as far as Penmarch and St. Guénolé for the picturesque, visiting Pont l'Abbé on the way. After following the Quimper road for a short distance, we turned off on to the Bénodet route, which leads first to the small village of La Forêt. Here there is an attractive little church, in the yard of which stands an interesting example of one of the curious Breton Calvaries. Interesting is the word for them, for in form they are not things of beauty, however intricate the construction or numerous their figures.

Shortly after leaving La Forêt, we entered Fouesnant, which claims to be a holiday resort with a good beach, but I failed to see its charm. My fault, undoubtedly, but even the supposedly pretty women in delightful costumes seemed to have vanished on my advent. Perguet, the following village, has a church dedicated to Sainte Briget, a familiar name; oddly enough, the church has the unusual feature of a fireplace for warming baptismal water. As for the town, why it is just one of the usual gray punctuation marks in the green of a Breton landscape which usually might just as well be a New England landscape.

Next on the route came Bénodet on the Odet, with its several summer estates amid pretty grounds which spread along the high banks above the river to the sea. It is a mildly attractive village, with a church dedicated to St. Thomas à Becket, erected in 1241. Here at Bénodet we drove on to a small ferry, that in the way of locomotion swallows and

disgorges a chain suspended across the river. Gaining the opposite bank, we struck out for Pont l'Abbé, passing on the way numerous peasants with the strange, high white caps of the district that seem to stick on to the head, no matter how gusty the wind of this windy region. I have visited Pont l'Abbé on several occasions; it is a particularly ugly town, but therein dwell some particularly lovely women in particularly interesting costumes. Here, on occasion, the costume consists of a black velvet bodice with deep orange stripes on the sleeves, relieved by a colored skirt with black velvet bands. As I entered the town this year, the children — miniature copies of their elders in dress — were coming from Communion, each bearing an enormous candle as they wended their way homeward with the dignity befitting the occasion. Artists find in this town of sixty-three hundred inhabitants genre studies in the lace makers and models for portraiture. Shops devoted to lace and hand-embroidered braids are conspicuous along its ugly streets, which denote that the tourists bring a certain amount of prosperity to the town.

Beyond Pont l'Abbé, the way was through a bleak region wherein we occasionally passed, singly or in clusters, sad-looking gray stone houses. The barren aspect of the country increases as you draw near Penmarch, close by which are a number of megalithic monuments.

Penmarch was once a seaport of much importance that rivaled Nantes, but alas, decay has reduced it

to a straggling fishing port, wind-swept, barren of trees, with but one redeeming feature — St. Nonna — its flamboyant church. A mile or so beyond lies St. Guénolé, another lonesome collection of rude, gray stone houses with an insignificant harbor containing small fishing craft. It is supposed to rest partly on the site of a city that the sea engulfed for its wickedness. If the legend has a foundation, I do not blame the citizens of the fabled city for having been as wicked as they pleased, in living a riotous life amid such surroundings. I was glad to retrace the route as quickly as possible as far as Pont l'Abbé and make my way to Quimper, which lies in a valley amid the green of hills on the River Odit.

Quimper, with its nineteen thousand inhabitants, is attractively clustered about its very lovely cathedral of St. Corentin — rich in architectural beauty without and within — a great jewel casket of graceful form, glass and mural decoration. The choir is not parallel in axis to the nave, — a feature sometimes met with in France, denoting the drooping head in death upon the cross. To watch the costumed women at prayer, with rays of colored light streaming upon them from the magnificent windows, is an experience that will not be forgotten.

The city is rich in old houses and its main street is a joy to the artist, but I would much rather make my headquarters at Concarneau, fifteen miles to the south, and visit Quimper at such times as the spirit prompts.

Concarneau, which I love so well, seems a fitting

place to leave you. There have been so many excellent books written upon Brittany, and it is so well traveled, that I can be of little help. I have, it is true, seen much to delight me in the old duchy, and much that I took but passing interest in on my various wanderings. The Roscoff, Morlaix and Lannion sections I have a particularly warm spot for in this heart of mine, and Saint Malo I love, — the old walled city looking upon an island-dotted sea, tourist haunted, trippers' paradise that it is! Mont-St.-Michel, you should see by all means, but I do not wish to visit it again, for I knew it first when Mme. Poulard kept the inn, before Tom, Dick and Harry came roaring over the causeway in motor cars. No! I do not want to revisit it by motor bus from Saint Malo or any other way. When you are at Saint Malo, you are within one hundred and eleven miles of Honfleur, by the way of Caen, Dives and Trouville, with Le Havre just across the way, — a comfortable afternoon's motor trip.

THE END

APPENDIX

French Towns of Photographic Interest

HERBERT B. TURNER

(Courtesy of Photo-Era Magazine)

THIS article does not attempt to act in the capacity of a guidebook nor to exhaust the subject. It is merely the result of intensive study over a period of many years, and of twelve visits to France for the especial purpose of becoming better acquainted with towns and localities usually overlooked by or unknown to the average tourist. To be sure, there are other beautiful parts of France well worth the visit of the amateur photographer; but I shall confine myself to a brief outline of my suggestions with regard to towns to visit which, in my opinion, offer the average or the advanced amateur photographer pictorial opportunities.

First, let me answer the questions which will naturally be asked by the reader who wishes to know what photographic equipment to take, how to use it, where supplies may be obtained, and what kind to buy. My replies to the questions are based on my personal experience and should not be taken as implying that other equipment or methods are valueless. On the contrary, there are many excellent outfits, makes of plates, films and papers that, used

intelligently, will yield satisfactory results. However, here I am frankly giving my personal opinions for what they may be worth to the reader. Now let me answer some of the questions which are often asked.

Camera? The very best you can afford. *Lens?* A high-grade anastigmat, by all means. *Plate or film?* Roll film or filmpacks. I prefer filmpacks as being less bulky and containing more exposures. No plates. *Camera suggestions:* Ica camera with Zeiss Tessar F 4.5 lens, either $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ or $3\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ or Eastman Speed Graphic 4×5 used with filmpack. For the serious worker I suggest taking along three filmpack holders — one to hold a pack for subjects of normal lighting to be developed normally — one for contrasty subjects to be developed three-quarters time or what you deem proper, and the third in case of breakage. The advantage of the Speed Graphic is ground-glass focusing for near work and infinity lock for usual subjects, adaptability to quick change of lenses of different focal lengths and great variety of shutter speeds. A lens of minimum focal length covering size of plate is valuable in city work; thus two lenses of different focal lengths are very useful, or as an alternative a Zeiss Tessar lens of six-inch focal length, fitted with a Zeiss Proxar supplementary lens of 2/iv, which when used in combination converts the Tessar into a lens of much wider angle, suitable for city streets and many architectural subjects — thus making one lens serve for two. "A soft focus" lens of the order of the Kalosat might be a

profitable third for special pictorial interpretations, provided you make a study of how to use it to best express your mood, and duplicate important subjects with an anastigmat lens.

For those not particularly interested in photography, but desiring fine clear photographic notes, the Ica $2\frac{1}{4} \times 2\frac{1}{4}$ roll-film camera is compact and light. Rightly exposed and rightly developed the $2\frac{1}{4} \times 2\frac{1}{4}$ instrument with the Tessar lens ensures a sharp negative that will enlarge to 8×10 or 11×14.

For usual pictures set focus at infinity with all hand cameras, but when working close — thirty feet or less — measure distance to the subject by a distance finder such as the Leitz "Fodis" or by tapeline. Don't guess. Sharp pictures are a joy. Out-of-focus ones are a bitter disappointment. You are not in a foreign city every day, so work with care.

The Leica camera is a compact, exceedingly small instrument of great precision utilizing motion-picture film, giving thirty-five negatives to a loading. The marvelously sharp negatives, little larger than a postage stamp, enlarge to 8×10. I use, in enlarging, a soft-focus lense stopped to F. 11 and produce charming results on such enlarging papers as Cyko Crystal Stipple or Haloid Portraya X and Linen.

Best working speed: One twenty-fifth of a second where there is no motion, such as pedestrians and vehicles; one-fiftieth where there is. The most useful stops are F/8 and F/11, or in between, for shutter set at one twenty-fifth, according to subject and

light-condition. This in a good light will give detail in shadows and avoid too much contrast. Purchase an exposure guide. Burroughs, Wellcome & Company's Exposure Calculator is very valuable and simple. Study it for exposure and focusing data and carry it. If used, your results will be your reward. A good *rule* is to set the shutter at one twenty-fifth and stop down all the light condition will allow for the type of subject according to calculator. Keep your foreground clear of humanity and obstructions. Get a clean path to your subject; and your subject proper is only that which interests you — that which urges you to make the picture, but not all the neighborhood about it.

European photographic supplies: Stick to one film and get to know its possibilities. The Kodak film is everywhere. See that it is dated at least six months ahead before making a purchase. Be sure to inspect the date of film yourself. A letter or telegram addressed to the Kodak Company, Rue de la Paix, Paris, ordering a supply of fresh films sent to you at a given address, C.O.D., will receive prompt attention.

Development: Buy an Eastman developing tank, Eastman developing powders for size of tank, thermometer, hypo and, in case of filmpacks, a changing bag large enough to enclose your tank when full of developer, the cage, the filmpack, and your hands. Load cage with the film in bag, insert in tank, fasten on cover, remove from the bag, and develop, paying strict attention to the temperature and time as per

instructions in tank booklet. Rinse in subdued light, put in hypo, wash one hour. A chamber utensil makes a good hypo dish. If you *must* have your work developed for you, do not trust many exposed films to a photo finisher; but leave only one roll or so at a time, instructing him that you want to have negatives of such a density and contrast that you may enlarge from them and maintain a sky tone. If you do not, he will overdevelop and you will have too much contrast. If you will *not* develop films yourself or find a satisfactory photo finisher, now and then have a *few* negatives developed to check up your exposures, focus, and to see that your camera is not leaking light.

Pack the rest of your undeveloped films carefully among dry underclothes and bring them home, provided they are not over four months old, to some photo finisher who *will* do careful and clean work. Always keep negatives separated from each other by means of a film book such as the Kensington, or by interlaying soft tissue paper between them and inserting according to towns or districts in an envelope. Write on the film margin the subject as soon as possible; or, sooner or later, you will forget. Do not handle negatives too much. In having your work printed use the best of paper; for plucky, sharp negatives, professional portrait paper. If you do the printing yourself, try Professional Cyko No. 5, double weight, or Haloid Portraya, especially their Japanese Parchment, leaving a wide margin by matting; having the top and side margins equal but the bottom very much larger. A beautiful way to print

your best negatives is on double-size paper, making a folder. For enlargements I recommend the Defender Company's Vallour Black Rough Lustre and the Haloid Company's Enlarging Portraya X or Japanese Parchment. Use cream-colored stock, double weight, in all cases.

Remember that in photography the more pleasing pictures are not general views, but vistas, old doorways, a house, a road, an old cross, bits of a church, and so on; not a bird's-eye view of a great mass of material. Pictures from mountain tops are very uninteresting and so are the hackneyed subjects. Try to get the unusual, and put some care into it, for it will repay you. It is of course interesting to make some views of your friends in well-known spots; but make a duplicate without them. A good rule is rarely to make pictures of them, if you are in for pictorial work; for Americans and to-day's costumes do not belong with the usual European subjects. Don't have them, or the natives either, for that matter, stand like ramrods looking at the camera. Read a book on composition. Poore's "Pictorial Composition" is good. Get the chief rules in your mind and your work will repay you and delight your friends, and not bore them.

In closing I repeat again — purchase the best camera and lens your pocketbook will allow. Remember to regard it as a scientific instrument as Europeans do, and not a toy as most Americans do. Learn its possibilities. You will never regret it, for pictures are an index to memory and good ones are a joy.

For those who desire an *ideal* instrument, yet a specialized camera, I recommend the Heidescope 6 × 13 cm., a German stereoscopic camera, compact and precise, wonderfully made, focusing accurately, and delightful to work with. Besides producing sharp, lifelike pictures to be viewed by a stereoscope, the negatives will yield enlargements up to 11 × 14. In this case use only plates — the Gevaert Sensima Ortho Plate is excellent. I prefer the Heidescope to all other cameras for travel. It can be bought in the United States.

Route

Tabulated below are a number of towns of France rich in pictorial possibilities. Le Havre is a very convenient landing port, the only port at which steamers dock at a pier, and is served by the Cunard and the French lines, all good boats. We will begin there and make a sort of circle around France, keeping away from hackneyed places as much as possible.

Le Havre — Water front, old buildings.

Étretat — Fishing boats, fanciful cliffs, old houses. (Near Havre.)

Honfleur — Ancient port, fishing boats, quaint streets, inner harbor, old houses and landscapes, artists' haunt. (Across the river from Havre.)

Lisieux — Quaint streets, timber houses of fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, churches.

Caudebec — Wonderful old overhanging houses, beautiful church, quaint place, artists' haunt.

Jumièges — Beautiful ruined Abbey, founded in seventh century in lovely grounds, will amply repay photographically.

Rouen — City of marvelous churches, ancient houses, and famous clock-gate. Lots of pictures.

Les Andelys — Two ancient towns one mile apart, with ruin of famous castle on hill. An artists' haunt.

Paris — The *old* sections of the city and district about the Seine will yield many pictures.

Morel-sur-Loing — Close to the Forest of Fontainebleau, an ancient, delightful town on the river Loing; old gates, old buildings, river vistas, and canal vistas. An artists' haunt not known to many. A good place for a lazy day or two at the Hostellerie du Prieure.

Semur-en-Auxois — Wonderful old feudal-looking city, high above the river Armançon, with towers, walls, gates, numerous picturesque vistas, and scenes. A striking place not known to tourists.

Dijon — Center for excursions in Burgundy. The district north and west picturesque. Mountains and numerous quaint towns. I suggest visits to Vézelay, Châteauneuf, Nolay, Beaune, Autun, Dôle (P.L.&M. Motorbus center).

Annecy — Beautifully situated on Lake Annecy amid mountains. Town quaint, bisected by canals lined with picturesque houses. A center of P.L.&M. motor-car excursions through magnificent mountain passes, past castles, etc. Principal excursions over mountains to Chamonix, around Lake Annecy, Aix-les-Bains, etc.

Talloires on Lake Annecy — One of the most picturesque spots in all France. A delightful quiet spot for some stay. Hôtel de l'Abbaye is unique. Gorgeous scenery.

Chamonix — Situated at the base of Mont Blanc range. Stupendous scenery.

Annecy to Nice — A three-day motor-car excursion by the P.L.&M. system via Aix-les-Bains, Grenoble, Briançon, etc., over magnificent mountain passes.

Mentone — Beautiful spot. See old town for pictures. A base from which to "do" by automobile the fantastic rock towns of Peille, Peillon, Lucéram, Èze, and numerous other quaint places on the French frontier. From Mentone by all means cross the Italian border and hire an automobile at Ventimiglia for a drive via Camporosso, Dolceaqua, Isolabona to Pigna and Castel Vittorio, a chain of the queerest rock towns that will yield many pictures. Tripod needed in these human ant nests, for the exposure will be a second or more at F/8 in the cracklike tunnels used as streets. The old hill section of Ventimiglia also contains pictures. This is a good long day's excursion from Mentone. Passports must have visé for Italy. A longer excursion into Italy to Laigueglia, Alassio, and Albenga will repay, using Alassio as a base.

Nice — Contains little, but it is a motor-car base for many excursions that have picturesque charm. See list of motor-bus excursions run by the American Express, Thomas Cook & Sons, and P.L.&M.

St. Paul du Var — Northwest of Nice. A wonderful

medieval walled hill town with at least two agreeable inns. Contains numerous unusual pictures in and about the ancient stronghold. Excursion from St. Paul to Vence, St. Jeannet, Tourrettes, Gorge du Loup, Gourdon, and Grasse, etc. St. Paul is good for some stay. I suggest the Hostellerie de la Colombe d'Or.

The Estérel — Mountains, queer red rocks, sea, and villages. Suggest Théoule as base.

St.-Tropez and district — Picturesque little port, etc.

Sanary and district — Small, pleasant port.

Cassis — Picturesque fishing village east of Marseilles. Ruined castle, harbor, etc.

Martigues — West of Marseilles, a famous artists' resort. Canal, boats, houses, and fishing folk. Primitive.

Arles — Roman remains, old houses and excursion to Les Baux, a fantastic ruin of a medieval capital. Weird place and setting.

Avignon — Although the city is much overrated, the adjoining town of Villeneuve-lès-Avignon contains numerous pictures, and the city is a base for several motor-car excursions of the P.L.&M. system to Vaison, Orange Gordes, etc.

Nîmes — Roman remains and a center for P.L.&M. motor-car excursions to Aigues-Mortes, one of the great curiosities of France (a medieval military town); Le Grau-de-Roi, a small fishing port; Uzès, an ancient town with castle; Pont-du-Gard, the mightiest Roman remains in Europe, and other places.

Le Puy — An extraordinary and picturesque city much frequented by artists.

Mende and through the gorge of the Tarn.

Carcassonne—A most picturesque and noted medieval double-walled city. Thence by motor via Revel, Lavaur, and Gaillac to Albi, all picturesque places.

Albi — Fortified magnificent cathedral, old houses, pictures by river through bridge arches.

Cordes — Ancient, picturesque hill town. Old gates, walls, old houses, and view.

Cahors — Famous bridge, old houses, etc.

Figeac — Old houses, etc.

Rocamadour — Most remarkable medieval pilgrimage town hanging on the side of a cliff above a narrow valley. An ideal center of numerous excursions to ancient towns, mountain scenery, great caves, old castles, Valley of the Célé, Valley of the Lot, Valley of the Dordogne, all containing interesting material such as cliff dwellings, cliff châteaux, châteaux, etc. Also numerous towns.

Sarlat — Picturesque houses and streets.

Les Eyzies — Headquarters for a section filled with cliff dwellings, modern and prehistoric. Here man dwelt one hundred thousand years ago in caves, the Reindeer man created art galleries in caves twenty-five thousand years ago, and historic man built his rock habitations; also, Crystal Cave.

Périgueux — Slightly interesting. Cathedral, old houses, Roman remains, etc. Here you take the railroad for Bordeaux or by motor to Brantome, Angouléme, Saintes, Cognac to La Rochelle.

La Rochelle — One of the most picturesque towns of France, especially for fishing craft, decked out in gorgeous colors with medieval background. A delightful place for some length of stay. Good beach, lovely park. A homey city — not visited by many Americans.

Vannes, in Brittany — Old houses.

Auray — Old houses.

Carnac — The richest center of Europe in megalithic monuments (so-called Druid Holy City). Menhirs, alignments, *allées couvertes*, dolmens and tumuli. Hundreds of these strange monuments — fascinating and mysterious.

Pont Aven — Artists' center, pretty little town. Hotel Julia is famous.

Concarneau — Quaint fishing port with large colorful fleet, a favorite artists' haunt. Boats, costumes, walled island inner town with overflow on mainland. Much to be got here. Good for some stay. Atlantic Hotel comfortable.

Quimper — Old houses, costumes, lovely cathedral.

Morlaix — Old timber houses.

Lannion — Old timber houses.

Dinan — Old houses, pleasant place.

St. Malo — Picturesque ancient walled seaport with boat connection with England, motor-car excursion center. A "comfy" town with good beach at foot of the ramparts.

Mont St. Michel — One of the picturesque and unique places of France, overrun with tourists.

Now you may motor via quaint Caen to Dives

(the famous Inn of William the Conqueror at Dives), Deauville, Trouville, and on to Honfleur (distance 111 miles); and so cross to Le Havre, or return to St. Malo and go to Paris, visiting quaint Vitré and Chartres on the way.

The Châteaux of the Loire I have left out, as they are hackneyed; also the cathedral towns. Alsace and the Pyrénées are worth doing in detail, but I have tried to give a consistent route.

Special Hints

A hint or two that will help in travel may be of value. The French Government maintains in New York an information bureau that will gladly answer any questions on the subject of travel in France and supply such reading matter as they may have. A letter addressed to The French Government's Tourist Information Office, 4 East 52d Street, New York City, will receive prompt attention.

The Guide Michelin is most useful in making a choice of hotels. At a glance one can arrive at the degree of comfort, the size, and rates of the hotels in any town of France. The population of each town is stated, its features of interest given, excursions from it and route indicated with distances, so that one may easily find the way by automobile to any point in France.

The Michelin Sectional Maps are a joy, for they not only give great detail, distances, but indicate features of unusual interest along the route. I wish America had maps as good.

The Indicateur des Chemins de Fer, the official time-table of France, not only gives train service, distance, cost of transportation, first, second, and third class, but local steamer service and motor-bus service.

The Paris, Lyons and Mediterranean Railroad, known as the P.L.&M., have developed an elaborate system of auto-bus excursions and routes. The cars are spacious and comfortable. Among the principal centers for these excursions are Dijon, Vichy, Avallon, Annecy, Chamonix, Geneva, Belfort, Grenoble, Besançon, Nice, Ajaccio (Corsica), Hyères, Marseilles, Algiers, Avignon, Nîmes, and Le Puy. Besides this vast system, every tourist center has its motor-bus excursions.

Automobiles may be secured outside of Paris generally for one and a half to two francs a kilometer for a distance of one hundred or more kilometers a day — you paying for the driver's food, or, in the case of a journey of some days, allowing the chauffeur about fifty francs a day for his expenses. Eight kilometers equals five miles; so divide a given distance by eight and multiply by five, and you have it in miles.

Lastly, the more French history you know, the better you will appreciate your trip; but take the tip and select those written with human interest and not in dry-as-bone style. Thomas E. Watson's "History of France" in two volumes (Macmillan Company), is written in an interesting, breezy manner from an American standpoint. His "Napoleon" is good. Read also of Louis XVIII and Napoleon III.

Plan your route and read it up, making notes as you read. On Paris you cannot find a better or more fascinating book than, "So You Are Going to Paris", by Clara E. Laughlin. "The French and Italian Rivieras", by Helena L. Waters, is valuable; so are S. Baring Gould's books, George Warton Edward's, Miltoun's, Frances M. Gostling's, Clive Holland's, and scores of others. The Muirhead and Baedeker guidebooks are dry as dust, but indispensable for their data.

INDEX

AGAY, 30
Aigues-Mortes, finest specimen of medieval military architecture, 171–172
Aiguilles, 91
Aix, Island of, 281
Aix-les-Bains, a health resort and place of fashion, 86
Alais, 181
Albi, once the Gallo-Roman capital of Albigenses, 203–209; its early history, 204–206
Albigensian Heresy, 204
Angoulême, the Cathedral of St. Pierre in, 266
Annecy, the chief town of Haute Savoie, 78; the many attractions of, 79–80; 86
Antibes, 129
Apricale, 119
Arles, the Roman remains in, 148–153; the church of St. Trophime in, 150; the impressive Roman amphitheater in, 151–152
Arnay le Duc, 69
Assier, château built by Galliot de Genouillac in, 233
Auray, the scene of one of Brittany's greatest pardons, 288–291
Autoire, 245
Automobile hire, 179
Autun, 69; its importance in history, 72–74; burned by the Saracens in 725, 74
Avallon, 64, 66–67
Avignon, noted for its beauty and historic interest, 161–164; the Papal Palace in, 162

BANDOL, 141
Barbizon, the birthplace of modern art, 45–46
Barcelonnette, the troublesome history of, 92
Baring-Gould, S., 178
Bastides, The, 210
Baux, Les, the old Saracen stronghold of, 154–156
Beaucaire, 160
Beaulieu, sur-Mer, 128
Beaune, noted for its wine, 69–70; hospital of St. Esprit in, 69
Bénodet, church dedicated to St. Thomas à Becket in, 309–310
Bertrand de Besserat, 229, 230, 231, 246
Beynac, fine specimens of thirteenth-fourteenth century castle in, 249
Bourdeilles, 263
Brantôme, a dear little town, 265
Brengues, 231
Bretenoux, *bastide* of, 245
Briançon, high altitude of, 90, 91
Brignon, Le, 181
Brive, a place for rest, 253; its attractions, 254–256
Brouage, 270
Burgundy, history of, 57–60

CABOURG, 18
Cabrerets, 230
Caen, 18, 23, 312
Cagnes, 103
Cahors, a fortified city, 224–227; the bridge Pont Valentre in, 224–225
Cameras, suggestions as to, 314
Campagne, 262
Camporosso, 117
Cannes, favorite winter retreat for the English, 129
Cap d'Ail, 128
Carcassonne, its location, 213

Carnac, megalithic monuments in, 293–297
Cassis, an old fishing port, 142–144
Castel Vittorio, the fantastic town of, 120
Castelbonc, 196
Castelnau, 244
Castillon, 110
Castres, 213
Caudebec, the lure of, for artists, 27–28, 29
Causse de Mende, 191, 192, 194
Causse Méjean, 200
Causses of France, 194
Cavalaire, 136
Cavalière, 136
Caylus, 223
Caze, Château de la, 201
Célé, Valley of, 230
Cévennes, 177, 179
Chambéry, 87
Chamonix, the mountain barrier and Mont Blanc from, 80–82
Château des Anglais, 246
Château du Diable, 230
Château de la Rochepot, history of, 70–72
Château d'Menthon-St.-Bernard, the birthplace of St. Bernard, 80
Châteauneuf, 65–66
Chatelaillon, 270
Ciotat, La, 141
Cliff dwellings, 257
Cognac, its historical interest, 267
Col-de-Porte, 88
Col-du-Lautaret, the wonderful views from, 91
Concarneau, one of the delightful spots of France, 302–303; a great fishing port, 303–304; its many attractions, 306–308
Cordes, founded by Raymond VII of Toulouse in 1222, 210–213
Corniche, the Grande, 121, 128; the Lower, 128
Cotinière, La, on the Island of Oleron, 281–282
Crosbors, 61
Deauville, the meeting place of the smart world, 18
Défile des Anglais, 229
Dijon, the attraction of, 60–61
Dives, the Hostellerie de Guillaume-le-Conquérant in, 18–20
Dolceacqua, the most fanciful of rock towns, 117–119
Dole, its age and history, 74–76
Dolmen, 222, 224
Domme, *bastide* of, 250
Dordogne, valley of the, 248
Duingt, 84

Escarène, L', 108–109
Esnandes, 283
Estérel, the, 127, 129
Étang de Berre, the inland sea, 144, 145
Étretat, a combination of the old and the new, 10–12
Eyzies, Les, its antiquarian lore, 257–261
Eze, 97, 128

Falaise, birthplace of William the Conqueror, 26
Fête-Dieu, 307
Figeac, its beautiful location, 232; its early history, 233
Florac, its picturesque location, 194–195
Forêt, La, example of a curious Breton Calvary in, 309
Fouesnant, a holiday resort, 309
François I, 267
Free Companies, 197
Fréjus, the Roman ruins of, 131

Gaillac, a place for artists, 221–222
Gaillard, the mighty castle of, 41–42
Garabit, Viaduc de, 191
Garavan, 112
Gassin, 135
Gorbio, 126
Gordes, 163

Gorges du Loup, 107
Gouffres, The, 235
Gourdon, an eagle's-nest village, 107, 251
Gramat, its interest to tourists, 234
Grand Andely, Le, founded by Queen Clotilda, 42–43
Grande-Chartreuse, monastery of, founded in 1084 by St. Bruno, 87
Grande Corniche, the, 121, 128
Grasse, the perfume town of, 107–108
Grau du Roi, Le, 173
Grave, La, 91
Gray, 76
Grenoble, location of, 89; dates back to Roman times, 89; Palais de Justice in, 90; excursions from, 90
Grimaud, 135

HARFLEUR, three miles distant from Le Havre, 8–9
Havre, Le, its debarkation facilities, 3; population of, 4; its shopping district, 4–5; residential section of, 5–6; hotels in, 6–8
Honfleur, built in the time of William the Conqueror, 13–14; the quaintness of, 15–16
Hostellerie de Guillaume-le-Conquérant at Dives, 18
Hundred Years' War, 198
Hyères, the oldest of the Riviera resorts, 136

ISÈRE, river, wonderful beauty of the valley of the, 88

JUMIÈGES, its famous abbey, and its history, 29–32

LACAVE, 241
Langeac, 189
Langogne, 182
Lavandou, Le, 136
Lavaur, 219–221
Limogne, 223
Lisieux, of interest to artists, 23, 24; the cathedral of St. Pierre in, 25
Locmariaquer, 298
Lot River, 194
Lot, valley of the, 228
Loubressac, Château de Castelnau in, 244
Louise de Savoie, 267
Louviers, a manufacturing town, 40; Gothic church of Notre Dame in, 40
Lower Corniche, 128
Lucéram, the picturesque town of, 109

MALÈNE, LA, 201
Marcillac, 231
Marseilles, 144
Martigues, a haunt for artists, 144–146
Massif Central, 177
Mauresse de Moret, 52
Mazamet, its interest in wool spinning and leather dressing, 214
Mende, its Old World atmosphere, 192–193
Menthon-St. Bernard, 80
Mentone, modern, 112; section of Garavan in, 112–113; old, 113–116; botanical gardens in, 116
Millau, 203
Molines, 195
Mont Blanc, 81
Mont-St.-Michel, 312
Montagnes des Maures, 132
Montagne Noire, 214, 216
Montigny, 55
Montmajour, Abbey of, 153
Montolieu, 217
Moret, a haven for artists, 46, 50; hotels in, 47–49; picturesqus setting of, 50; history of, 51–52
Moret-sur-Loing, 46
Motor Bus Routes (P. L. & M. R. R.) 61, 78, 86, 128, 163, 169, 186, 326

NANTES, 285
Napoule, La, 129

Nice, 86, 92, 93; as a center for excursions, 97
Nîmes, the origin and progress of, 164–165; its amphitheater, 165–167; the Quai de la Fontaine in, 168
Noailles, the seat of the Dukes of Noailles, 252
Nolay, 72
Notre Dame de Livron, 223
Nouvelle Jetée at the entrance to the port of Le Havre, 4

Oleron, Island of, 281
Orange, 163
d'Orcher, 9–10

Padirac, Gouffre de, 240
Pardigon, 135
Pardons of Brittany, 289
Peille, situated on the side of a ravine, 122–124
Peillon, the most extraordinarily situated village of, 124–125
Peïra Cava, 109, 124
Penmarck, a straggling fishing port, 310
Pepin le Bref, 248
Perducat, Bastard of Albret, 229, 231, 246
Perguet, church dedicated to Sainte Briget in, 309
Périgueux, of interest to the "church hunter," 262–263
Petit Andely, Le, the charming little town of, 42
Photography, equipment to take when traveling, 313–315; best working speed of, 315–316; European supplies in, 316; development of, 316–319; list of towns rich in, 319–325; special hints in, 325–327
Pigna, one of the most interesting of the rock villages, 119–120
Polignac, 185
Pont Aven, 299
Pont-de-l'Arch, dating back to the days of Charles the Bald, 39–40
Pont-du-Gard, 174
Pont l'Abbé, a particularly ugly town, 310
Pont L'Évêque, he quaint old town of, 23, 24
Pont Manech, 301
Pot Guillaume, 70
Pot, Philippe, 70
Pradelles, 182
Prades, 196
Prehistoric man, 115, 258, 293
Puy d'Issolu, 242
Puy, Le, the city of odd contour, 183–186

Quézac, 196
Quimper, the lovely cathedral of St. Corentin in, 311
Quimperlé, 298

Ramatuelli, 135
Ré, Island of, 281
Reindeer Men, 261
Revel, a *bastide* dating from 1332, 217–219
Riviera, the French, 93–97
Rocamadour, one of the oddest towns in Europe, 235; why named, 236; one of the oldest pilgrim shrines in France, 236–237; St. Sauveur in, 239–240
Rochefort, built by Colbert in 1666, 270
Rochelle, La, the Medieval City, 273; history of, 273–275; its architecture, 275–278; its many attractions, 279–281
Rochers Rouges, 114
Rock villages, the old, 111–126
Roque, La, 249
Rouen, noted for its beautiful churches, 33–34, 36; hotels in, 34–35; death of Jeanne d'Arc in, 35; Palais de Justice in, 36,

ancient Hôtel du Bourgtheroulde of, 36
Routiers, 197

St. Adrien, the pilgrimage church of St. Adrienne in, 39
St. Agrève, 187
St. Antonin, grew up around the monastery founded by Pepin le Bref in 763, 223
St. Céré, 245
St. Chély d'Apcher, 191
St. Chély-du-Tarn, 200
St. Cornely, 297
Ste. Enimie, 196
St. Flour, 190
St. George de Boscherville, its abbey a perfect example of Norman architecture, 32
St. Gertrude, 29
St. Gery, 229
Saint-Gilles, early history of, 170–171
St. Guénolé, the legend of, 311
St. Jean Ferrat, 128
St. Jeannet, a former Huguenot stronghold, 108
Saint Malo, the old walled city of, 312
Ste. Maxime, 133
St. Ouen, Rouen, one of the most magnificent churches in existence, 34
St. Paul-du-Var, its well-preserved sixteenth-century ramparts, 98; the quaintness of, 99–105
Saint Philebert, 31
St. Pierre, 25–26
St. Pierre, the largest town on the Island of Oleron, 282
St. Pierre-de-Chartreuse, 87
St. Raphael, on the bay of Fréjus, 130–131
St. Rémy, 156
Saint Thérèse, 24
St. Tropez, the history of, 132; how named, 134
St. Wandrille, 29
Saintes, its Roman remains, 268–270
Saissac, 217
Sanary, the charm of its water front, 137–141
Sappey, Le, 88
Saracens, 74, 95, 132
Sarlat, its fine architecture, 248; its history, 248–249
Saulieu, 65
Semur, one of the most picturesque towns in France, 61–62; its history, 62–63; Church of Notre Dame in, 64
Serverette, 191
Smith, F. Hopkinson, 18
Sospel, once a fortified Roman post, 110
Souillac, its Romanesque-Byzantine abbey church of the twelfth century, 246–247
Stevenson, Robert Louis, 45, 66
Stoddard, Charles Warren, 44–45

Talloires, a haven of rest, 82; view of, from the motor road, 82–83; its attractions for the tourist, 83–84
Tarascon, church of Sainte Marthe in, 158, 160; its history, 159
Tarn, Gorges of, 194, 203
Théoule, 130
Toulon, the naval base, 136–137
Tourettes, another stronghold of the past, 106
Tournette, mountain, 83, 84
Trayar, Le, 130
Trégunc, 302
Trouville, 17, 312
Tumuli of Gramat, 234
Turbie, La, 121
Turin Italy, 90
Trouville, the sister town of Deauville, 16–18

Uxellodunum, 242
Uzès, a picturesque old town, 175–176

Vaisin, 163
Vannes, once the capital of the Veneti, 286–288
Vence, once one of the principal cities of the Alps Maritimes, 105–106
Ventimiglia, 120–121
Vers, remains of Roman aqueduct at, 229
Vézelay, how to reach from Dijon, 64–65; Church of Mary Magdalen in, 67–69; Second Crusade preached in, 68
Vignes, Les, 202
Ville Basse, its early history, 214–215
Villefort, 182
Villefranche-sur-Mer, 128
Villeneuve-les-Avignon, 163
Villervill, 17
Viollet-le-Duc, 64, 67, 215
Vitteaux, 62

William the Conqueror, 20, 26, 31

Yport, the little fishing village of, beloved by artists, 12–13

914.4
T853p

Turner

Picturesque old France

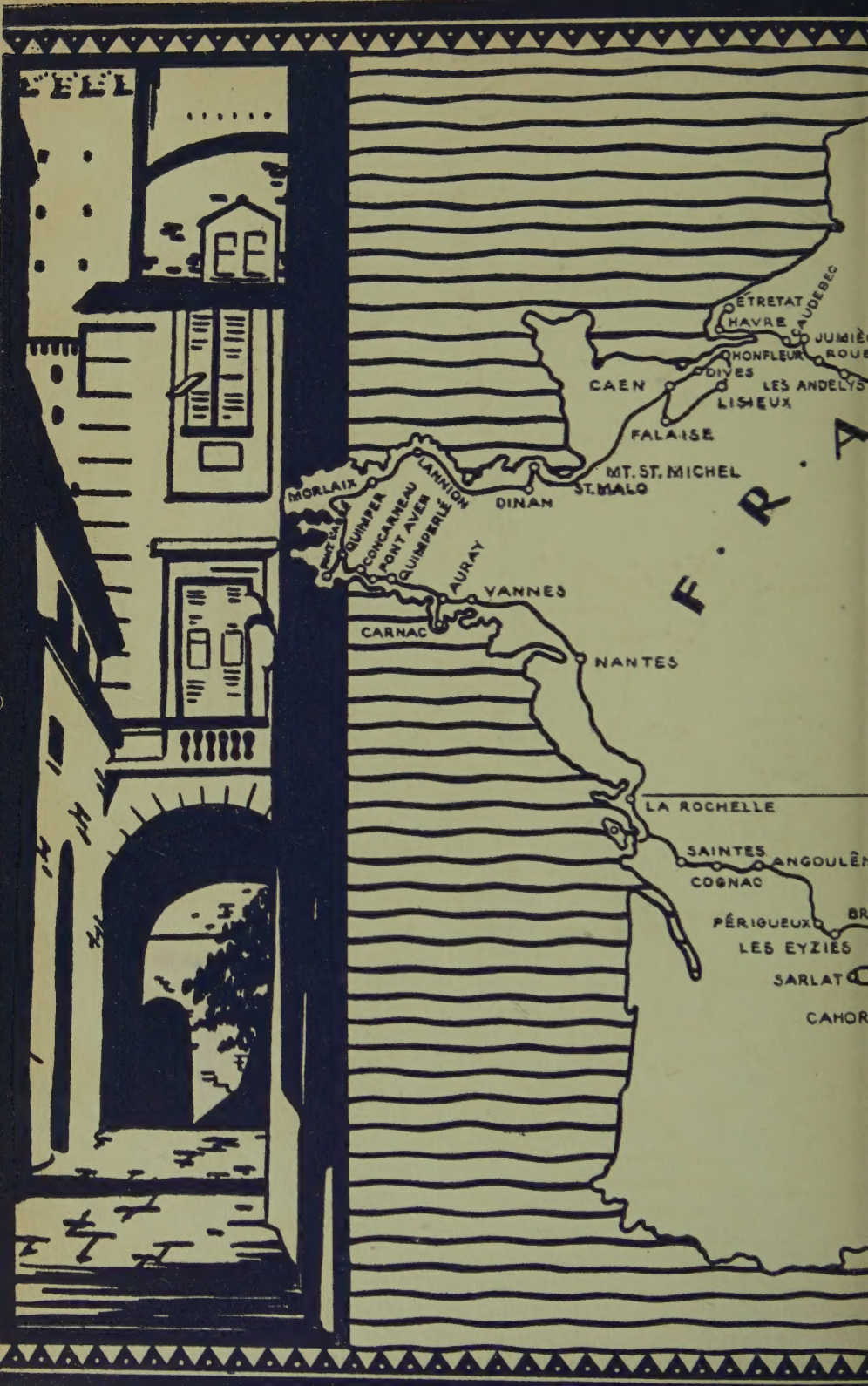
914.4
T853p

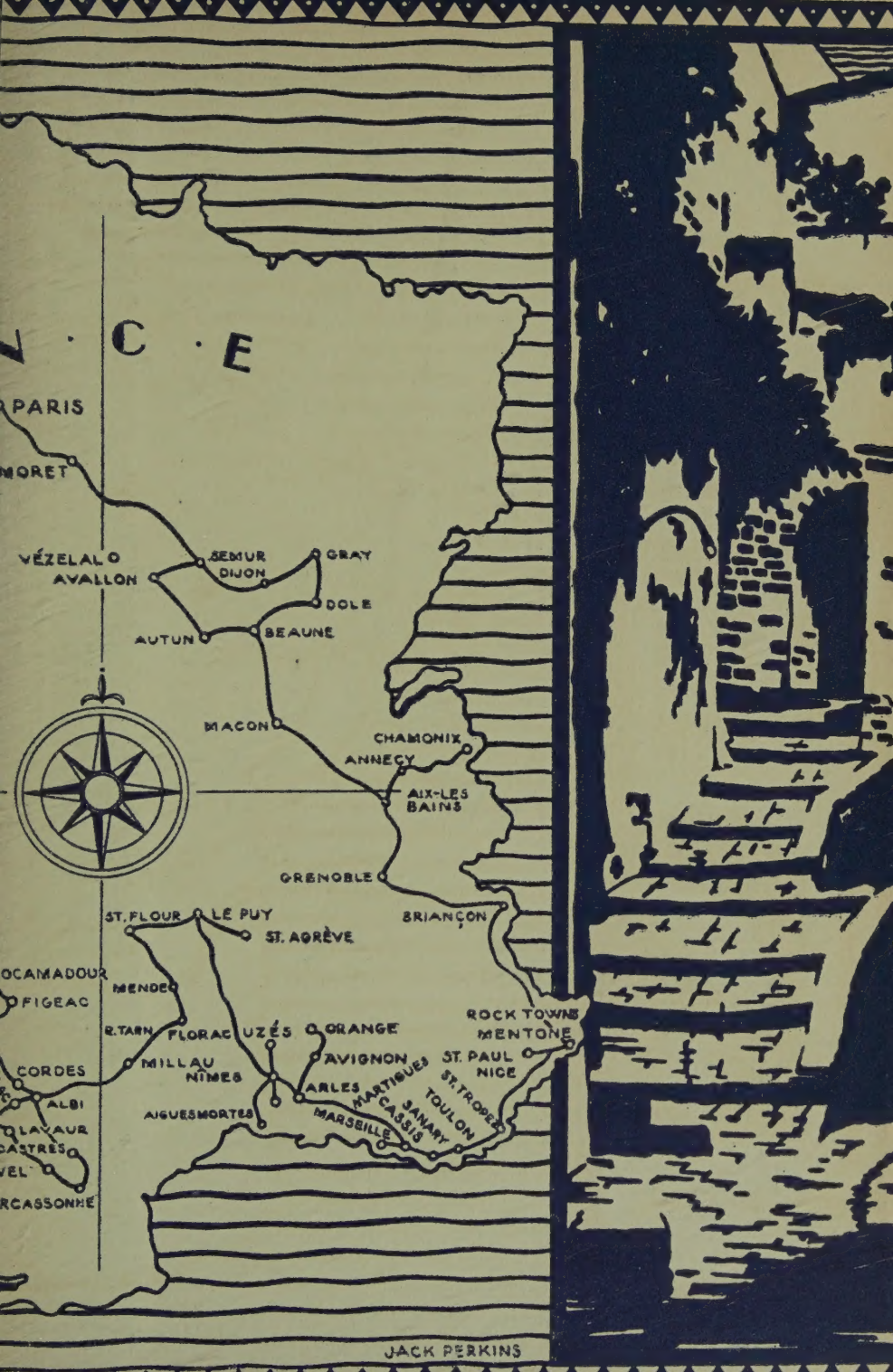
Turner

Picturesque old France

THE MASTER'S COLLEGE
POWELL LIBRARY
SANTA CLARITA, CA 91321

DEMCO


ETRETAT
HAVRE
AUDEBEC
HONFLEUR
DIVES
CAEN
LES ANDELYS
LISIEUX
FALAISE
MORLAIX
LANNION
MT. ST. MICHEL
ST. MALO
DINAN
QUIMPER
CONCARNEAU
PONT AVEN
QUIMPERLÉ
AURAY
VANNES
CARNAC
NANTES
LA ROCHELLE
SAINTES
COGNAC
PÉRIGUEUX
LES EYZIES
SARLAT
F · R · A


N · C · E
PARIS
MORET
VÉZELAY
AVALLON
SEMUR
DIJON
GRAY
DOLE
AUTUN
BEAUNE
MACON
CHAMONIX
ANNECY
AIX-LES BAINS
GRENOBLE
BRIANÇON
ST. FLOUR
LE PUY
ST. AGRÈVE
ROCAMADOUR
FIGEAC
MENDE
R. TARN
FLORAC
UZÉS
ORANGE
AVIGNON
ROCK TOWNS
MENTONE
ST. PAUL
NICE
CORDES
MILLAU
NIMES
ARLES
MARTIGUES
CASSIS
MARSEILLE
SANARY
TOULON
ST. TROPEZ
ALBI
AIGUESMORTES
CASTRES
CARCASSONNE
JACK PERKINS

THE MASTER'S COLLEGE
914.4 T853p MAIN
Turner, Herbert Bry/Picturesque old Fran
3 3540 00005 1035